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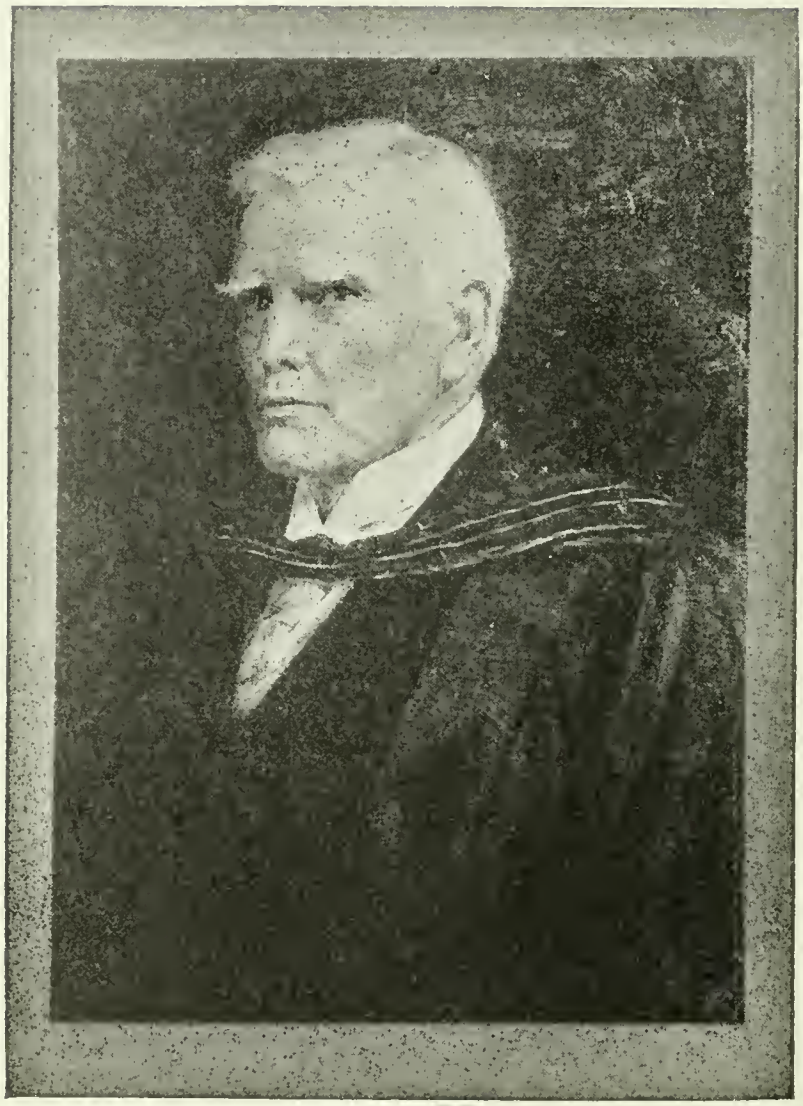

MALCOLM SINCLAIR CLARK

PORTRAIT UNVEILED AT THE AUTUMN CONVOCATION

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVI. OCTOBER, 1916 No. 1

ACADEMIC FINERY.

MY FRIEND BROWN is a Sir Knight of the Most Ancient and Honourable Order of the Knights of the Flaming Sword. How he attained that surpassing distinction I know not, but I know that on occasions of importance he encases his rotund proportions in a uniform of military cut, holds in his carefully white-gloved hand the jeweled scabbard of his good, cross-handled sword and places on his head a cocked hat with long and graceful plumes of green and purple. I, who am not a Sir Knight, gaze with envious admiration. But I belong to that class of men who, on one red-letter day of the year, hang over their flowing gowns curiously tailored articles of blue or yellow or scarlet, and, so attired, parade across the college campus to confer upon younger fellow mortals the like right of regalia. Far be it therefore from me to animadvert upon the motives of Brown, nor is it possible to ignore the very pertinent—or impertinent—question which has arisen in the minds of certain lewd persons of the baser sort, whether the academic motives are in any way loftier than the Brownian.

But, let us begin our argument with the fundamental question, why, after all, should one wear on one's person any insignia which would advertise the fact that its owner had received some honour? Should not honours be reserved for the quiet enjoyment of the home circle, or the still more exclusive sanctum of one's own breast? But why honors at all? One has attained a certain standard of learning, why the degree? One has given eminent service to the state, why the knighthood? One has lightly taken

his life into his hands and unflinchingly faced the wild hurricane of shrapnel to save a comrade's life, why the V.C.? Are not great deeds their own reward? There are some that are well content that their wreath of achievement is this invisible one, but to most men recognition of work well done is a tribute gratefully received. The reward may be the "*monumentum aere perennius*" of one's own genius or the lowly fellowship or degree.

Thus the university degree undoubtedly satisfies one of the needs of modern life. But then the question arises, what are we to do with those articles of costume, which, in Anglo-Saxon countries, have been adopted as the insignia of academic standing? If they possess no deeper significance than that of mere finery, they are of very little value, and might profitably be discarded, but if they have sufficient meaning to be retained in use, it is surely worth while to understand it, and to regulate this use with such care as to make their symbolism intelligible.

The general change in dress which has taken place during the centuries which have elapsed since our academic robes were first designed, has given to them a quaintness and a picturesqueness which they did not originally possess. Most of them are articles which are not represented in the modern wardrobe at all, such as the cap, the gown, the hood, the cope and the scarf. The first three of these are in common use in all our universities, with many variations in their form and significance, but in every case they are an outward and visible symbol of the descent of the university of to-day from those centres from which spread the New Learning, and, farther back, from the halls devoted to the less fruitful studies of trivium and quadrivium. Thus they are not simply millinery, nor yet merely picturesque adjuncts of collegiate ceremony, but they have a significance, and, as we shall see, a history of a unique kind.

It would not be possible, within the limits of a short magazine article, to give the history in any detail, but reference might be made to some of the salient points. The flat, square cloth cap, or pileus of mediaeval times, gradually changed its form during the years, and it is now represented in various forms, all devoted

to ceremonial usage. There is the barret cap, which is worn by the officials of the law courts in some European countries, and, in its black velvet or coloured form, constitutes the badge of the doctorate in many universities. Then there is the biretta, the liturgical head-dress of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the well-known "mortar board." As to the history of the college gown, it may be sufficient here, merely to state that its various types represent the civilian gowns of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The hood was originally just what the name indicates. In the Cambridge model, we have it combined with a tippet, which, if the garment were worn as was originally intended, would fall over the shoulders as a protection against the cold, but according to the present use hangs as a pair of panels. All of these things are found to be purely academical, and not, as used to be supposed, modifications of ecclesiastical vestments.

The wearing of academicals has become almost restricted to a few special occasions during the year, and consequently the proper usage has ceased to be of every day importance, and there has crept in a corresponding laxness in its enforcement. Any black gown will do on commencement day, and to the critical eye the array is most heterogeneous. Here one sees the regular undergraduate gown: there, that belonging to the bachelor's degree, and mixed with them, many which have been filched for the day from the church choir, and occasionally, some such inappropriate garb as a barrister's robe. But when we remember how innumerable are the various kinds of gowns, we can scarcely wonder that such confusion does exist. And in fact, this multiplicity serves no good purpose. No one remembers the code, and no one would care to. A uniform system, having four types, similar for all faculties and universities, and indicating the ranks of undergraduate, bachelor, and master, would entail no break with the storied past. Such a system, presenting many advantages, is in use among the great American universities. In this the degree is indicated by the form of the sleeves. The undergraduate's and bachelor's are open; the master's is the well-known closed form with a slit for the arm-hole, and the doctor's

is full and either open or closed at the wrist. This is the silk Geneva gown which is used by the clergymen of some denominations as a pulpit robe. When used in connection with the doctorate, the faculty is indicated by a broad band of velvet of the appropriate colour down each side of the front. The somberness of these black gowns is in striking contrast with the gorgeous scarlet robes with colored facings worn by the doctors of British universities. The University of London, indeed, with perhaps a shrewd insight into the picturesque vanity of the academic mind, reserves the right to the use of such brilliant finery to those who pay the guinea fee which makes them members of convocation, and in order not to miss those who do not aspire to the higher degree, this fee entitled bachelors and masters to have their hoods made of scarlet instead of black.

Reference has already been made to the use of colour to symbolize the faculty, and this becomes of greater interest when we study the meaning of university hoods, for in them an attempt is made to attach a significance to colour combinations which will be intelligible to the enlightened few. If the list of colours used were sufficiently short, this would no doubt be most successful, for even in our materialistic age, color still maintains its symbolic concept. If anyone is inclined to doubt this, let him picture to himself the sensation that would result in a staid Presbyterian kirk, if the minister, some fine Sabbath morning, were to borrow the vestments of his Anglican neighbor, and appear in the pulpit clad in white instead of black. In fact there have been times in the Church of England in which the wearing of the white surplice was looked upon as savouring of high churchism. This is what Hood refers to when he says:

> "I hear there is a pretty stir about things down in Exeter,
> Whether a clergyman should wear a black dress or a white dress."

At present the scene of conflict seems to have shifted, and the rival colours are now black and red, for the high church bishop wears a scarlet chimere, or outer robe, and his low church brother usually a black one.

But it is with a color significance of a somewhat different

type that we are concerned at present. When there were but two universities in England and three in Scotland, and when the largest number of degrees in any of them was only seven, it was a simple matter to design the thirty or so distinctive combinations necessary to hall-mark the wearer of a college hood. But now the number of degree conferring bodies in the British Empire has increased to about sixty, some of them granting as many as thirty-one varieties, out of the possible number, as listed in the Standard Dictionary, of about two hundred. This means that if the hood is to indicate the degree, the faculty and the university, and on the score of color combinations, there would require to be listed over eight hundred. A code of this length would be quite valueless, and in fact it would be impossible to design so many combinations of two or three easily recognized colours. The result of this is that the choice of the design has been a haphazard one, in which many a hood would do equally well, as far as the description would show, for several degrees in as many universities. Thus one might be uncertain whether some college don should be addressed as an M.A. of A. University, a D.D. of B. University, or an LL.D. of C. University.

Thus we have confusion worse confounded, and one would suppose that any method of avoiding this would be welcomed. That some such improved method is desirable, is shown by the attempts that have been made at various universities to attain some uniformity. Thus we find that "palatinate purple," recalling the ancient rank of Durham as a county palatine, occurs in many—though curiously not in all—of the hoods of that university. Manchester has avoided any possibility of confusion in the case of doctors' hoods, by making them all alike—gold coloured velvet or satin lined with silk of a lighter shade of the same colour. Adelaide has evolved a system of faculty colours, grey for arts; blue for law; yellow for science; rose for medicine and green for music. Very striking hoods are made from these colours, the bachelors' are black, lined faculty colour; the masters' faculty colour, lined a darker shade of the same, and the doctors' of faculty lined with a lighter shade. But it was the University of London which led the way and probably suggested

the American system, to be described later. There the bachelor's hood is black silk lined with white and bordered with faculty colour, the master's black silk lined faculty, and the doctor's scarlet cloth lined faculty. The code of faculty colours, which is a short one, as this university does not list fancy degrees, is as follows:—Divinity, sarum red; law, blue; medicine, violet; music, white; arts and letters, russet; science, gold. This system is very good as far as it goes. It is easily remembered and quite distinctive. If each university had such a system the problem would be simplified to the extent that in order to understand the meaning of a given hood, one could refer to a table containing sixty of such systems instead of one with eight hundred different degrees.

But even this seems to be cumbrous in the extreme when compared with the simple system which was introduced some twenty years ago by the leading American Universities. According to this the degree is indicated by the shape and size of the hood, the faculty by the colour of the border, and the university by that of the lining. The bachelor's hood is of the Oxford pattern, and three feet long; the master's is similar in shape, but four feet long, and the doctor's is similar to the master's with the addition of panels at the sides. Having once seen them, or illustrations of them, one is not likely to forget them. Next the faculty is shown by a band of silk, satin or velvet of the faculty colour around the outer edge. The color scheme was chosen after a consideration of the historic usages of the old universities, and is in part, as follows:—Arts and letters, white; science, gold; theology, scarlet; fine arts, brown; law, purple; music, pink; philosophy, blue; medicine, green; pharmacy, olive; veterinary medicine, grey; dentistry, lilac; forestry, russet; library science, lemon. It is a simple matter to remember at least the most important colours in this list, and the university colours which line the hood have become well-known upon the foot-ball field. When there are two colours, as in the case of the orange and black of Princeton, or the light blue and white of Columbia, they are arranged in the form of a chevron of the one upon a background of the other.

Although the American system as above outlined is not only a perfect one, but the only complete one ever devised, it seems quite unlikely that the Canadian universities in general would follow the lead of Acadia and put it on their statute books. If any code is adopted here, and it seems highly desirable that there should be one, it will probably be distinctively Canadian. Aside from the colour of the linings, there is at present a certain degree of uniformity. The bachelor's hood in at least two cases out of three is characterized by a border of white fur. It might be standardized by specifying that it should be either composed entirely or with a lining of the faculty colour. The master's hood in practically all our universities is of black silk with appropriate lining, and the doctor's similarly is usually made of scarlet cloth. It would seem therefore that the difficulty of compiling the code is not as great as might at first appear. In the first place the list of faculty colours would have to be settled. In this the usage of London might profitably be followed, or an entirely new one made, as the lists for Acadia, McGill and Saskatchewan, the only Canadian universities in which the matter has been settled, do not agree in any points. There now remains the problem of distinguishing the university which grants the degree. The majority of our universities have attempted to do this by making their hoods as different as possible from the rest. At Toronto there is a line of narrow white braid which makes them distinctive, and at Manitoba, there is in some cases a line of green braid. A uniform and distinctive method might be to add, instead of these narrow braids, a three inch border of the university colours. Thus we should have a code which would have the merits of being simple, distinctive, intelligible and Canadian.

If we are to retain these picturesque reminders of our connection with a glorious past, far distant both in time and place, we should endeavor to give them more intelligibility and significance than they now possess. It is much to be hoped that the Senate of the University of Toronto, which is now considering the matter, will begin a needed reform, and thus give to academic robes the grace of utility as well as beauty.

W. Harvey McNairn.

"HARROW-ON-THE-HILL."

"Like an ancient river flowing
From the mountain to the sea,
So we follow, coming, going
To the wider life to be—
On our course
From the source
To the wider life to be!"
—*Extract from School Song.*

T was my privilege while in England three years ago to spend a few delightful hours in the ancient town of Harrow-on-the-Hill, to walk the streets which knew Lord Byron as a carefree school-boy and to view the scenes of his early life about which he he wrote in later years,

"Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam and the fields where we fought;
The school where loud warned by the bell, we resorted
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught."

Situated as it is on the crest of the hill, the town rises far above the surrounding country and the distant view of hill, dale, pasture and village which can be seen from its highest points is one never to be forgotten. It was "Speech Day" at the great Public School, and the citizens vied with one another in their enthusiasm to do justice to the important occasion. Pennants and flags waved welcome from the windows to the many visitors, as well as to the students as they walked along in their silk hats, Eton coats and white vests beside father, mother or friend. Taxi-cabs and carriages of all descriptions made their way slowly along the narrow, hilly streets. The Harrow of to-day seems a strange mixture of past and present.

There were many interesting buildings to visit in connection with the school, each with its own particular claim. First we came to the handsome Vaughan Library, where the students receive their inspiration from the heroes of the past through a double channel, for not only have they access to their writings

but they may also gaze at the portraits of Sheridan, Rodney, Peel, Byron and other famous men who attended the school in by-gone years. Here may be seen cases containing curious relics, such as a casket belonging to Marie Antoinette, a silver sword of Byron's and a bracelet with his miniature. The Chapel, Art Building, Science Building, Museum Building have their interesting features but the "Old School" is the one most frequented by visitors. The left wing, which was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century, contains the famous "Fourth Form Room." Entering by a heavy low door we found ourselves in a rectangular, oak-panelled room, at one end of which the Headmaster's throne and desk rose conspicuously above the dinted forms. As Byron says in his poems "Childish Recollections,"

> "No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
> But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
> There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
> Secures its owner's academic fame;
> And here my name, and many an early friend's
> Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends
> Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race
> Who tread our steps and fill our former place."

This room is regarded as the most venerable spot in Harrow. Besides being a school-room it was the natural meeting place of the students, and in wet weather, the general play-room; while now it is not used "except on the few occasions when it lends venerable solemnity to the last penalty of the school law."

Passing out of the gate of the Old School and proceeding up the hill toward the church, we noticed a tablet recording the fact that at that spot the Earl of Shaftesbury saw "the pauper's funeral" as the procession marched through the Lych Gate into the churchyard. The church, known as "St. Mary's" has an interesting history, but it is perhaps better known for another reason. In a far corner of the churchyard where "Science from her favour'd seat, surveys the vale where nature claims her praise," stands the tombstone of a man named Peachy, hence called the Peachy Tomb. Though all that remains of the "drooping elm" beneath which "Byron lay, lazily lay, dreaming poetry,

all alone,'' is a stump from which fresh branches are beginning to grow, and though the stone is now surrounded by an unsightly grill to protect it from the relic hunter, the view which can be seen from there is still one which inspires and uplifts. No wonder the poet of natural force and genius who had wasted his life in dissipation, looking back to the time when he used to muse on the Peachy Tomb, exclaims:

"Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still.
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But ah! without the thoughts which then were mine:
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
'Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!' "

—Olive L. Clark, '16.

What a joy is there in a good book, writ by some great master of thought who breaks into beauty, as in summer the meadow into grass and dandelions and violets with geraniums, and manifold sweetness. As an amusement, that of reading is worth all the rest. What pleasure in science, in literature, in poetry, for any man who will but open his eye and his heart to take it in.—*Parker.*

THE FOREST LAKE.

(A Translation.)

How fair art thou, blue, unfathomed lake!
Whose face the West-Wind almost fears to trouble,
And only snow-white lilies dare to break,
Coy-dipping, that still flood with airy bubble.

Here casts no fisherman his treacherous lure,
Here glides no skiff with tremulous reflection—
Here only Nature's voices, restful, pure,
Murmur to Solitude a sweet subjection.

Wild roses scatter incense on the air,
And scent the forests which around thee tower,
And like the columns of a temple bear
The azure dome of heaven's gracious bower.

A spirit once I knew, contemplative,
Who shut the world away with sealings seven:
Profound, and pure, like thee, he seemed to live
Only to mirror back the face of heaven.

—Bernard Freeman Trotter, '15.

PLANT FRIENDS.

ANYONE who has indulged in the fascinating pastime of collecting flowers of the woods, and who has attempted the difficult task of classifying them scientifically, never forgets the first flower he succeeded in running down in the manual. As the process is continued, and one becomes familiar with the outstanding families, each new find has some interesting feature about it, shape of stem, peculiarity of corolla, aromatic or colored root, stinging hairs, etc., by which it easily can be remembered. With each discovery an avenue of pleasure is opened, for that flower will ever afterwards be looked upon as one more friend in the circle of the flower acquaintances. As these little friends are scattered over a wide area, they often spring up unexpectedly and greet you and seem to say, "Hello! I'm Golden Rod you found by the old spring in the clover field down home." "I am Wild Phlox, my home is at the edge of that lake of grass in the deep woods. When you came up you said to yourself, 'It looks like a blue cloud.'" "I'm Showy Pink Lady Slipper. It was in the evening, on the marshy flats of Lake Huron when we were blushing more deeply with the reflection of the sunset, that you saw thousands like me at a glance." "I am Aster, the one you took so long to find, and became discouraged when you found I was one of ninety-six species." "I'm Cardinal Flower of Rainboth's swamp, where with Boneset and Poison Ivy I crowd thickly about the old corduroy road."

I remember most vividly the trees I have found. I could take you to each outstanding species this moment and introduce you to it. I remember the joy which thrilled me as each new tree was named correctly, and thus became a friend to me. The White Pine stands outside a thick grove of its fellows, on the edge of a hill overlooking a valley. The axemen have spared it for its beauty. A long clean trunk with wonderful straightness, extends seventy-five feet into the blue before its leafy arms break forth. The Black Locust, one of the most rapidly growing and most easily transplanted of our trees, shelters a deserted

garden behind a hill. Here the Locust has grown unhampered. The few parent trees are surrounded with many offspring of all sizes. When the trees are heavy with their creamy hanging racemes (I can smell them now) the warm air for many a rod is filled with the sweet odour. The White Birch is fond of water. It likes to cast its virgin form on a still pool as it clings tenaciously to the overhanging bank. It thrives well in groves by a northern lake, and lends life and colour to the sky and water as the blue is seen through the screen of glistening trunks.

Trees are more appealing when they are clothed with the green of summer, or with the more showy foliage of autumn. Nevertheless, every tree has its characteristic form of branch and twig and general outline when denuded of its leaves, and though pathetic in its nakedness, is not unlovely. The Rock Elm is striking in winter and does not suffer for lack of covering. It appears at its best growing alone on a hillside when the white background of snow throws the cork-covered limbs into subtle relief. There is no thought of coldness as the sturdy little tree appears to be clad in a covering of dropping fur.

Trees, of all growing things, have been most intimately connected with mankind because of their silent personality. On some sacred tree, the prosperity and safety of a family or tribe or city was often believed to depend. A tree on the grave was thought to be penetrated with the life of the buried man. Trees hold unmentioned secrets. They have been the silent witnesses of many resolves, a promise or a tragedy. They whisper their secrets among themselves, but never a word do they tell the unfolding ages.

One tree stands out among all my plant acquaintances. It grows beside the Cedars near the path which leads to a lake. Its bark is smooth and yielded readily as I cut the outer covering to the white beneath. I am not sure whether it is Beech with gnarled limbs, or softer Aspen with quivering leaves, or a young Sugar Maple. At the end of a summer I scarred that tree with two entwining letters, with a circle around them both. And of all the plants I call my friends, the one I remember most is the one I used no book to name, which bears a mark and overheard a promise made by two.—Arthur Herbert Richardson, '15.

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H. W. LANG, '19 MISS H. WILKINS, '19 J. D. RUSSELL, '20

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Editorial Notes

The frontispiece of the present number is a reproduction of the portrait of the late Professor M. S. Clark, which was unveiled at the annual Autumn Convocation Friday evening, October sixth. The portrait is the work of J. W. L. Forster, of Toronto, and was accepted as a gift by the University from a number of the late professor's friends.

The purpose of the new column ON MILITARY SERVICE is self evident. We wish to gather together all the material about McMaster men who are on military service, and to keep our readers informed of their whereabouts. We solicit excerpts of letters from the front, and any news about McMaster men at home or abroad on military service.

Silver Grey and Maroon are the colors of McMaster University. We confess that we like the combination as long as the proper shades, silver grey and maroon, are insisted upon. Now that we are approaching the Annual Field Day, and the Ladies' College procession will file to the stadium with banners and colors, we thought that the present generation of students would like to know the source of the colours used by the different years on that occasion. These colors are all found in the McMaster Tartan. White is the most conspicuous, and is worn by Theology; red marks the Senior; blue is displayed by the Junior; yellow makes conspicuous the responsible Sophomore, and green is carried by the Freshmen.

The wearing of the college gown has become unpopular of late years with most of the students and some of the professors of McMaster. Last May at the Commencement Exercises, a number of men who went up for degrees wore borrowed gowns. A number of these were borrowed from the women of the University. We would not dare presume to even suggest that the women were unwilling to lend their gowns—we rather suspect the opposite—nor do we contend that every student of the University should wear a college gown, but we do think that it is only reasonable to expect that if college men—particularly graduates and seniors—desire to wear academic dress on public occasions, they should possess that dress and at least wear it occasionally, if not continually, throughout their course.

Resting quietly under an ash-tree, with the scent of flowers, and the odor of green buds and leaves, a ray of sunlight yonder lighting up the lichen and the moss on the oak trunk, a gentle air stirring in the branches above, giving glimpses of fleecy clouds sailing in the ether, there comes into the mind a feeling of intense joy in the simple fact of living.—*Jefferies.*

On Military Service.

"When Cincinnatus left his plow in the field to go in defence of his country, his excuse was the only one that could pardon such a breach."—*James Oliver.*

J. M. WARNER, '04, who since January last has held a commission in the 168th Battalion, has resigned his position in that corps and will likely resume his pastoral duties at the First Baptist Church, Woodstock, by which he was granted leave of absence during his term of military service. His resignation was due to a physical condition which would not stand the test by which officers are passed into the strenuous work of the overseas forces. It is the testimony of the officers and men of the 168th that Capt. Warner has proved himself a particularly efficient officer, and general regret was expressed throughout the Battalion when it became known that he was about to relinquish his post.

Joseph E. Howes, '12, has just been wounded after a year in the trenches. He is now at Bethnal Green Military Hospital, Cambridge.

Rev. H. H. Allen, M.A., '15, for five years pastor of Aurora Presbyterian Church, who enlisted as a private in the 81st Battalion, died at the hospital at Shorncliffe. Rather than leave the ranks, he refused the Chaplaincy of another regiment that he was offered before leaving Toronto. No details have been received as to the cause of death, although it is known that he succumbed to an acute disease.

B. V. McCrimmon, '13, is Sub-Lieutenant in the Motor Boat Patrol Service of the Navy. He is second in command of one of the patrol boats, and when last heard from was having his sailing qualities put to the test in a storm on the Irish Sea.

Lieut. R. Willcock, '12, is reported as wounded.

Capt. S. M. McLay, of the R.A.M.C., was wounded last month in the Battle of the Somme. He is now home on leave and is able to get about with a cane.

G. S. Jury, '09, has joined the "Queen's University Field Ambulance."

Rev. W. A. Cameron, '06, has secured his commission as

Captain and is proceeding overseas. For the first four months he will be engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in England and France, after which he hopes to see active service.

Prof. D. C. Macintosh, '03, of Yale, went to England early in the summer as a chaplain and was stationed at the First Canadian Command Depot, where wounded Canadian soldiers, after discharge from hospital, were undergoing retraining before returning to the front.

Elmer Jamieson, '13, is a private in the 114th Battalion. They expect to go overseas shortly.

E. A. Miller, '06, is reported as Captain in a Battalion shortly to leave for overseas. We have not been informed of the number of the Battalion.

F. E. Foulds, '16, is Sergeant on the Sub-Staff of the Army Medical Corps. He is at present at Exhibition Camp, Toronto.

Clarence Mackenzie was admitted to hospital on September 17, suffering with gunshot wounds in the shoulder.

C. V. Farmer has received his commission as Lieutenant. He has been released by the military authorities to engage in Y.M.C.A. work among the forces.

From Signaller Harold A. Innis, Shorncliffe, England.

The rest of the McMaster contingent have arrived except Houlding, and Morrison, who has secured a commission, I understand. Having only arrived last Friday you will understand that they have hardly had time to make themselves notorious, other than some ludicrous attempts to adapt themselves to new surroundings. Of the remainder, Brownlee is not neglecting his musical talent, as the Y.M.C.A. and the garrison church which we *must* attend weekly will testify. It almost seems like sitting in chapel, though it lacks that quaint ornament, the faculty. McGregor and Bates, if you will bear in mind Nip and Tuck propensities, you can prophesy easily their present whereabouts—probably a restaurant or making a personal inspection of a box from home, though I usually try to arrange to superintend these operations myself. Farmer and Hope, as despatch riders, while away the time and the government's gasoline by motor trips to London and other points. "Scottie" Hicks is enjoying himself. Howard Veals is gradually becoming reconciled to army life. Of Bob Campbell I can say no more than that he does not spend many of his evenings around camp. Palmer Kent delights (I think it is delights) us in the evenings

by practicing officers' commands. George Rosser was in the vicinity a few days ago, but unfortunately I did not see him.

From C. A. Vining, '19, "Somewhere in France."

Naturally we were quite excited at having our first "baptism of fire" so soon. We went out at 4.30 in big London motor busses for a few miles, waited there until dusk and then walked the remaining distance. Our task was to build a trench for cables. The place was thick with our batteries and there was a beastly row going on, but we felt quite safe, being a good mile behind the line. We could see shells breaking a few hundred yards up but were undisturbed until 9.30, when quite suddenly Fritz shifted his range and plumped down a dozen or so "whiz-bangs" beside us. Everybody hugged the bottom of the trench. They were coming pretty close for a while, but none of our little bunch was hurt, though one fellow had a chunk taken out of his water-bottle. We got off with less than a dozen casualties all night—most of them slight.

About 11.30 I was standing leisurely by the trench with my little shovel, when a party filed along behind us. One of their officers called out an order. I thought the voice sounded familiar so took a chance on having a look at his face, and there was Ralph Willcock, who taught me Latin at Woodstock.

From J. H. Davies, '14, Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, Eng.

I am now in the "service" in Portsmouth Barracks. I have an appointment as Naval Schoolmaster, carrying rank of chief petty officer. . . I am having a six weeks' training course here, after which I shall be posted to some battleship or cruiser for service in the North Sea or Mediterranean.

You may or may not know that T. Finley McWilliams, '14, was invalided to England from France in the summer, having contracted dropsy through being in damp and wet trenches. This has unfortunately brought on Bright's disease. I have visited him in hospital and last Sunday he spent the week-end at my home. Happily his disease is only slight. There is every possibility of his being practically cured, but he will have to live on fish diet for the rest of his life, and will never be able to undertake any manual work again. He is at the Canadian Convalescent Hospital, "Bearwood," Wokingham, Berks, England. . . .

R. E. Freeman has now gone to Royal Horse Artillery

School on Salisbury Plain, after having been for some time at the Royal Horse Artillery School at St. John's Wood, London.

From Carl V. Farmer, '15, Shorncliffe, England.

I got a ticket for the demonstration held at Queen's Hall, London, the occasion being the second anniversary of the declaration of war. . . . The performance began at 1.30. I say performance, because the first hour there was a concert by His Majesty's Grenadier Guards band. It was without exception the most beautiful band music I have ever heard.

Then came the speeches. Premier Asquith, Bonar Law, M. Painlevé, Sir Geo. Foster, and W. P. Schreiner (South Africa) spoke. It has been for some years an ambition of my life to hear Britain's premier. I was not disappointed in either the man or his address.

There is a dignity, precision and earnestness about Mr. Asquith's speech that is intensely impressive. At the first he was very deliberate. He has a delightfully keen sense of humor that shows in places—as, for example, when he referred to the battle of Jutland as Germany's "glorious victory," and added, "Since that time the high seas fleet (or what is left of it) has taken good care to remain within its ports; for some reason it is very loathe to repeat its triumphant experience."

To me Bonar Law was disappointing. . . . Sir George Foster . . . . was cheered to the echo. In referring to the Captain Fryatt murder, he urged the stern policy, and I was somewhat surprised to note the enthusiastic, almost vicious, applause. He spoke of the Kaiser as a great Empire builder. He had welded a scattered empire—not his own, but ours.

M. Painlevé was received with a great ovation. Schreiner, the High Commissioner from South Africa, told the splendid simple story of the growth of loyalty in South Africa, and urged autonomy of the nations within the Empire as the basis for its unity. He was very effective, though hampered by a poor voice.

The following names have been added to the McMaster Honour Roll: R. W. E. Christie '18, K. L. Duncombe '19, I. F. Fitch '12, F. E. Foulds '16, R. E. Freeman '14, R. L. Foster '17, D. Hughes '19, H. A. Innis '16, G. S. Jury '09, K. H. Kingdon '14, J. E. Knott '14, B. V. McCrimmon '13, D. C. Macintosh '03, A. L. Millions '17, H. C. Newcombe '00, H. R. Nobles '06, F. W. Poole '12, G. H. Thomas '12, C. A. Warren '19, S. R. Wilkins '18, C. A. Vining '19.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. MCDONALD, '19.

"Prithee friend, pour out the pack of matter to my ear,—the good and bad together,"

—*Antony and Cleopatra, Act. II, Sc. 5.*

EFORE passing to matters of mere importance, permit us to speak a word about ourselves. As we stand here between the past, with its record of the better men who have been our predecessors, and the future, filled with the achievements of those to come, there are dire misgivings as to our efficiency and ability to measure up to their high standard. But let us have no more apologies, and save our space and your patience. The most important fact before us is the present—it alone is ours—and we must take advantage of the present, and record to the best of our ability our life and activities as students around old McMaster Hall.

But if this column is to be a true and faithful reflector of our college life and spirit, all must take part in its production. This is your column—so get busy, everybody, give us your news of interest, and as our little verse up yonder says, pour out your pack of matter to our editorial ear—good and bad, humorous and all. Get the habit!

The Opening Chapel Service of the college year, held on Tuesday afternoon, September 26th, was largely attended. Here, after a summer of varied experience, we were gathered together among our old familiar friends and surroundings, and it was certainly gratifying to see so many new students present. The service was opened by the McMaster Hymn, Rev. M. C. McLean, of Ossington Avenue Church, conducting the devotional exercises. Chancellor McCrimmon then warmly welcomed both old and new students to our university life. The key-note of his address was self-development, and the importance of a Christian University in the greatest work of the world,—that of educating men

and women for lives of unselfishness and service. Thus our University enters another year's work with hope and encouragement for the future.

Autumn Convocation. This year McMaster held her Autumn Convocation on Friday evening, October 6th. Castle Memorial Hall being well filled with students and friends of the university.

After the opening exercises, conducted by Captain (Prof.) Gilmour, the presentation of the prizes and scholarships took place, in which the Chancellor was assisted by the Deans in Arts and Theology. Following this, the portrait of the late Professor Clark was presented by the Rev. John MacNeill, as his pastor and on behalf of his friends, and unveiled by Professor G. H. Campbell. The Chancellor then accepted this gift on behalf of the university, expressing his gratitude as that which was founded upon a quarter century of appreciation of the life and character of Professor Clark. As a work of art this portrait does great credit to the artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, of Toronto, and as a memorial, will give the utmost satisfaction to the friends of our late professor, and to all who have been his fellow-workers and students.

With the faculty on the platform were our two new professors, who were formally introduced by the Chancellor. These are Dr. W. G. Gingery, who succeeds Dr. Findlay as professor of Mathematics, and Rev. T. M. Dadson, M.A., who is taking Mr. Wallace's place in history during his absence at the front. Dr. Gingery comes to us from the University of Chicago, with the music of mathematics in his soul and all the poetry which belongs to that science. Mr. Dadson is a graduate of McMaster, having obtained both his B.A. and M.A. degrees here, and now, after post-graduate work in Chicago, he comes back to his Alma Mater.

The Chancellor, in his impressive message of greeting, spoke of the great demands placed upon us by wartime stress. Our men have responded nobly to the call of freedom, our ranks are thinned by the war, yet our sorrow is mingled with pride and congratulation. Moreover it is a great satisfaction to know that we can meet our obligations, and enter this our third year under such bright conditions with bright prospects for the future.

The convocation address was delivered by Dr. Franzen-Swedelius, professor of French, who in his own unique way, dealt with the humorous and philosophic aspects of the teaching and acquiring of modern languages.

People of Prominence.—No. 1.

President of the Student Body.—It has been said that no one can lay claim to true and lasting greatness who has not had a cigar named after him. Such is the fame of Bobbie Burns, Lord Tennyson, Lord Byron, William Penn, the Duke of Ormond, —and such also is the fame of our High Kakiak. Just when and where this awe-inspiring pseudonym originated we cannot say,—at any rate, it has been handed down through the past generations, and has now become the traditional title of the President of our Student Body.

This office stands out preeminently above all the rest. To tell adequately all the responsibilities of the High Kakiak would be impossible in this limited space. In short, it demands a leader,—one who can grace the head table in the dining-room, give an annual address on table manners, wield a gavel to the dismay of refractory freshmen, and act as the medium whereby legislation is carried on between the student body and the university authorities.

Our present High Kakiak, Mr. Stewart Cole, is undoubtedly "the man for the job." He is a first class student and scholarship man, and in all branches of the university life,—in the Y. M.C.A. work, intercollege debating, and in athletics,—he has shown himself to be eminently fitted to hold down the pontifical chair. He has our utmost confidence and unanimous support.

The Freshmen.—Nineteen-twenty! We have passed our teens!—Already our life around the hall has been invigorated by the enthusiasm of our new friends, the Freshmen. Most favorable auspices have attended their advent among us. Their large enrollment is especially gratifying in this time of crisis, and we believe their numbers are marked with quality as well as quantity. We bid you welcome, year twenty! Your prospects of becoming a strong and worthy class are bright—may your future at McMaster be filled with growth and happiness!

Judging from their numerous assemblies the Freshmen seem to be finding a source of great joy and edification in their new experience of holding class-meetings. Their class elections were held in two instalments, the proceedings being accompanied by such great secrecy that the curious sophomores were entirely

outwitted. However, their executive meetings have not escaped so unmolested, we are told.

The following is the list of officers under whom the good ship "twenty" has set sail:—Honorary president, Dr. R. W. Smith; President, M. C. Cain; Vice-president, Miss Marjorie Starr; Secretary, C. J. Wilkins.

Inquisitio Redita.—On October 6th, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, the freshmen awoke to find themselves carried back to mediaeval times. Whether they were in the Roman catacombs or the dungeons of the Bastille, none could say, but they could feel through the darkness the cold stone walls around them, and could hear in the distance the thundering judge and screaming victims of a fifteenth century inquisition court. Ghastly, white-robed figures led them to the enthroned Mephistopheles, where they learned the tanglefoot-tango, received strength to lift the good sword Excalibur, and were initiated into the ancient order of the Knights of "last night, tonight, and the night after."

On the following day the only evidence that this could have been more than a passing dream, was the list on the bulletin-board where each new Knight had signed his name in "blood."

Strange, incoherent sounds reecho through our classic halls, and another outlandish perpetration in the line of yells has reached our longsuffering ears. Have you heard this?

Kickity-rick, Kickty-rick,
Kickity-rick-a-roo,
Zipity-hook, Zipity-hook,
Kalamaza-mazoo,
Twenty—Twenty,
Hurrah-Hurrah-Huroo.

Chemistry Professor:—Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is a dangerous experiment and we are liable to be blown through the roof, but come closer that you may follow me.

Our registration to date is 144, divided among the various years as follows:—First year, 33; Second year, 33; Third year, 16; Fourth year, 24; Theology, 21; Partial Students, 17. This is somewhat lower than last year, as the war has made serious inroads on the attendance at all Canadian universities. However, it is much larger than most of us had expected.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. W.H. McNairn, lecturer in mineralogy and geology, who has received his doctor's degree from the University of Toronto this summer.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS E. WILKINS, '17.

October's orchestra plays softly on
The northern forest with its thousand strings,
And Autumn, the conductor, wields anon
The goldenrod—the baton that he swings.
—*Pauline Johnson.*

THE Autumnal song of nature may be subdued and sad, but her pensive mood finds no sympathy at the commencement of the academic year. The Ladies' Room resounds with eager voices. What rapturous greetings have just taken place? What a ceaseless flow of chatter emanates from the open door? It's the most sociable spot in "Old Mac." Aren't you glad you came, freshettes? Of course you are! And we're glad too for every one of you. Maybe that is how to explain the atmosphere there. It's just brimming over with gladness.

With the twenty-four new girls to take the empty places left by '16, the Ladies' Room presents an animated scene. Here and there walk little groups of freshettes, arm-in-arm as if the days of their acquaintanceship were years. In more secluded places the sophettes rest. Rest, did I say? Pardon me, Year '19. It was but a "lapsus linguae." Sophettes may sit down, but they never rest these days. With so many young minds to train, and so many young feet to guide the sophette must be as alert and watchful as a hen rearing a brood of ducklings.

"Think how they're striving for your good,
And heed them as you really should,
Year '20."

The Juniorettes have soared above such childish practices. They have forgotten last year's cares. With them there is neither yesterday nor to-morrow, you would think, nor anything but one laughter-holding Now. They flit from group to group, adding to the vivacity of the conversations. And then there are the Seniorettes! The shadow of days-to-be is already softening thoughtless mirth to a sweet seriousness. Seniors—and just one year more at McMaster! Wouldn't it make you serious, too?

Yes, here we are again in the Ladies' Room. Suddenly a

loud "Sh-sh" is heard. Three seniorettes are assisting our "queen" to her "throne." Equilibrium regained, she beams upon us all. Then she appeals to you and to me.

"*We want workers* for the Red Cross, workers who are ready and willing to knit, to sew, to roll bandages. Women of McMaster, we want *you* to help us do our "bit." We are starting the hitherto unheard of and unknown thing—the McMaster Red Cross Society. We have been a long time in starting it. We have our "Mac" boys fighting for us overseas, but we "Mac" girls have not done our share. It has never occurred to us to do Red Cross work right here in our own halls. It is high time we started. We must start strong and keep working to our utmost capacity to make up for the time we have lost. For two years the war has been progressing and we have done nothing to help our men. For two years women all over the world have been using all the spare moments they could find to make our soldiers more comfortable, while the McMaster Women's Student Body, en masse, have not produced a single sock. But we have the girls, and the ability, and the enthusiasm, and we can do much yet, for the war is not over. Come on, girls, let us turn out socks, pillow-cases, bandages, by the barrelful, and show the boys overseas that though we have been slow on the startoff we can finish with a dash! McMaster expects every girl to do her duty."

The Elgin House Conference.—The annual Y.W.C.A. Conference held at Elgin House the last week in June and the first week of July drew a large number of college students from Canadian Universities. The delegates from McMaster were the Misses Alba Robertson, Marjorie Moore, Aletha Hooker and Olive Clark. Beautiful weather increased the loveliness of the rolling plains, rugged hills and rustling woods, while the glow of the summer sun upon the dark waters of Lake Joseph gave a message of peace and calm. It was the privilege of our delegates to enjoy the fellowship which comes from mingling with other students of like aims and with like problems. Each morning they gathered in groups to study the messages of the Apostle Paul, the inspiration of the Psalms or the life of Christ. The great mission fields of India, China and Japan were brought to their attention. The evening addresses had for their subject "War and the Kingdom of God." A spirit of earnest enquiry and diligent search for truth characterized this year's confer-

ence, and it is the hope of our delegates that more McMaster women next year will experience the joys of the Elgin House Conference.

Another Y.W. Conference.—The McMaster Y.W. cabinet and the presidents of the various W.S.B. organizations held a week-end conference at Moulton College September 29th to October 1st. The morning and afternoon sessions were devoted to the discussion of real problems that confront Christian women students. The purpose and aim of the society were carefully considered, after which the program for the year was decided on. Dr. J. G. Brown presented a stirring appeal at the Saturday evening session on "The Challenge of the Mission Field." Chancellor McCrimmon addressed the Sunday evening session. All those who attended the conference are keenly enthusiastic about the organization of a strong and aggressive Y.W. for the ensuing year. The McMaster women wish to extend their grateful thanks to Miss Ellis for her kind hospitality which made this conference possible.

W.L.S.—The first meeting this year was held on Wednesday, October 4th, with Miss Elsie Mulholland, '17, presiding. Miss Marion Stillwell, '20, was elected treasurer. When the business of the meeting had been decided upon, Year '19 took charge of the program. Never has the McMaster W. L. S. beheld such a scene as soon ensued. While the black gowned tribunal waited, the new girls reluctantly answered to their modernized names. Soon the platform was filled with judges and culprits, and all was silent save the clicking of knitting needles. Sister McLaurin then came forward and read a "great" poem, with an oft recurring refrain, "Be humble." After taking the vows of humble obedience the new girls were put up on auction. Having been labelled by their purchasers, the entertainment waxed lively. Each was showing off her tricks. We're quite convinced that year '20 can do almost everything, even if it does result in black and white facial effects with a cute little curlecue feather stuck on the end of their noses. The meeting dispersed with three cheers for the finest lot of freshettes we ever had; and as we left the hall Year '20 sent an answering cheer for the sophettes.

At the W.S.B. meeting, October 4, Miss Marion Grimshaw was elected supervisor of the McMaster Red Cross workers. All success to our new enterprise!

The president of the W.A.S. announces that McMaster women are to have the use of the Walmer Road tennis courts for the remainder of the season.

The editor of the Women's Department has a wishbone. And she's using it to wish that the women of McMaster will make this department their own. Contributions of verse or prose will be enthusiastically received. If you don't know what to write on, suggestions will be furnished. Here is your chance to gain experience and fame! Don't spend the rest of your life regretting that you missed it. Just sit down now—and write, write, write, and then slip your contribution in the W. letter box. We gratefully acknowledge the first contribution received, and herewith publish it.

PRAIRIE LIFE.

Oh this life on the prairie enthralls me,
Where the test of a man is his worth;
Position and rank count as nothing
And money's the last thing on earth.

The wheat grower calls it a gamble,
For as soon as the grain's in the ground
Frost, heat, gophers and windstorms assail him
While droughts are as frequently found.

But for me, I must needs love the prairie
With its vastness so free and so grand,
And its carpet of gaudy wild flowers
Which are surely the work of God's hand.

And its sunsets ablaze in bright glory
Of orange and purple and red,
And the great gleaming pennons of splendor
That wave from the frozen North dead.

They say that the prairie's a magnet
And of it the school marms do sing,
Though money may be an attraction
Far greater the hopes of a ring.

The houses, I know, are not mansions
But love in a cottage is best,
And when life at McMaster is ended
C'est moi for the "wild, woolly west."

—*E. M.*

Athletics

Editor: John F. Twiss, '17.

THE ATTAINMENT of a true education requires a keen intellect, but athletics is a prerequisite to a well developed mind. There are students, however, who believe that sports play a relatively small part in the development of manhood and womanhood. Let them remember that even the Greeks and the Romans in ages long past realized the value of physical exercise.

One of the advantages of this university is that every man has a chance to show his ability along athletic lines, if he so desires. If he fails to make use of his opportunities, it is not only a loss to himself but also to the university. Failure to play the game in the past is a "poor" excuse for not indulging in it now. Ramsden Park has been secured as our soccer and rugby field this year. Strive for the various teams; get out and train for field day; seek to break a record; and, by the way, don't forget to pay your fees. Let it be said of no McMaster student this year that he failed to support the athletic activities of the institution. There's a place for *you* to fill.

A few days ago one of the students received a copy of the programme of the Military Athletic Sports Day, held on the Folkestone Cricket Grounds, Cheriton Road, England, by the Canadian Engineer Training Depot on September 2nd. It is interesting to McMaster students because a number of McMaster men participated and carried off several honors. The events won or partially won by men who once spent hours in "Old Mac" are as follows:

Three Legged Race—2nd, C. V. Farmer, '15, and partner.

Sack Race—3rd, J. A. Long, '15.

Inter-Company Relay—Won by Signal Company, one of the runners being E. J. Bates, '16.

Sack Bumping Competition—1st, J. A. Long, '15. Rules—All competitors to be in sacks and placed in a circle. On word "go" competitors will start bumping each other out of ring. Last man in ring declared winner.

120 Yards Hurdles—1st, R. D. Campbell '15; 2nd, C. V. Farmer, '15.

The Monthly extends congratulations.

No reference has been made in The Monthly as yet regarding the fine new trophy cupboard which was placed in the hallway leading to the Science building last spring. A cupboard for this purpose has been needed for some time. The following four cups are there shown to advantage:

The McNaught Cup, held by A. H. Richardson.

The Year '13 Rugby Cup, held by Theology.

The Matthews Cup for Inter-Year Competition, held by Theology.

The Year '15 Inter-Year Field Day Cup, held by Arts '16.

If McMaster students in attendance in former days, who dreamed of playing tennis on the college grounds, were suddenly to present themselves they would now realize (perhaps to their astonishment) that their vision was no longer a castle in the air but a reality. Last spring the students, under the direction of the Athletic Association, undertook to prepare two tennis courts in the "back yard" of the college. The work involved the cutting of a large tree, and the removal of many yards of earth, besides the necessary leveling and placing of back stops. Many hours of hard labor were spent by the students, and before the college term closed the courts were well on the way to completion. Owing to the generosity of the Board of Governors, this work was completed during the summer vacation, and the courts were made ready for use.

The men of the University thank Dr. Donald for his interest and energy in connection with this work. They are especially grateful also to Mr. W. E. Robertson for the interest he showed in such a practical way.

Already a tennis tournament has been organized, fifteen having entered for the singles and six teams for the doubles. The results of this tournament will be reported later.

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.—*Beecher.*

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

THE LAST APPEARANCE of this department was in April, now six months past. In that time many things have happened, in which the graduates took part or part of which they were. The Editor has assembled below a brief statement of such of these happenings as have come to his notice. Of others which should be noted, he would be glad to be informed.

It will be noticed that there is a liberal sprinkling of wedding announcements among the other items, and others have been heard of but sufficient details are not to hand to enable us to record them. We are sure our readers will join with us in extending hearty congratulations to all the grooms and best wishes to all the brides, and we ask these parties to accept our felicitations in this general way, since lack of space prevents our giving each announcement the special attention which it deserves.

It will be noticed that a new arrangement of material has been adopted. While it is not possible in every case to follow strictly the year classification, on account of the overlapping of degrees, and dates, it is felt that the present arrangement may be a help to the reader in locating items about his classmates and particular friends.

Several of the alumni have been especially active during the summer in sending items of news to the Editor of this Department. Their assistance is much appreciated, and similar help on the part of others is solicited.

'86.

Rev. Truman H. L. Carey, Theol., is pastor of the Baptist Church of Berlin, Mich. That he is still interested in Alma Mater is evidenced by the fact that during the summer he sent in the names of some prospective students for Moulton and Woodstock Colleges.

Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Theol., is now pastor of Dovercourt Road Baptist Church, Toronto. His address is Langstaff, Ont.

'94.

Rev. Hugh McQuarrie, B.A. ad eundem, died in Toronto during the summer in his 75th year. Mr. McQuarrie was always interested in the University, and attended the Summer Sessions in 1915.

Rev. J. E. Davis, B.A. ad eund., M.A. '03, died in May the Chicago Christian Institute, an interdenominational school which has just been founded.

Rev. H. C. Speller, Theol. ad eund., has removed from Moose Jaw to Swift Current, Sask.

Rev. C. W. King, Theol., has moved from Grand Forks, B. C., to Neepawa, Man.

'95.

Rev. A. N. Marshall has resigned the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Winnipeg. When he left, his people made him a presentation of $1000 as a token of esteem. Most of the time since graduation Mr. Marshall has spent in Australia, where he held an important pastorate in Adelaide.

'97.

Rev. J. E. Davis, B.A. ad eund. M.A. '03, died in May last in Tracadie, N.B., a martyr to the missionary cause, having contracted leprosy while in India some years ago. J. W. Davis, '14, and Mrs. H. H. Graham, '15, are son and daughter.

'98.

Rev. S. J. Farmer has removed from Regina and is now pastor of McPhail Memorial Church, Ottawa. His address is "The Dundonald," 587 MacLaren St.

Rev. A. B. Cohoe, until recently pastor of the First Baptist Church, Halifax, N.S., is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Providence, R.I. He follows another McMaster man, Rev. J. F. Vichert, who is now Dean of Theology in Colgate University.

Rev. W. P. Reekie, Superintendent of Baptist Missions in Saskatchewan, should now be addressed at 2817 Victoria Ave., Regina, having recently moved to that city from Weyburn.

'99.

C. L. Brown is now on the staff of the University Schools, Toronto.

Rev. L. H. Thomas was elected to the Senate representing the graduates in Theology for the five years ending 1921. Mr. Thomas has resigned his pastorate at Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto, to pursue further studies in McMaster.

'00.

G. L. Sprague has been for some years in Mountain Lake, N.J. A recent report stated he was taking a position with the Hamilton Technical School.

Rev. H. C. Newcombe, of Simcoe, has been appointed Chaplain of the 133rd Battalion.

'01.

R. D. Echlin is President of Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa. Since graduating in 1901 Mr. Echlin obtained the B.D. degree at Chicago in 1903 and was granted the D.D. by Parsons College in 1914. Buena Vista is a Presbyterian College which has been in operation since 1891.

P. A. McDiarmid has returned to his haunts in the wilds of Central Africa. He spent a day in Toronto in July and all the Naughty-Threes that could be got together assembled and lunched with P. A. and Mrs. McDiarmid. They returned via England and France and a Belgian steamer from Havre. Their address will be as formerly, Sona Bata, via Thysville, Congo Belge, S. W. Africa.

Miss A. M. MacNeill is on leave of absence from Moulton College, and is pursuing graduate studies in English at Columbia University.

J. N. MacLean, who was recently Secretary of the Social Service Council of Manitoba, has been made Prohibition Commissioner for the province. He has a staff of inspectors under him, and he has been most successful in superintending the enforcement of the Manitoba Temperance Act. We regret to learn that Mrs. MacLean died a few months ago, leaving two motherless sons.

E. Cameron is now pastor of the church at Marshville.

'04.

T. E. Layng has been distinguishing himself in the realm of commercial chemistry, having perfected a new process in connection with the preparation of coke products. We are told that a company has been floated and plants are being erected in Urbana, Mich., and in other places. Layng's headquarters will still be at Urbana. In August he came to Toronto and was married to Miss Winnifred Annie Gray.

'05.

W. E. Matthews, recently of Brandon, is now pastor of Broadway Baptist Church, Winnipeg. His new church expressed

their appreciation of him and their desire to make his work light by presenting him with an automobile.

Rev. George E. Tompkinson, the energetic pastor of Brattleboro, Vermont, passed through Toronto in May last with Mrs. Tompkinson on their way to the convention meeting in Minneapolis. George is doing a great work in Vermont, and is evidently thriving on it.

'06.

On the 24th of June last Mr. E. C. Fox, '06, and Mrs. Fox, (nee Dora McKay), invited the alumni and alumnae of Toronto and vicinity to a garden party at their summer residence on the lake front near the Scarboro Cliffs. Though the weather was not of the best, a large company assembled and enjoyed the hospitality of the genial host and charming hostess, and many old acquaintances were renewed and new ones formed. Members of the Senate and Board of Governors and the city pastors were also guests.

T. M. Dadson is on the Faculty this year in charge of the History Department, in place of Major W. S. Wallace, who is now overseas. Tom says his work will be like the pickpocket's profession, "all right when you get your hand in."

Rev. R. C. Benson has become acting pastor of Bloor Street Church, Toronto, in Mr. Cameron's absence, and will begin his duties in November.

'07.

Rev. W. E. Norton, who received the degree of D.D. in 1907, and who has always been closely associated with the University, passed away last month after a lingering illness. For many years Dr. Norton was a member of the Board of Governors, and later on Honorary Lecturer on Missions. For the past fifteen years he was Superintendent of Home Missions for the denomination, and his going leaves a gap that will be exceedingly hard to fill. To Mrs. Norton, and to Miss J. M. Norton, '02, the Monthly extends sympathy.

Lloyd H. Werden obtained the degrees M.B. and Ch.B. from Edinburgh University last year. He now has a general medical practice in Llanelly, Wales. Some months ago Lloyd offered his services to the army, but the authorities considered his present work too important to be left. In March last he was married to Miss Ragnhild Okholm, and they are now at home at "Elmwood," Gilbert Crescent, Llanelly, South Wales. THE MONTHLY tenders congratulations.

'08.

Miss Anna Macintosh, while taking graduate work at Yale, and living at Lowell House, became so interested in settlement work that she decided to enter it. For two years she was assistant head worker, and then for two years she was head worker in that settlement. Last year she moved to the University Settlement, New York, and took a course at the Community Centre Training School, winning a scholarship. She then became first secretary of the New York Community Chorus of 5,000 voices, which position she held until last June. This fall she returns to New York to take charge of the girls' and young women's work at the University Settlement.

Miss Marie A. Harris is now on the staff of the London Technical School.

'09.

W. J. Haydon is acting Principal of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, the Principal, W. J. Wright, being on active service. It is interesting to note that Mr. Wright was once a McMaster student. Another McMaster graduate on the St. Mary's staff is H. L. Matthews, '11.

A. H. Hutchinson, who has been on the staff of the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, moved in July to Vancouver to take his new position as head of the department of Biology in the newly-organized University of British Columbia.

J. L. MacLaurin was married in July to Miss Laura E. Gage, of Ridgetown. J. L. is now Principal of Ridgetown Collegiate Institute.

Rev. C. T. Holman, of Bloomington, Indiana, is devoting special attention to work among the Baptist students of Indiana State University. His church is quite near the campus.

Rev. Thomas Wearing, who has been acting pastor of the Baptist Church in Coaticook, P.Q., during the summer, has been appointed to a fellowship in the New Testament Department of the University of Chicago.

'10.

W. L. Iveson, who is on the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, was married last month to Miss Florence E. Hoover, of that city.

Miss Etta Pugsley is now Mrs. Allán R. Lancefield, the marriage having taken place in June last. They reside in Hamilton.

C. N. Curtis and Mrs. Curtis (Miss Hope Simpson), passed

through Toronto in August. They had motored over from their home in Brookston, Indiana, and were on their return when they called on Alma Mater.

Rev. W. C. McKendry has removed from Fonthill, having accepted a call to the church in Ormond.

'11.

Miss Bessie Arkell has been appointed to the staff of the Calgary Collegiate Institute.

'11-'12.

The home of H. S. Arkell, '02, was the scene one day in June last of the wedding of Dr. F. H. Jeffery, '11, and Miss Alice Maude MacLaurin, '12. We understand Dr. Jeffery is settling in Parkhill, Ont.

R. E. Gilmore is testing road materials, paint, and other products at the municipal testing plant, Toronto. We presume he is saving money for the city, a service which is much appreciated by the ratepayers.

'12.

R. V. Howard is Principal of the School for Foreigners in Vegreville, Alta.

H. R. H. Silcox was married on August 31st to Miss Anna Evelyn Howe, of Toronto.

Miss Ethel MacNaughton is now the wife of Rev. Herbert S. Lovering. The wedding took place last month, and after November 1st they will be at home at the parsonage, Maple, Ont.

E. H. Clarke, who graduated at Brandon, has for some years been National Student Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., with headquarters in Toronto. In July he was married to Miss Carrie B. Dunnett, of the Y.W.C.A., and they left for the Orient. A cable announces their safe arrival in Bombay, where Mrs. Clarke will remain working for the Y.W., while her husband proceeds to Mesopotamia to take up Y.M.C.A. work among the British forces on the Euphrates. He will be attached to the staff under Lieut. Dixon, of Toronto, which has been doing noble work for the soldiers.

T. R. Wilkins is now Instructor in Physics in the College of Education, University of Chicago.

'13.

B. V. McCrimmon and A. R. Quirk completed their courses on Law in May last. Since that time Bruce has enlisted.

Rev. M. R. Hartley has resigned his church in Galt to pursue theological studies at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Miss M. M. McDonald, who has been associated with Mr. E. H. Clarke, the National Student Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., is removing to Montreal to take up the same work with Mr. Clarke's successor, Mr. Clarke having gone to Mesopotamia as noted elsewhere.

R. G. Dunbar is now Principal of the School in Daysland, Alberta.

'14.

Miss Ruth Fowler is now on the permanent staff of the Toronto Public Schools.

K. H. Kingdon was appointed to a lectureship in the University of Michigan during the summer, but he resigned the appointment to enlist in the Divisional Signallers' Corps.

W. G. Spencer was married in April last to Miss Ethel Reeb, of Port Colborne. Mr. Spencer is overseas with the Signallers, and his wife is continuing to make her home in her native town.

Miss Frances Lepofsky was married in August to Mr. Harry A. Friedman in Toronto. They are now at home in Edmonton.

M. R. Ballard is now Science Master in the Collegiate Institute of Moose Jaw, Sask.

W. Wray Smith is now Commercial Master in Whitby Collegiate Institute.

Miss Bessie Farmer is on the staff of the North Bay High School.

Abraham Hisey was married in June last to Miss Vera McKay, of Aurora. Hisey is Science Master in the High School in that town.

'15.

P. K. Hambly is now Classics Master in Brockville Collegiate Institute.

A. C. Riley was married in the early summer to Miss Iva J. Blackhall, of Wingham. Mr. Riley is pastor of the Fairbank Church, and is continuing his theological work in McMaster.

Miss M. C. Cline expected to sail for India this autumn as a missionary, but has not been able to carry out her plans in this regard. She is again on the staff of the Duke of Connaught High School, New Westminster, B. C.

M. J. Bradley is a chemist with the Canada Cement Co., Montreal.

Here and There

EDITOR: ROY HARRIS, '18.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
—*Tennyson.*

ONCE again, THE MONTHLY sets out upon her yearly voyage over the rough sea of college journalism, in company with her old consorts, "The Argosy," "Acta Victoriana," and others too numerous to mention. With them, she is prepared to meet the adverse winds of criticism; but it is also her hope and expectation that she may occasionally be able to run up along some sheltered coast, or to find her way into some quiet bay of kindly appreciation. Many of those who so gallantly guided her course in former years have laid aside the pen to don the khaki. "The old order changeth," and now the members of the "new" stand on board awaiting the signal to weigh anchor; and as we wait, we take this opportunity of making the customary editorial bow, both to the University we represent, and to the public whom we serve.

The truism expressed by the poet in the above line is capable of a wider and more general application to the world of men and things about us. These are days of great and momentous change. Many prophets have gone forth into the world who profess to declare unto us the specific modifications which our social and industrial systems will undergo as the result of the Great War. A favorite theme for speculation is the new status of woman. Men seem to have always displayed an inherent weakness in their desire to solve the so-called woman problem. Even the genial Addison used to satirize and poke sly fun at the infirmities and foibles of the fair sex of Queen Anne's reign. Nor have modern writers outgrown this failing of their progenitors.

We do not intend to discuss the more serious aspects of the woman problem in these columns, but merely desire to give our readers a few selections "in lighter vein" which bear upon this interesting field of controversy. Apparently the writers from whom we quote were convinced that woman is incapable of managing her own affairs. Some of them even manifest an undis-

guised fear that some day she may run away with the bit in her teeth, to the evident discomfiture of the "lords of creation."

In a parody upon Kipling's noble poem, Carolyn Wells has given expression to her consternation at the sight of Fifth Avenue styles, and her apprehension for the future. We give her "Dress-cessional" below:

Girl of the future, feared of all,
Chasing the far-flung fashion line,
What awful things may yet appal,
Hung on your human form divine!
Girl of to-day, stay with us yet,
Lest we regret! Lest we regret!

The tunic and the peplum dies,
The plaiting and the flare depart;
Oh, what must we next sacrifice
To future of a fearful art?
Girl of to-day, stay with us yet,
Lest we regret! Lest we regret!

The blouse and bodice melt away,
Forever fades the silhouette;
Lo! all the mode of yesterday
Is one with puff and pantalette,
Girl of to-day, stay with us, do,
Lest worse ensue! Lest worse ensue!

If drunk with mad designs, we loose
Wild styles that hold no art in awe,—
Such clothing as the Fijis use,
Or lesser broods without the law,—
Girl of to-day, stay here with we,
Lest worse may be! Lest worse may be!

For foolish maid who puts her trust
In French tailleur or smart modiste,
In valiant men of mien august
Without discernment in the least,—
For frantic fads of Fashion's whirl,
Have mercy on us, Future Girl!

Another writer has risen up in arms against the modern innovations in the college curriculum. He resents having cookery thrust in among the Arts and Sciences,—presumably because *women* have demanded it. The deep and solemn voices of Homer and Virgil and their renowned compeers are being drowned by the deafening clatter of crockery and saucepans. The distressed Manes of the old Greek and Roman worthies flit anxiously about the halls of our modern universities, and lament their fallen

estate, and our pitiable degeneracy. They have found a champion, however, in Robert Carlton Brown, who in the "Poetry Journal" raises an indignant protest against this bold invasion of their sacred domain. We give below one of his poems in which he seeks to show the pernicious efforts not only upon literature, but also upon women, of thus rudely pushing classics from the seats of learning, and setting up in their places millinery and cooking.

I know a nice, affectionate girl
Who goes about
Patting beefsteaks on the back,
Running her fingers fondly through the beards of oysters,
Holding hands for hours with breaded veal cutlets,
Rubbing noses with pork chops,
And having affairs with boiled onions.
Her emotional eyes light with amorous interest
In the presence of food;
They fill with great glistening tears
When the plates are taken out
And she sits despondent
Weeping gently into her coffee.

The political rights of women is another question of perennial interest. We quote the following from "Are Women People?" a collection of whimsical and satiric suffrage rhymes and prose by Alice Duer Miller, published by George H. Doran:

WHY WE OPPOSE POCKETS FOR WOMEN.

1. Because pockets are not a natural right.

2. Because the great majority of women do not want pockets. If they did they would have them.

3. Because whenever women have had pockets they have not used them.

4. Because women are required to carry enough things as it is, without the additional burden of pockets.

5. Because it would make dissension between husband and wife as to whose pockets were to be filled.

6. Because it would destroy man's chivalry toward woman, if he did not have to carry all her things in his pockets.

7. Because men are men, and women are women. We must not fly in the face of nature.

8. Because pockets have been used to carry tobacco, pipes, whiskey flasks, chewing gum and compromising letters. We see no reason to suppose that women would use them more wisely.

A London wholesale provision house, which prides itself on filling all orders correctly, received a letter from a provincial customer recently, complaining bitterly of the very poor quality of the last two lots of eggs supplied.

The reputation of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

"Gentlemen: We are sorry to hear that our consignment did not suit you; there was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order, and find that it reads as follows: 'Rush fifty boxes eggs. We want them bad.' "—*Tid-Bits.*

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT.

Officer:—I don't know why the men grumble. This soup is really excellent.

Sergeant:—They wouldn't grumble, sir, if the cook would admit it is soup. He insists that it is *coffee*!—*Bystander.*

IN THESE HARD TIMES.

Sandy:—What for does Donald tak' sic lang strides noo o'days?

Geordie:—He says it disna wear oot his shoes sae quick.

SAME OLD POEM.

Same old pumpkins, same old plums;
Same old styles in chrysanthemums.

Same old hunters, same old quail;
Same old brown October ale.

Same old football, same old haze;
Same old short-length remnant days.

Same old red leaves in the mall,
Same old chestnuts; same old fall.

—*Life.*

Since the outbreak of the terrible struggle in Europe, many poems have been written which, while not bearing directly upon the war, seem, however, to have been suggested by the spirit of strife and conflict which is rife in the very atmosphere during these days of stress and anxiety. Judged from a literary standpoint, many of these attain to a far higher standard of excellence than the conventional war-poem, written *selon les règles*. We

shall give our readers a number of these throughout the year. The two printed below are taken from "The Independent." The first writer seeks to nerve us for the struggle of life; the second would call us "apart to rest awhile."

MY BATTLE-PRAYER.

BY F. F. V.

I do not ask for peace,
Nor yet that on my path
The sounds of war shall shrill no more,
The way be clear of wrath.
But this I beg Thee, Lord,
Steel Thou my will with might,
And in the Strife that men call "Life,"
Grant me the strength to fight.

I do not pray for arms,
Nor shield to cover me.
What tho I stand with empty hand,
So it be valiantly!
Spare me the coward's fear—
Questioning wrong or right;
Lord, among these mine enemies,
Grant me the strength to fight.

I do not pray that Thou
Keep me from any wound,
Tho I fall low from thrust and blow,
Forced fighting to the ground;
But give me wit to hide
My hurt from all men's sight,
And for my need, the while I bleed,
Lord, grant me strength to fight.

I do not pray that Thou
Shouldst grant me victory;
Enough to know that from my foe
I have no will to flee.
Beaten and bruised and banned,
Flung like a broken sword,
Grant me this thing for conquering—
Let me die fighting, Lord!

PEACE.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

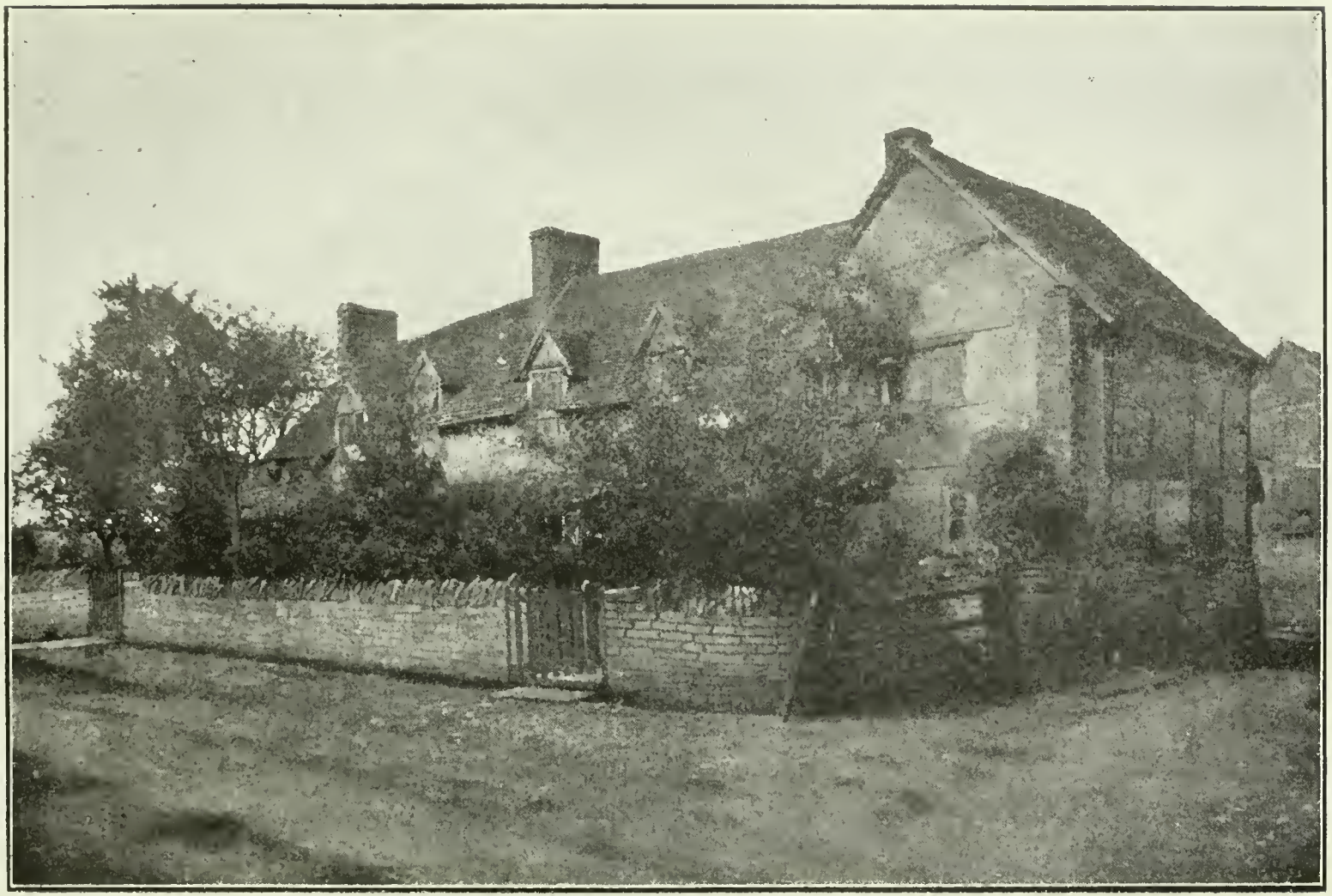
The sleeping tarn is dark
  Below the wooded hill.
Save for its homing sounds,
  The twilit world grows still.

And I am left to muse
  In grave-eyed mystery,
And watch the stars come out
  As sandalled dusk goes by.

And now the light is gone,
  The drowsy murmurs cease,
And thru the still unknown
  I wonder whence comes peace.

Then softly falls the word
  Of One beyond a name,
"Peace only comes to him
  Who guards his life from shame—

"Who gives his heart to love,
  And holding truth for guide,
Girds him with fearless strength,
  That freedom may abide."



MARY ARDEN'S COTTAGE.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE Ter-Centenary Anniversary of the death of Shakespeare was widely noted. No doubt the learned world would have given far more attention to this anniversary had the great war not become the absorbing subject of thought wherever English literature is known.

Some will ask why such honor is given the memory of a man who never swayed the rods of empire or even sought to wade through slaughter to a throne.

The house at Stratford, in which he was born is a humble dwelling. His tomb is in the Parish Church of his native town and not in the old Abbey where the dust of most of England's illustrious dead reposes. Yet his name is one of the greatest known to the annals of fame. Why?

Only a few suggestions can be offered in answer. The explanation of Shakespeare's continued power is to be found in part in the sphere in which he wrought. This sphere, it need scarcely be said, was not the world of Science but the world of human life and struggle. As Merz says: "The problems of life, the highest rules of conduct, remain fundamentally always the same, and have the tendency, even if temporarily disturbed, always to revert to their beginnings, indicating that there is sure abiding and unchanging reality at the bottom of things which makes itself felt again and again in the same manner, producing similar emotions, prompting similar desires, and showing itself in similar motives, all of which are surrounded with similar hopes, and fears. The ultimate problem of life is in fact always the same, whereas the problems of Science are continually chang-

ing. Very few works of even the foremost scientific interest are studied for scientific purposes, even a generation after they have appeared. On the other side, the great works of literature, of poetry, of art, and the religious Scriptures, are again and again resorted to, and with a repeated study appear to us as possessing greater excellence and commanding greater wonder."

It has been said that philosophy is an attempt to solve all the problems of the world and of human life; and that literature is an attempt to solve some of these problems. As Shakespeare's work was eminently literary and, therefore, in a sense philosophical he is not for an age but for all time.

Shakespeare's power and his deathless fame are due, also. in part to the greatness and special qualities of the nation that is proud to call him hers.

It was in England, " the eye, the soul of Europe," Shakespeare lived. It was when England was becoming conscious of her power and waking into intellectual life that he made the drama " the abstract and chronicle of the time," and gave an eternal freshness to the great truths and thoughts " that voluntary move harmonious numbers." Literature records the inner life of the people. What a story of the heights and depths of our nation's experience, its aspirations and attainments and its share in bearing the burdens of humanity is told by our writers from Chaucer to Tennyson. We have this history in short swallow flights of song, in mournful elegy, in lofty epic, and in Shakespeare, in the world representative drama.

The master of drama is the master indeed. " The spacious times of great Elizabeth " gave Shakespeare an opportunity worthy of his genius. England was not ready for him at an earlier date and the sober tints of later years were not so congenial to the species of literature for which he was born. It has been said that " the drama loses its influence over the improved generation, just as the picture-books of childhood cease to be valued in youth; it sinks into mere means of entertainment and its strength is lost with its high purpose. The periodical press now holds the position that the stage did in the time of Queen Elizabeth; that the drama might advance, it would be necessary

for civilization to retrograde, and that would be far too high a price to pay even for another Shakespeare."

If, however, we have reached an "ampler day" we can on that account be duly grateful for the "poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world," and especially for him of whom Milton speaks as the "Dear Son of Memory, great heir of fame," who "in our wonder and astonishment has built himself a live-long monument."

When we try to state some specific directions in which Shakespeare's power remains unchallenged it is difficult to select among the numerous streams of influence that flow from him such as are specially related to our time. We may refer, however, to his skill as an artist and to his unabated force as an ethical teacher.

It has been said that there are only two things in the universe, thought and its expression. Shakespeare is the great master of expression in dramatic art. The wide range of characters represented in his plays, the variety of moods in which they appear, the subtlety of motives and the charm of the dialogue give an undying interest to his literary achievements. The development of his plots and the regulation of his emotion in concurrence therewith show his powers under complete control. He rises to the height of his great argument but he never "tears a passion to tatters." His is the strength of an exalted spirit that rules in the whirlwind. If "language best shows a man" Shakespeare's speech betrays him though the records of his life be somewhat obscure and his suppression of the self be most diligently sought. In art he is not only "master of them that know" but master of them that tell their visions.

His thought, however, is equal to his expression. He lives in great realities and not in transient feelings. His insight into the springs of human action and his clear discernment of the great principles controlling historic movements enable him to exhibit the universal and eternal in the concrete and temporal. Especially is this true in the realm of ethical portraiture.

His tragedies exalt the supremacy of the moral law so far as to show that he honoured it no less than did Kant. In Mac-

beth and Hamlet alone there is the writing large of the crash of worlds as resulting from the violation of the bonds of allegiance to sovereign. In Lear and Othello the violation of the fundamental family bonds brings death into the world of the best life and all the woes that spring from sin when it is finished. And in other plays the ethical lessons are no less evident although they are not set forth in form of sermon. All problems are ultimately, in the life portrayed by Shakespeare, moral problems. And he seems to exhort continuously in the spirit of Hawthorne in the Scarlet Letter, "Be true! Be true!"

From Homer through the long history of great poets the supernatural has been evident in the masterpieces of creative genius. The masters feel it necessary that a God "shall mingle in the game" if art is to reach its heavenly best. Does Shakespeare so think? He does not bring the heavenly powers before us directly so often as to disturb the description of human life which it is his labor to make move before us. But like the teaching of Immortality in the Old Testament the Divine is the universal presence in whom all spirits live. The supernatural in Shakespeare compared with the supernatural in Milton lacks the sustained realism of the great genius of Puritanism. But we do not read far into the heart of the dramatist without feeling Him who "fills all space and guides all motion." His Epilogue to The Tempest seems to express this faith in the Highest as related to man, not indeed with the elaborate confessions of Tennyson and Browning but clearly and strongly:

> "And my ending is despair,
> Unless I be relieved by prayer;
> Which pierces so that it assaults
> Mercy itself and frees all faults."

—E. M. Keirstead.

We require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness: first, the doing their practical duty well; then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it; which last is another form of duty.—*Ruskin.*

MILITARY TRAINING AFTER THE WAR.

AT the close of the present war, one of the problems which will present itself for consideration is to what extent the Empire should prepare herself against the event of a similar struggle in the future. Some may feel that with her great navy, she needs only a small army of well-trained soldiers; others, however, may urge that preparation should be made on a larger scale. While some may feel that all service should be voluntary on the part of the individual, others may insist that means should be taken to compel the unwilling to bear their share of the burden. Realizing the great need in the present crisis of intelligent and efficient leaders, both to drill men at home, and to lead them at the front, some have advocated that in the future military training should be a compulsory part of the university course. It must be admitted that this proposal has been made while we are still under the strain of a gigantic struggle. Our minds are keyed to a higher pitch, and we see all things in the lurid light of war. But we believe that when the smoke of battle clears away, and peace is once more restored, this scheme will be regarded as too radical to meet with any very general acceptance.

It does violence to the most sacred inheritance of the British people, namely, individual right. Personal freedom is the great fundamental principle which underlies all our institutions. In an hour of national peril, Britain's subjects waive this right, and even without compulsion rally with loyal devotion to the call of the King. In times of peace, however, the British resent any measure which interferes in the least degree with the freedom of the individual. Coercion savours too much of the spirit of Prussian autocracy to be very kindly accepted by Canadians. We all admit that we were lamentably unprepared at the outbreak of the war, and it would seem that in the future our statesmen ought to give more attention to national preparedness than in the past. Yet we must beware of any tendency to build up a

system of militarism similar to that which we are seeking to destroy.

In these days of the Empire's need, many feel it to be a sacred duty to lay aside all personal interests for a few years and to join in the defence of principles of right and justice. But when normal conditions are re-established, university students will desire to have their time free from all activities but those which contribute either directly or indirectly to preparation for their life work. In this age which is characterized by such intense specialization even in professional life, it is essential that we excel in one thing. A heavy major of military training would tend to dissipate a student's energies, and would prevent him from concentrating all his attention upon his special line of study. It may be argued that this drill would require no more expenditure of energy than is given to foot-ball or gymnasium practice. Nevertheless it involves a considerable nervous and mental strain. Careful investigations have shown that twelve per cent. more energy is expended when standing at attention than when standing at ease. Therefore, squad drill affords no relaxation, nor can it ever be a substitute for recreation.

Many graduates enter upon walks of life where they could offer little service to their country in a military capacity. They feel deeply that they have another mission in life. We are persuaded that the Motts and the Edisons are doing as great service to humanity as the Joffrés and Jellicoes. Those who enter the ministry, or who devote their lives to educational interests, do so, as a general rule, from no sordid motive of financial gain. We see no adequate reason for encumbering such with a course of military training extending over a period of four years. Those who cherish true ideals and high standards of life in the midst of present day materialism and commercial greed should be left free to devote every energy to preparing themselves for that calling in life in which they believe they can best serve their fellow-men.

Then, too, there are many students who are not naturally adapted to military training. We can hardly imagine a Ralph Waldo Emerson drilling a platoon of college students, much less

leading a bayonet charge on the battle field. In American colleges there are many students who cherish dreams of disarmament. True, Canada is not the United States; nevertheless, we are becoming rapidly Americanized, and when the war is over we may find even in our universities some students of the Bryan and Ford type. Their theories may be very idealistic and their schemes extremely quixotic; but we have no good reason to doubt their earnestness and sincerity. We could hardly expect such students to enter very enthusiastically into any scheme of compulsory military training, nor do we believe it should be imposed upon them.

In conclusion, we would suggest one means of solving this problem. Obviously, we must take good care not to instill the deadly principles of militarism into the spirit of the nation. Yet we believe that a limited amount of military training given under the direction of judicious and competent instructors, would prove most beneficial in the discipline and all round development of the youth of our country. If such be the case, who are in the better position to give the needed instruction than their teachers? The Department of Education has already taken some steps with this end in view, but the present system could be extended. and rendered more efficient. Instead of one summer's work at training camp, our teachers could be given a course extending over two or more summers. This training could be supplemented by special work during the year spent at the Normals and Faculties of Education. We believe, however, that such a course should be optional; but already there is such a demand for teachers who can take cadet work as to justify us in the opinion that the number of students who would take this special training would be amply sufficient to meet all the demands of our schools.

—Roy Harris, '18.

I have never seen or heard of any person who, on being shown any one of ten of our most beautiful moths, did not consider and promptly pronounce it the most exquisite creation he ever had seen, and evince a lively interest in its history.

Gene Stratton Porter.

ARTISTIC POSTERS

IT would probably be an approximation to the truth to say that modern life is a conjugation of the verb "to post." Go into a place of business and you find the chief executive with a staff of clerks whose business it is to keep him *posted* as to the progress of the business. In the outer office the accountant is busy *posting* the books, while the stenographers are engaged answering the incoming *post* and catching the out-going. On the street you find business men going off *post*-haste for lunch, while the sight of the familiar *post* box greets us at every corner, and the *postman* hurries past us on his daily round. Newsboys offer the latest edition, "special extra," in order that the public may be *posted* as to the doings of the great world, and from the billboards the *posters* flame out with their announcements. Behind all these uses of the verb "to post" we find one basic idea, namely, that of giving information or bringing information up to date, and particularly doing so in concise form for ready reading. Of the poster, particularly, it may be said that it presents information in tabloid form for rapid consumption.

The poster serves a distinct and useful purpose, and the best poster is the one which serves it most efficiently. That purpose is the attracting of public attention and the giving of the desired information in the briefest form.

In this connection Hegel's definition of fine art seems appropriate, for contrary to some popular ideas, art is not something apart and removed from ordinary life, but a matter of good sense and good management which should play an increasingly large part in our social, industrial and economic life. The philosopher mentioned has defined art as "the free and adequate embodiment of the idea in a form peculiarly appropriate to itself." On reflection it will be found that this is a definition of efficiency, the adequate expression of an idea in a suitable form.

In a poster the idea to be expressed is the information to be given. This idea may be embodied in cold type, and many

a good poster has consisted of nothing else than lettering. If it is clear, if it is striking, if it is attractive, if the parts form a unified whole, it will be a good poster. Such a poster may be set up in type, and so does not come within the scope of this article, which is dealing with hand-made posters.

It is usual to add something to the lettering, some decoration that will attract the eye and so get the attention of the indifferent or the pre-occupied passer-by. This attractive element of the poster must not, however, overshadow the statement which is to be conveyed to the public; in other words, when attention is attracted by the decoration, the decorative feature has served its purpose and the announcement must have its share of attention. Attractiveness must not crowd out legibility. These two elements are not rivals but partners in carrying the message of the poster, and they must form one unified whole.

They are form and content, sense and soul, and the problem is to combine the two. We cannot agree with the Prior when he says:

> "Your business is not to catch men with show,
> With homage to the perishable clay,
> But lift them over it, ignore it all."

To this idea Browning puts the complete answer in Fra Lippo Lippi's lips:

> "Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
> Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
> Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
> Both in their order?"

The poster painter must not paint soul without flesh—giving the bald announcement without decoration—else he loses the advantage of attractive display; and on the other hand his poster must not run entirely to decoration, or it gives no information, it has no soul. He must go a double step. Of the two errors, that of emphasizing decoration at the expense of lettering is probably the one more likely to be committed. Posters have been seen on display in McMaster in which the lettering was of such an ornate form and of such delicate elaboration that it was not readily legible, and so the poster defeated its own end. This is not to say

A Black and White Prize Poster.
(Undergraduates' Competition)

that lettering must not be ornamented, but legibility must not be sacrificed to ornamentation.

The designer of posters for use in McMaster Hall must keep in mind the conditions under which they are to be displayed. The corridor is not well lighted, and while this may be a condition to be regretted it is a condition to be met, and the skilful artist will take pride and satisfaction in meeting the conditions surrounding his work. These conditions call for bold lettering, a requirement which is apt to be overlooked, since the poster is usually prepared in a well-lighted room.

In connection with lettering, one or two minor points might be noted. A good form of letter should be chosen, and then carefully followed, so that styles will not be mingled. For this purpose it is well to consult a book of alphabets.

Another point that should not need mentioning has been illustrated on more than one occasion on McMaster posters. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ashkelon, but it has been known that words have been misspelled on public posters which were prepared with great care. Herein is a problem in psychology, for the phenomenon is a fairly common one not by any means con-

fined to McMaster. Apparently the artist gets so absorbed in the form and arrangement of the letters that he looks upon them as a design rather than as words, and so does not give sufficient attention to the spelling.

As to pictorial decoration of a poster, a few suggestions might be made to the aspiring poster designer. Do not let the picture confuse the lettering. Lettering may be placed over or around a picture if care is taken to provide clear backgrounds. Letters may be placed across the sky of the picture, as in the poster reproduced herewith, but nothing but confusion would result if letters were laid over the drawings of the buildings; for both the lettering and the picture would lose their effect.

The value of pictorial decoration on a poster is enhanced if it is symbolic or suggestive of the subject announced. For instance, an announcement of "The Merchant of Venice" would most naturally be accompanied with a view of the Grand Canal or the Rialto. A debate on some subject connected with the war suggests a design of flags or some war-like object such as a howitzer or an aeroplane.

Poster pictures should be simple of outline and preferably of flat tones in color. Over-elaboration, either in the way of lines or of colors, detracts from the simple straightforwardness of a poster. In the matter of color, the effort should be to get strong contrasts of harmonizing tints. The colors may not be strictly those of nature, but if they form a combination that attracts attention and at the same time "wears well" on further acquaintance, they are permissible.

The posters of McMaster are one of the attractive features of life about the Hall. Many good ones have been on display during recent years—witness the prize poster reproduced herewith—and the Literary Society is to be commended for its efforts in bringing out student talent along this line. It is hoped that the high quality of this work in the past will be maintained in the future, and if the present article contributes in any small measure to that end, the writer will be abundantly satisfied.

—Elven John Bengough, '03.

LAUNCELOT DU LAC.

When clad in arms of burnished steel
I take the swaying field,
The bright battalions break and reel
Before my naked shield;
The long keen lances glance and gleam
Before my visor-bars;
And down the naked sword-blades stream
Like rains of falling stars.

My great black charger loves the fight
When gleaming spears are down;
The shining crescent of his might
Is half my sword's renown:
And when the silver trumpet's blare
Has made the battle stay,
There sounds upon the quivering air
One shrill triumphant neigh.

But often when the Hall is bright,
And when the feast is high,
I ride alone across the night
Beneath the sullen sky;
And fiends within me rise and rage
Against the oath I hear,
And with my soul grim battles wage
Unseen on earth or air.

For all my soul is torn with strife
More than my tongue can tell;
For one would drag it back to life
And one would thrust to hell:
And I am just the battlefield
The watcher and the prize,—
My soul hath neither sword nor shield
But naked fights and dies.

For love is on the side of death,
Else had my soul been strong
In the pure might that virtue hath
To trample down the wrong!
But love I shall not slay I know
Through all the hoary years,
Though hell and darkness round me flow
In floods of pain and tears!

The Holy Vision comes and goes
And sheds its healing beam;
Sir Percivale, the Pure One, knows
And Galahad hath seen.
For such as me no vision lights
On wings of night or morn!
Though victor of a hundred fights
I ride, I ride forlorn!

Like some bold eagle in the dust
I know the barb that stings!
The arrow of this mortal thrust
Was feathered from my wings!
For I who break the heathen might
Beside the Northern Sea,
And sped the Roman eagle's flight—
Myself hath conquered me!

—R. J. Lang, '16.

THE PORTRAITS IN OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL—I.

JOHN HARVARD CASTLE.*

DOCTOR CASTLE was an American, educated at Bucknell University, and Rochester Theological Seminary. Subsequently he was Baptist pastor at Pottsville, Pa., for three years; at Newburg, N.Y., for six years; and at the First Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, for fourteen years. During all this service he was greatly beloved and a highly successful pastor.

His coming to Canada was on this wise: At Newburgh he had had as one of his parishioners Miss Susan Moulton, who later was married to Mr. James Fraser of Bay City, Michigan. Mr. Fraser died in 1866; and five years afterwards, in 1871, Mrs. Fraser became the wife of the Hon. Senator William McMaster, of Toronto. Soon after Mrs. McMaster came to reside in Toronto, the pastorate of the Bond Street Baptist Church, where the McMasters worshipped, became vacant, and through Mrs. McMaster's influence Dr. Castle was brought to the notice of the church, and ultimately was called as its pastor.

He was a man of fine, gracious, courtly presence, a devout Christian, an earnest evangelistic preacher, a wise devoted pastor and leader, and a man of broad denominational and public sympathies. His intellectual powers were not of a phenomenal order; they were practical rather than speculative. His power resided rather in the harmonious blending of manifold gifts and graces.

His coming to Toronto was one of the most significant events in the history of Baptist Church life in the city and the province. At that time there were only three Baptist Churches in Toronto—the Colored Church, then situated at the corner of Queen and Victoria streets, Bond Street Church, and Alexander Street Church. And throughout the country the prestige of the denomination was vastly below what it is to-day.

*Portrait on east wall, third from gallery.

The story of what Dr. Castle accomplished during his eight years' pastorate of the Bond Street Church is one well worth keeping in mind. He found his charge housed in the plain, humble quarters of the old Bond Street meeting-house. His ministry, however, attracted immediate attention, and was accompanied by continuous blessing in the conversion of souls. A new spirit of enterprise took possession of the church. Within three years he had projected and led to completion the building of the new and magnificent edifice on Jarvis Street. The membership of the church was greatly increased, and its sphere enlarged, till it secured for itself and the Baptists of the city a new and commanding position of influence and respect. The inspiration of the new development under Dr. Castle was felt, indeed, throughout the Baptist life of the entire province. A new confidence was generated in the possibilities of Baptist expansion. New ideals were created as to church architecture, and the conduct of church life. And a concrete illustration was furnished to the whole denomination of how material facilities, and administrative efficiency, might be made conditions of the highest spiritual efficiency.

The culminating point of interest, for present-day students, in this story of Dr. Castle, is found in the fact that it was largely through his personal influence and wise guidance as pastor and friend, that Mr. McMaster's purpose was brought to maturity to found the Toronto Baptist College—a theological school of learning—and to erect for its housing the handsome quarters provided in McMaster Hall. The McMasters were devoted to their pastor, and he had great influence in inspiring and directing their plans.

On the opening of the Institution, in accordance with Mr. McMaster's wish, Dr. Castle resigned the pastorate of the Jarvis Street Church, to become the first President of the College. In that position he served with great wisdom and devotion for eight years, occuping during part of the time the chair of Systematic Theology, and later the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. At the end of the eight years, failing health compelled his retirement, and a year later, at Rochester, N.Y., he finished his earthly course.

His sixteen years of service in Canada were full of fruit to the glory of God. His memory is a precious thing to those who knew him. Jarvis Street Church and McMaster Hall, are material memorials of his great services; and the spiritual forces set in motion, or increased in power, by his influence are simply incalculable. —THOS. TROTTER.

PRINCIPAL M'GREGOR.*

DANIEL ARTHUR McGREGOR was a product of that fine type of Baptist life which was moulded by Edwards, Gilmour, Fraser and the McPhails in the Ottawa Valley. Though always thoughtful, he was not converted until he was twenty years old. In 1870, at the age of twenty-three, he entered Woodstock to prepare for the ministry. He was painfully bashful. But a varied experience and mental vigor made up for the lack of early schooling, and by the time he completed the Academic and Theological courses there in 1878, he was regarded by his fellows as *facile princeps* in scholarship, conversation and debate.

Accepting the pastorate of the Whitby and Brooklin churches, he was ordained in June, and for two years and a half served there while pursuing his Arts course in Toronto University. He resigned in October, 1880, so as to give his full strength to his University work. Graduating in 1881 he immediately began his five years' pastorate in Stratford. This was eminently successful. The one hundred and twenty baptisms suggest but do not measure its fruitfulness. During its last two years he was also Secretary of Home Missions. His tact and wisdom in that office added greatly to his prestige in the denomination. On the retirement of Rev. J. W. A. Stewart from the lectureship in Homiletics in 1886 there was a general turning to Mr. McGregor for that chair. Dr. Fyfe had pronounced his "the best student mind yet given to us" and advised him to prepare for teaching; his fellow-students, the churches he served, the pastors generally

*Portrait on east wall, fourth from gallery.

recognized his exceptional fitness; and his Home Mission experience and his interest in Foreign Missions to which he had all but given himself on Timpany's death the year before, were added qualifications. The appointment was offered him and accepted.

That year he taught Mental Science, Rhetoric and Oratory, and Homiletics. When Dr. Clarke resigned in 1887 Apologetics was added. Dr. Castle's health failed in 1888, and Professor McGregor was transferred to the department of Systematic Theology, retaining Apologetics.

His success as Professor was unqualified. He had intellectual insight, penetration and strength; his thought was profound, logical, clear; his presentation precise, luminous and graced with rare beauty of language; he had that unaffected interest in his subject that becomes contagious; deeper still was his interest in the students—shown in sympathy with their struggles, patience with their difficulties, and unselfish readiness to counsel and help. The nobility of his character, with its simple faith and steady zeal, its sincerity and kindliness, its beautiful blend of humility and dignity, and its sustained enthusiasm for truth and righteousness, clothed him with winsomeness and power, and inspired men to be faithful and true.

It is not surprising that when Dr. Castle, the honored first Principal of the College retired, Professor McGregor was appointed with promptness and enthusiasm.

He was not destined to serve. Within a few weeks he was stricken with the disease which, a year later, in April, 1890, ended his earthly career.

Let this quotation from his death-bed message to Faculty and students tell us the secret of his beautiful life: "Let no motive have place that would not stand the light of the all-manifesting day." The McMaster Hymn with its passion for Jesus is his memorial.

—J. H. Farmer.

There is a certain sweetness and elegance in "little deeds of kindness," and in letting our best impulses have free play on common occasions.—*Joseph May.*

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Editorial Notes

The Portraits in our College Chapel, the series which commences in this issue, are not biographies, but brief sketches. The purpose of these sketches is to help the students of to-day revisualize the men, and their services, who are represented by the portraits on the walls of Castle Memorial Hall. To many members of the Faculty, every face upon the walls is the portrait of a former teacher, friend, or colleague, while to the students of the present, without a little help from the past these same paintings are but reminders of names.

Artistic Posters, by E. J. Bengough, is given to our readers this month with the hope that it will encourage the students to take a keener interest in the Poster Contest which is being conducted by the Literary Society. Mr. Bengough writes with

authority. Not only is he qualified to criticize McMaster posters by having acted as judge for a number of years, but he is also a chalk talk artist of note, following close behind his well-known uncle, J. W. Bengough.

The frontispiece of this issue is a reproduction of an Elson Print, and is published with the kind permission of the Elson Art Publication Company, Belmont, Mass.

The Forest Lake, a poem by Bernard Freeman Trotter, which appeared in the last issue of THE MONTHLY, unavoidably was printed incorrectly. The first stanza should have read:

> How fair art thou, O blue, unfathomed lake!
> Whose face the West-Wind almost fears to trouble,
> And only snow-white lilies dare to break,
> Coy-dipping, that still flood with airy bubble.

We have pleasure in quoting the following sentences from a recent letter received from a loyal graduate:

"To my mind the success of the college depends more on the enthusiastic support of its graduates than on any one other factor. McMaster graduates are scattered over so wide an area that it has been difficult to keep them in touch with one another and with the university, and consequently there has been lost to some extent the impetus that comes from a very active Alumni Association. I have felt that Mr. Cranston, in his editing of the department of "Our Graduates," was doing a very admirable work in developing an esprit de corps in the graduate body.

"Would it not be helpful to THE MONTHLY, and at the same time establish a closer relationship between the University and the Alumni, if more material from the pen of graduates were used in THE MONTHLY columns? The diversity of occupation and of interest represented by McMaster men will permit of the treatment of topics of a sufficiently varied character to afford entertaining and profitable reading for all the readers of THE MONTHLY. Could not THE MONTHLY be made a serious journal with perhaps national influence, if the graduates were encouraged to contribute their ideas and their best thoughts to it? Would not the theories and plans of some of the more radical men in theology be worth while as exhibiting the modern tendencies in that field? I should like to see such an experiment tried out."

On Military Service.

Ribboned, starred, spurred, scabbarded,
Girt with men and guns,
With Uhlans, dreadnaughts—now amuck
A full blood-brother runs."

—*B. F. Griffin.*

PROFESSOR S. J. McKEE, LL.D., '04, Registrar of Brandon College, said goodbye recently to his son, W. Carey, B.A., Brandon, '14, M.A. '15, who is sergeant in the 196th. A younger son, Allan, was expecting to go also, but since enlistment contracted an illness which prevented his accompanying his battalion. Improvement has been very slow and it is likely that he will receive his discharge before long. It is interesting to note that Carey McKee and Roy Steckley were members of the same class, one at Brandon and the other at McMaster. They were both practising law in Edmonton when they became chums, and both are now sergeants in the same battalion.

Lieut. Ralph Willcock is in Kitchener Hospital, Brighton, England, suffering from a contused wound in the back which occurred on October 7th. Recent reports state that he is rapidly improving and hopes soon to be out of the hospital. It is stated that he recently was awarded the Military Cross for bravery, but information concerning the circumstances is not yet to hand.

Lieut. W. E. McKissock, who went overseas a month ago with a draft of officers, had charge of the bayonet fighting school at Camp Borden during the summer.

Corporal J. E. Howes was wounded on August 17th, and from latest reports is still very ill, and has undergone several operations. His address is 75069 Corp. J. E. Howes, 29th Canadians, Candour Ward, Bethnal Green Military Hospital, Cambridge Road, London, N. E.

Capt. L. C. Lauchland was Medical Officer of the 129th Battalion, but unfortunately when the battalion left for England in September he was ill with pleurisy and unable to accompany them. He has since been connected with the hospital at Camp Borden.

Lieut. Gordon Davies is with the 141st Battalion, a kiltie battalion known as the Canadian Scottish Borderers. The battalion expects to winter in Windsor.

Capt. Dr. R. W. Young, '07, has been stationed during the past summer at Victoria Hospital, Alexandria, Egypt. At last report he was about to sail for England on leave of absence.

G. W. Farmer, '18, has enlisted with the Divisional Signallers, Toronto.

H. L. McLarty and W. S. Mallory recently returned to the city and enlisted in the Divisional Signallers. All the eight men of Year '16 science class have now volunteered for overseas service.

F. E. Foulds is at present attached in the Paymaster's Division of the Headquarters Staff at the Exhibition Park.

From Capt. S. M. McLay, R.A.M.C.:

On the 18th inst., during the big push at Guillemont, I was finally landed, and since then have been on my back. Everything went along O.K. all day, although we were many times covered with earth in my dressing-station and hit by small pieces. We had a great many casualties and I had been very busy. About midnight there was a few minutes' respite, and the Padre and I sat down in the corner of the dug-out. It was only a temporary station I had hurriedly made that morning before the big show. It was against the bank of a sunken road about two hundred yards from our front line. We had no time to put any cover over it.

We had only been seated about a minute and just had our pipes lit when a five point nine shell landed directly in the road in front of my station. I heard the crash, the lantern went out, and for a moment all seemed quiet. Then the screams and wails about brought me to myself. The poor Padre was lying on top of me, both legs below the knee being blown off. In a few moments my servant came running in and got the Padre off me. I sent him for another doctor close by. In the meantime I managed to get tourniquets of bandage round the Padre's legs. No others required attention, for the poor fellows were all dead.

I had my puttees off when the doctor arrived, and he applied bandages. Then I managed to get the stretcher-bearers (volunteers) to take the Padre to the ambulance station one and a half miles away, for ambulances rarely get any closer to the line.

Then I hobbled out with the aid of two brother officers. A piece of shell had gone through my left leg below the knee directly between the two bones. The fibula was cracked and the muscles very badly torn. Another good-sized piece went

into the right leg behind the knee. Other smaller bits hit me on various places. I managed to hobble and crawl for about one hundred yards down a trench, but could get no farther. The shells were bursting in hundreds everywhere and I could get no ambulance stretcher bearers. Finally some fellows of my battalion came along and they had a stretcher, and after about an hour, down trenches and over the open, finally arrived at the ambulance first aid post. Splints were applied and I was hurried away. On the way I came up with the Padre, who had been delayed. He was being carried along one side of the trench and I on the other. When the shells became too hot for safety the bearers got into the trenches, leaving the Padre and me in the open. After separating from him I did not see him again, but learned later that he died the next morning. After passing through several dressing stations I at last arrived at a Clearing Hospital about twelve miles back at 11 a.m. on the 19th. I was operated on that afternoon and large drainage tubes inserted through and through, and fragments of shell and clothes extracted. I arrived at Boulogne the next morning (the 20th) and was sent to No. 7 Stationary. I was kept there until the 22nd and then put on boat and finally entered this hospital at 3 a.m. on the 23rd.

From Lieut. J. Dixon Craig:

I have been through one of the biggest and most successful battles of the whole war on the Western front. Probably you will have extremely full accounts of the rather gallant assaults carried through by the Canadians over a period of several days. The English papers to date have mentioned the fact that the troops from the Dominion took part in the battle, but have given none of those intimate details that—while of no military significance—are apt to be the most interesting to the people at home.

The assault in which we were most vitally interested took place in the early morning. The sun had risen, and it was a wonderfully beautiful morning. It would have been very peaceful and calm had it not been for the constant thud of the guns, the rush and scream of the shells, and the rip and clatter of high explosives. At the appointed hour, or rather the appointed second, thousands of guns along the thirty mile front began to bark in a regular frenzy. They call these intense shrapnel bombardments "kettle drum barrages," and the description is good. The sound caused by hundreds and thousands of shells hurtling through the air, just over one's head, is indescribable. But while it must strike terror into Fritz, it is wonderfully cheering

to us. For just a few minutes this barrage of shrapnel plays over the objective. Under cover of this curtain of fire long lines of our men clambered out of the trenches and shell holes in which they had been waiting, and walked steadily toward the German line with as great serenity as though stepping 120 to the minute across the parade ground. And within the minute the first German line was ours, and prisoners and wounded began to trickle back to our rearward lines.

But the waves of our assault did not stop at the first German line. They rolled right over it, and then on and on, getting thinner it is true, but never losing their strong impulse, until finally the word comes back, "We have gained our objective." That meant we had taken one, two, three, four German lines, and had made an advance of twelve hundred yards or more. Western battalions were in this early attack. And there were two more on that same day, so that within the twenty-four hours the Canadians had rolled back the Hun line to a depth of two miles; had taken a village or two and had forced back the Boche out of some of his strongest of strong points. It was a wonderful day all through, a day that will live long in the memory of those who came through it, and that will live still longer in the minds and hearts of all the folks at home. Edmonton and Alberta men were in the assaults in large numbers. Some gave their lives, many shed their blood, and all gave their best efforts in what proved to be a rather big and glorious victory.

I've been abnormally lucky so far and not even a scratch to show. But I got buried once, and knocked over twice by the concussion of exploding shells; had one of my puttees ripped by flying shrapnel and had a large lump of earth flung into my face. It hit me on the mouth and made me feel myself very carefully to see if I hadn't finally acquired the long looked for blighty.—*Edmonton Evening Bulletin*, from the staff of which Mr. Craig resigned to enlist.

Friendship is a rose which when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once, it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again—precious ones, never.—*Walter S. Landon.*

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. MCDONALD, '19.

"Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants."

—*Cowper.*

RGUING is as old as civilization. No doubt our ancestors used to dispute among themselves with a wild sort of logic just as many of us do nowadays. With the early Greek philosophers, however, the art of debate and logical reasoning was developed into a science. Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing, and by asking his adversary question after question, he would drive him into a corner, cut off all means of escape, and finally force him to surrender at his own discretion. Aristotle changed this method of attack and would directly contradict his opponent's statement, and then support his own position, thus conquering by force rather than by stratagem. In the mediaeval universities debating was carried on extensively, and where argument could not settle their disputes, they betook themselves to what seemed more practical and effective methods. Erasmus tells us that on the revival of Greek letters, the European universities were divided into two camps, the Greeks and the Trojans. The latter bore a mortal enmity for the Greek language and all who supported it. Erasmus himself, it seems, once fell into Trojan hands, and suffered such rough handling that he never forgot their hostilities till his dying day.

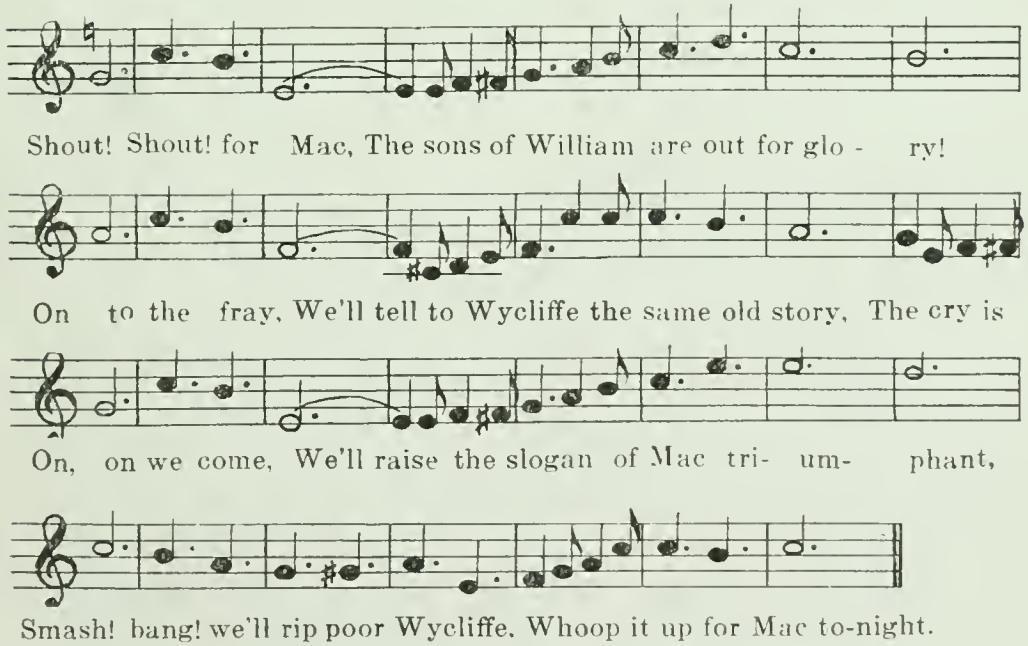
In modern university debating, however, such bellicose tendencies have given way to force of argument, and the charm of oratory. In this McMaster has a unique record of which she may well be proud. Since the Kerr trophy was first offered in 1906-7, McMaster has won the championship five times out of a possible ten. Last year Wycliffe carried off the shield from its resting place in our reading room, winning from McMaster in the finals. Shall we bring it back again this year? In the past hard work and strong college spirit have won it for us.—we have

a reputation to uphold,—let us see to it that our capacity for work and our college spirit do not fail us this year!

Wycliffe and McMaster opened the present debating series on November 8th, in Castle Memorial Hall. The resolution was, "that as soon as shipping conditions again become normal, the Canadian government would be well advised to appoint a Canadian customs officer at the port of New York to supervise the the Canadian shipments via the Panama Canal." Messrs. Lewis and Smith upheld the affirmative for Wycliffe, and Messrs. Ziemann and Cole the negative. All speakers did well. Our men poured forth a volume of oratory worthy of Demosthenes himself, and such depth of argument that old Socrates and Aristotle would be proud to have such successors. And when Justice Sutherland announced the unanimous decision of the judges that the negative had won, great was our glee at having thus gained the first step toward bringing the shield back to McMaster. (On going to press we learn that McMaster has drawn the bye and is now in the finals for the season—good prospects, indeed!)

Miss Symons and Miss Wray added to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment, and were much appreciated. Mention must also be made of the singing, led by Mr. A. H. Richardson.

—Herewith we publish—with apologies to the author, Mr. H. G. Dodge, an attempt to preserve some of our enthusiasm in concrete form. (The tune is "WHOOP IT UP!" by S. P. Friedman, published by Charles H. Loomis, New Haven Conn.)


Shout! Shout! for Mac, The sons of William are out for glo - ry!
On to the fray, We'll tell to Wycliffe the same old story, The cry is
On, on we come, We'll raise the slogan of Mac tri- um- phant,
Smash! bang! we'll rip poor Wycliffe, Whoop it up for Mac to-night.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE—No. 2.

Head Girl.—To be President of the Women's Student Body is no easy task; and this year it is of more than usual importance, as the feminine portion of the school claims a larger number of girls than ever before. With these added numbers comes a feeling of additional power which the Head Girl must guide along beneficial lines. Incidentally she attends multitudinous committee meetings, interviews professors and gives five minute lectures after chapel. Of course there are compensations, she has the privilege of choosing the chaperones for many social functions, and goes to the Freshman-Sophomore Banquet with the High-Kakiak.

Our Head Girl is Miss Winnifred Grindell, and in every way she is measuring up to the high ideals of the office she so ably fills. She is an all-around girl, entering with enthusiasm into all branches of university life, Athletics, Y.W.C.A., W.L.S. and Red Cross; moreover she is an exceptionally fine student. Our Head Girl has the confidence of the professors as well as the devotion of the girls. "Smiles" has won her way into all our hearts; she rules with a firm hand; but behind the hand is a smile of comradeship which turns many an arduous duty into a pleasure.

First Fyfe Day—Tuesday, Oct. 24th.—We were very fortunate in having for our special speaker, Rev. F.W. Patterson, D.D., of Winnipeg, who had been addressing the Hamilton Convention. At the morning session he called attention to the present day tendency to judge the home, the church, and educational ideals, by standards which have come under the spell of this materialistic age in which we live, and made plain the true ideal to which all these various phases should conform. Mr. A. H. Richardson gave his account of the Northfield Conference and the great inspiration it had been to all who attended.

In the afternoon Dr. Patterson spoke on "Fellowship With God." This fellowship is practical, not mystical,—it is God's highest thought for each one of us. It means a mutual partnership, sharing the divine life, outlook, and interest in the affairs of our fellow men. At the close of this address the various class prayer meetings were held.

To Dr. Patterson we are very deeply indebted for his simple and practical presentation of truth, and we can only hope that

the Fyfe days yet to come may be as helpful to us as this has been.

Noo I'm gaein' tae tell ye aboot the grand time we a' had th' ither nicht at the Literary Soeietie. I was lookin' ower a book whieh I had brought wi' me frae Glengarry, when Macdonald—a Heilandman frae the North—tapped at my door and says, "Are ye no comin' doon tae the meetin' tae-nicht?" "Yes," said I, "but I've niver been tae ane before, and I'm just a wee bit shy aboot gaein' in by mysel'." At first I did na eare tae gang in among a' the bonny lasses—and some o' them vera wee too—that had gathered in the meetin' room o' the college, but when I saw my guid friend, Allan Robertson, intae it I went. Allan was the chairman and ca'd off the pieces ane after th' ither. He comes frae Perth, ye ken. I've speired aboot the ehield an' I find he's a lad o' pairts. Sitting beside him was anither lad. I didna eateh his name, but I dinna think he's ane o' my own breed. First Allan asked twa o' the lasses tae sing taegither, and when they wouldna he said they were na present. Next he asked ane o' his own clan tae sing tae us—Alba wi' the brieht hair—and losh! she warbled like a bird. Then he spak tae us himself, and divided up his speeeh just like the meenister in th' auld Kirk. Said he, "This societie is yours, and it will be just what ye a' make it." When he had finished his wee sermon, Marjorie an' Vera Latimer gied us some musie taegither, Marjorie playin' sweetly on the violin, Vera thrummin' a box wi' her fingers a' the while. Then ilka laddie got a lass an' took her for a wee walk up and doon the ha' and talked tae her aboot sehule and hame and sie like. Next we had somethin' tae eat—this part was vera fine.

I was aboot tae gang up stairs when my friend ca'ed tae me. "Are ye nae gaein' tae see a lassie hame the nieht?" "Vera well," says I, "if I may." So off we went. Mon it was a braw nieht! moonlieht, too. After we had gone hame and I had talked tae her awhile—I was afraid her mither would ca' her in—I told her I liked the promenade tae her hame best o' a'. Then we said guid nieht.

—Long Angus.

Senior Picnic.—October 14th was an ideal autumn day when the Seniors set out for Long Branch. Baseball with numerous variations oecupied the afternoon and kept everyone in good humor. The guests, Prof. and Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. McLay, entered into the games in earnest; Prof. McLay being unable to be present.

The refreshments, which were served around the campfire, so impressed one of the company, that the following words were found carved in a bench:

> "Then bread and coffee which we'd brought
> We eyed, and sat down facing,
> And with them ate we know not what;
> 'Twas done up in a casing."

A most enthusiastic song-service followed, led by the officials of the year, assisted by our superb yeller, Bill Way.

Junior Picnic.—Cold, freezing cold, was the day set for the Junior's picnic, October 18th. But nothing daunted, with their ranks reinforced by drafts from Theology, they set out for Scarborough Bluffs. When they arrived all were nearly frozen, but the congealing process was stopped by that famous old ice-breaker, a game of baseball. The ball was lost under the pavilion, but other games followed, and soon supper time came around. Words could not do justice to the spread, and the coffee, made under the direction of the official chaperone, Mr. Ziemann, was quite beyond description, at any rate it was good and hot. After supper there followed a song-service around the dying fire, and an uproarious ride home ended one of the most enjoyable outings year '18 has ever had.

Sophomore Picnic.—This year the Sophs celebrated at Scarborough Bluffs on Wednesday afternoon, October 11th. The Sophettes all arrived on time, but the gentlemen who had charge of the greater part of the "eats" were so late that considerable anxiety was caused, and they had to be severely reprimanded. After a most enjoyable afternoon the party made the perilous descent down to the shore, where the refreshments were enthusiastically disposed of. Then followed a brief musicale around the cheery log fire, and the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster," brought the delightful picnic to a close.

Freshmen Picnic.—Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, found year '20 entrained in full marching order for Long Branch. The weather was ideal in every respect, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent in merry games until all had acquired a good appetite. Then they sat down to supper where they were successful in demolishing a liberal store of eatables. In the evening a large fire was built, around which the company sang, practiced their new yell (?) and toasted marshmallows alternately. At last the chaperones managed to get them all home in time for little boys and girls to go to bed.

Now it came to pass that the sons of the prophets longed for the fleshpots of Egypt, and gathering together a goodly number of youths, they called unto the maidens, saying: "Come with us toward the setting of the sun, and we will make merry, yea with song and laughter and a feast of good things shall we delight our hearts." And the maidens of the tribe of the Twentyites who were comely and exceedingly good to look upon, said the one to the other: "Let us hasten from our toil and deck ourselves in fine raiment, placing upon our ears and hands ornaments of gold and silver, and let us join the sons of the prophets as they make merry." Now the land for which they were bound lay afar off, so the youths said one to the other: "Come, let us take our journey in chariots, yea even in chariots that need not horses, and whose speed is as the lightning." So it seemed good in their sight, and each said to one of the daughters of the Twentyites, "Come, I pray thee, enter with me the chariot, and together let us make merry." Now it was not seemly that the company should go alone, so one of the fathers of Israel of the tribe of Isaac, who was likened unto Matthew the taxgatherer, joined himself unto them. And when they had reached that good land which lieth toward the setting of the sun, just where the land goeth down to meet the waters of the great sea, they began to make merry. Then as it drew towards evening, a voice was heard saying, "Come, for the feast is spread, all things are now ready." And so they all fell upon the feast and devoured it so that they were all satisfied. Then as darkness came over the face of the earth, they gathered themselves around the fire and sang praises, yea they sang praises unto the Lord. At last when the day was far spent they took themselves again to the chariots, and departed afar into their own land whence they had come.

C. O. T. C.—For the third year, McMaster now takes her place in the Officers' Training Corps of the University of Toronto. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday our platoon is out for drill under the able leadership of Dr. McNairn. Our numbers are fewer this year, since so many of the former C.O.T.C. men have answered the call of the Empire, and we are proud indeed to have so many men on active service. Every man should be, in times like these, a trained man. The platoon is still under strength, and the opportunity of joining is still open to all who wish to do so.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS E. WILKINS, '17.

I will not think of sorrow
Or any pain,
But only lifting laughter
Sounding again.
Most lives hold grieving, my life may
Be but of joy built, who can say?

(Only within my heart I know
That never life was builded so.)
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

YESTERDAY the wind was blowing gustily. It shoved the dust and dead leaves jerkily before it. It quieted down, then suddenly snatched at the hats of wayfarers. Oh, it was a rollicking day! And as I scurried along, accompanied by the transient debris of the city streets, I wanted to race with the wind to some place where it blew gloriously free, to some high rock where one might snatch great breaths of lusty air, watching the swaying trees below, and the scudding clouds above. How the blood tingles, the eyes brighten, and the lips are laughter-laden when one has been tussling with the wind! I often wonder if in our undergraduate days we shall ever attain to such heights in life that we can watch the senseless whirlings of common thought at our feet, and the dark questionings of scepticism overhead, and yet be sure of what we know that we will be able to wrestle, unafraid, with the storm. If we, in these years, reach such a standing place, I doubt not that we shall experience the exultation of one who has worthily braved the storm. Our steps will echo lightly in the corridors of time, and naught shall crush the laughter in our hearts.

Within the last three years there has been a movement among the McMaster women who live at a distance from the college, to establish some sort of a substitute for the monotonous sandwich lunch. Denied a corner in the men's dining hall they proceeded to establish a dinner corner of their own. It is a regular custom now for at least ten girls to stay every day, and sometimes the number is nearer twenty. They take turns at enjoying the experiences and pleasures of light housekeeping in the Ladies' Room. Even if the table appointments are meagre and the

menus simple, "the fellowship of youth" lends a zest to the whole —and it is fine fun buttering your bread with a spoon!

W.L.S.—The members of the Women's Lit. considered, Thursday, October 12th, the right day for their annual picnic. Accordingly they armed their guests, the freshettes, with the "makin's of a feast," and hied them out to Long Branch. Care-free pleasures made the afternoon speed past. Supper was served at gloaming around a bonfire. When the meal was ended a hearty sing-song ensued. Old time melodies, college and patriotic songs were sung in turn. Then, lest the thoughts of war depress them, they gave three ringing cheers for the President, and carried her in a triumphal parade around the fire. Soon it was time for the merry company to join hands and sing once more "Auld Lang Syne" and "Thy Praises, McMaster."

October 20th. —A general meeting of the Lit. was held today. The first number was a talk by Miss Elsie Wilkins on "The Sensations and Compensations of Play Ground Work." Two well rendered solos by Miss Margaret Eaton followed. Miss Hilda Berst gave a vivid description of her trip west, and her experiences as a school ma'am there. The last number on the program was an account by Miss Margaret Eaton of her summer holidays, "during which nothing took place, but a good many things happened."

November 3rd.—The meeting took the form of a Sophette Program. The first number was a reading by Miss Beatrice Caplan, entitled, "The Cattle Thief." It was greatly enjoyed, as were the songs delightfully rendered by Miss Mabel Clark. The current events paper by Miss Lois McLaurin, with its bold statements and subtle hints, shed light on many a dark secret.

And now the mysterious green curtains are drawn back, and disclose the familiar sight of a girl trying to study Latin. With weary voice she exclaims, "Oh I wish I had the ghost of an idea! and lo! the creepiest looking ghost appears. With its help she obtains a week of pleasure, free from the corroding influence of studies. But alas! the ghost forsakes her since she will not do "it" a good turn, and calamity befell her when (may we say it?) she be-fell the Latin teacher. And then she woke up with a virtuous determination to do or die in regard to Latin exercises. Miss Gladys White as heroine, and Miss Alba Robertson as "Ghost," were exceptionally good.

Y. W. C. A.—October 14th.—The meeting took the form of an animated discussion of the proposed purpose of the Y. W.

October 18th.—At the opening of this meeting the new purpose was unanimously adopted. After this Miss Craig, '10, gave an account of the work of her school in India.

Reception.—The joint reception of the Y. W. and W. L. S. took place in Castle Memorial Hall on November 10th, at 4 p.m.

Mrs. McLay, Miss Mulholland, '17, Mrs. Matthews and Miss Clark, '17, received the guests. Miss Grindell, '17, acted in the capacity of butler. At 4.30 a program was given. Miss Florence Clark, Mus. B., rendered exquisite violin solos. Year '19 gave their play entitled, "The Ghost of an Idea," and Miss Mabel Clark, '19, favored us with a vocal solo.

Tea was served in the Chapel, the Ladies' room and the Faculty room, to a large number of guests. The girls of '20, in white frocks, with caps and gowns, acted as ushers and helped to serve refreshments.

The Women's Athletic Society continues to thrive vigorously. About twenty of the girls have paid their tennis dues, though many of them, because of multiplicity of interests, are rather desultory in their use of the racquet.

Swimming, however, is most enthusiastically indulged in. The swimming class has, up to date, thirty members. The Y. W. on McGill Street is the scene of their acquatic activities. Some of the members of the class bid fair to become daughters of Neptune, some venture now and then to cleave the flood with timorous stroke, but most of us are content to cling to the rail and kick our feet "smahtly." The tank is of limited dimensions, and seethes with a confusion of extremities, but just because one's foot sometimes lands in a nearby mouth, is not enough to dampen our ardor.

Excitement is frequently provided by girls who try to walk on the bottom of the tank in six foot water, but up to the present all have been successfully "hooked" out. To those of the girls who are entering the life-saving class this habit gives the prospect of plenty of local experience.

McMaster Red Cross.—A new feature of McMaster life is our Red Cross Society. Already, under the direction of Miss Marion Grimshaw, '17, much has been accomplished. Plans have been made for sending Christmas boxes from each year to its representatives at the front.

Another phase of the work is the sewing for University Base Hospital. Forty-four girls give one afternoon a week to this work. On Monday and Wednesday afternoons the girls may be

seen walking past the Museum and across the rear campus to the University of Toronto library. A series of signs directs them into the library, through the zone of quiet, and up a narrow iron stairway to the more hospitable atmosphere of friendly gossip and flying needles.

The Red Cross workroom is a long cheery room, well equipped with sewing machines, work tables, and supply cupboards. Professors' wives are there to look after the work for the day. One day it is sewing bandages or face clothes. Another day is devoted to making Christmas stockings, gay with red and blue wool, to remind our boys of the days when Santa crawled down the chimney 'way back in Canada.

In addition to the work for the Base Hospital, we are busy knitting for our own boys. Our Red Cross President has given us wool for thirty pairs of socks, and beside this, quite a number have been knitting socks to donate. Wherever you see us we are knitting. We knit in spare periods, in business meetings, at Lit., and some of us would like to knit in lectures, if we only dared. By November 15th, we hope to have a goodly number of socks to send in the Christmas parcels. Thus McMaster women seek to help along a great cause for which our Empire is at war.

"Over the world the war-cloud lies
With heavy hearts and saddened eyes
We see the news from day to day,
We read the loss by land and sea,
And marvel that these things can be.
Yet do we ponder on the woe
With folded hands and idle?—No,
We're knitting."

Jean Blewett.—Our students wander far afield in their English reading but few give any attention to Canadian literature. Yet there are in Toronto men and women who have won world-wide distinction in the different departments of literature. It was my privilege recently to call on Jean Blewett, one of the best known of our Canadian poets, at her home near High Park.

In appearance Mrs. Blewett is petite, with brown hair, and brown eyes; the fine wrinkles around her eyes and brow are but an index of her character, not at all betraying the fact that she is a grandmother.

Her cordial reception and interesting conversation very quickly banished the feeling of awe experienced by an admirer who feels that her presence is holy ground. She has a way of displaying a most motherly interest in you, entering with zest into your prospects, and inspiring with high ideals. Her sense of humor was delightfully apparent in stories told in reference

to her work among the poor of Toronto—stories which revealed a mind truly sympathetic and anxious to help. So many wide interests do not exclude Mrs. Blewett's attention from domestic matters. Her home and family have their full share of her interest. She confided her pride in her excellent bread, and one of the ambitions with which she inspired us was to get the recipe for her cookies.

Mrs. Blewett's poetry reveals the woman. It treats of every-day themes, prairie school ma'ams, love—and quarrels—in a cottage, children's joys and sorrows, farm scenes. All the most commonplace occupations are invested with a true poetic charm. Some of her poems in their quaintness are reminiscent of Burns, others in their depth of feeling and emotion recall Tennyson's In Memoriam. Her treatment of Bible themes sends the reader again to the source to discover what else has been missed in previous perusals. Several of her nature poems have been selected for our public school readers where their "true to nature" sentiment is relished by even young children.

"Just a sea of fragrant blossoms
Steeped in sunshine, drenched in dew,
Just a fragrant breath which tells you
Earth is fair again and new."

This woman with her broad sympathies has not omitted patriotic and war poetry. Verses written at the time of the Boer war seem appropriate for to-day.

"Brave boys, our boys, honor we owe,
Honor and homage a mighty debt—
You proved our love and our loyalty,
The land that bore you will not forget!
Canada's soldiers, Canada's sons,
The land that bore you will not forget!

Of Jean Blewett, her personality, and her work, her poem "A Good Woman" is the best appreciation.

"Her eyes are the windows of a soul
Where only the white thoughts spring,
And thy look, as the eyes of angels look,
For the good in everything.

"Her lips can whisper the tenderest words
That weary and worn can hear,
Can tell of the dawn of a better morn
Till only the cowards fear.

"Her hands can lift up the fallen one
From an overthrow complete,
Can take a soul from the mire of sin
And lead it to Christ's dear feet."

K.

Athletics

Editor: J. F. Twiss, '17.

ONE of the athletic events which affords a great deal of interest to most students is the annual Field Day; not merely because lectures are suspended for the afternoon, but because all have an interest in sports. On Thursday afternoon, November 22nd, the customary parade, with banners and pennants floating in the breeze, proceeded to Varsity stadium where the Twentieth Annual Field Day was held. A. H. Richardson, Theology, won the championship as well as the Chancellor's medal and the McNaught Cup, with a total of 25 points. G. W. Robb, '17, was second with 18 points, and won the first Association medal, while T. J. Jamieson, '20, was third with 14 points, and won the second Association medal.

The number of points won by the various years was as follows: Theology 46, '17 53, '18 2, '19 9, '20 33. The freshmen deserve credit for the splendid showing they made on Field Day.

A FIELD DAY GROUP.

The following are the results of the various events:

Pole Vault—1, W. A. Robertson, '17; 2, T. J. Jamieson, '20. Height, 8 ft. 6 in.

Half-mile Run—1, A. H. Richardson, Theo.; 2, E. L. Quirk, '19; 3, C. J. Wilkins, '20. Time, 2.17 2-5.

Throwing Hammer—1, J. S. Veals, Theo.; 2, P. P. Ziemann, Theo.; 3, H. H. Wilson, '17. Distance, 74 ft. 1½ in.

100 Yards Run—1, W. A. Robertson, '17; 2, J. F. Twiss, '17; 3, T. J. Jamieson, '20. Time, 11 1-5 sec.

High Jump—1, G. W. Robb, '17; 2, E. N.Barons, '20; 3, I. S. Reeds Theo. Height, 4 ft. 10 in.

Half-mile Walk—1, A. H. Richardson, Theo.; 2, H. S. Rosenberg, '20; 3, M. C. Hooper, '18. Time 4.34 3-5.

16-lb Shot—1, P. P. Ziemann, Theo.; 2, T. J. Jamieson, '20; 3, H. H. Wilson, '17. Distance, 32 ft. 1½ in.

Broad Jump—1, G. W. Robb, '17; 2, T. J. Jamieson, '20; 3, I. S. Reeds, Theo.. Distance, 18 ft. 1 in.

One Mile Run—1, E. L. Quirk, '19; 2, M. C. Hooper, '18; 3, W. White, '20. Time, 5.34 2-5.

220 Yards Run—1, A. H. Richardson, Theo.; 2, J. F. Twiss, '17; 3, B. N. Pearce, '20. Time, 26 sec.

Throwing the Discus—1, A. D. Campbell, '17; 2, W. White, '20; 3, P. P. Ziemann, Theo. Distance, 87 ft. 6 in.

120 Yards, Hurdle.—1, A. H. Richardson, Theo.; 2, G. W. Robb, '17; 3, T. J. Jamieson, '20. Time, 20 4-5 sec.

440 Yards Run.—1, A. H. Richardson, Theo.; 2, J. F. Twiss, '17; 3, B. N. Pearce, '20. Time, 1.07 1-5.

Hop, Step and Jump.—1, G. W. Robb, '17; 2, T. J. Jamieson, '20; 3, J. F. Twiss, '17. Distance, 36 ft. 9 in.

Relay Race.—1, '17; 2, '20; 3, '19.

The tug-of-war was won by Theology.

Year '15, before its departure from "Old Mac.," decided to offer a cup for Inter-year Field Day Competition. Year '15 was a strong athletic year, and always showed up well on Field Day. A reproduction of this cup, which was won by year '17 for this year, is shown here.

McMaster has always been interested in soccer, and this year is no exception to the rule. The league in which we are playing is composed of three groups. In the first are Victoria, Pharmacy and O. T. C.; in the second, Wycliffe, Knox and McMaster. The third group, which is somewhat larger, is composed of the Meds, Dents, F. O. E. and School of Science.

Knox, 1, *McMaster* 1.—The first league game in which McMaster participated took place on Varsity Rear Campus on October 25th against Knox. No score was registered during the first half of the game. Shortly after the second period had started, a goal was scored by Richardson. In a similar brief period of time Lintoul tallied for Knox. Thus the score remained a tie until the whistle blew for full time.

McMaster line-up: Goal, Ziemann; Backs, Way and White; Halves, Twiss, Robb and Barrons; Forwards, Richardson, Fawthrop, Robertson, Nelles and Sinclair.

McMaster, 2, *Wycliffe*, 0.—The second game of the series for McMaster was played on October 30th against Wycliffe. During the first minute of play Richardson nearly scored, being almost alone, in front of the goal. Rich, not to be beaten, however, before long scored on a pass from Fawthrop. This naturally caused excitement from McMaster rooters on the sideline. The second tally for McMaster was scored by the centre forward, Robertson. Even before this, however, Wycliffe seemed to have lost heart. Wycliffe largely played a defensive game, the work of Smith, Gibson and Martin being especially good.

McMaster.—Ziemann, Way, Jamieson, Twiss, Robb White, Richardson, Fawthrop, Robertson, Lepofsky, Dodge.

Referee.—F. Doherty, Meds.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.

THE October issue of THE MONTHLY was subject to considerable necessary rush in the closing days of its preparation, with the result that the department of Our Graduates was sent to press with inadequate proof reading. One or two errors appeared which call for attention and correction. Among the items concerning the Class of '94 two items were telescoped together by the printer with the evident desire of saving space in these days of expensive paper. The two items should have read as follows:

"Rev. J. E. Davis, B.A. ad eund., M.A. '03, died in May last, a martyr to leprosy which he contracted while serving as a missionary in India some years ago. He was a most valued missionary during his active days, and his messages during his years of illness were most inspiring to the denomination. J. W. Davis, '14, and Mrs. H. H. Graham, '15, are son and daughter.

"Rev. J. J. Reeve is now Professor of Biblical Literature in the Chicago Christian Institute, an interdenominational school which has just been founded."

The method of indicating the years is being slightly varied this month in order to avoid the possibility of confusion such as occurred last month, where several items were credited to '01, when in reality all but the first should have borne the inscription '03.

'88.—Rev. S. J. Arthur, Theol., has resigned the pastorate of Emmanual Baptist Church, Winnipeg, and his departure is recorded in the *Western Baptist* as a serious loss to the cause of the denomination in the West. Mr. Arthur is now to be addressed 603 First Ave., Asbury Park, N.J.

'88.—Rev. S. Sheldon has resigned the pastorate of Bonnie Doon Church in Edmonton, and has become supply for a few months for Olivet Church, Calgary.

'94.—Rev. D. B. Davidson, Theol. ad eund., has been pastor at Lyons, Mich., for over five years, but has recently been compelled to resign on account of serious illness. He will make his home at Lowell.

'95.—S. R. Tarr is Chairman of the Committee on Civic Finance and Audit appointed by the Winnipeg Citizens' League. This committee has recently issued a pamphlet entitled, "Keeping Track of the Citizens' Business," recommending improved methods of audit for municipal finance. The pamphlet is highly spoken of by Winnipeg papers. D. B. Harkness, '99, is another member of the Committee.

'96.—Rev. John MacNeill, pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto, sailed for England on October 21st, in company with Rev. W. A. Cameron, and will spend the next few months in Y. M. C. A. work among the military camps of England and France. During his absence his pulpit is being supplied by a classmate, Rev. A. N. Marshall, recently of First Church, Winnipeg.

'97.—Rev. J. F. Vichert is Dean of Theology at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York. Last May at the closing exercises Professor Farmer was the speaker. On his return from Hamilton, Dr. Vichert acompanied him on a visit to Rochester, where a social time was spent by the three Theological Deans, all Canadians and all McMaster alumni—J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester; J. F. Vichert, of Colgate, and J. H. Farmer, of McMaster.

'97.—Rev. A. B. Reekie is in Canada on furlough, having returned from Cuba last June. He expected to resume missionary work in Bolivia this fall, but Mrs. Reekie's health will not permit. His present address is Midland, Ont.

'98.—S. R. Stephens has moved from Vancouver to Grand Forks, B.C. He is following the teaching profession.

'99.—The announcement has been received of the wedding of Dr. Henry Ware Newman to Miss Ethel Marion Smith, in the Kakehieh English Chapel, Swatow, China, on November 1, 1916. They will be at home after November 30th at the American Baptist Mission, Swatow, China.

'99.—C. L. Brown is on the staff of the University Schools, Toronto.

'00.—Since the announcement in last month's issue, we received definite announcement of the appointment of G.L. Sprague as Principal of the Hamilton Technical Art School, Stinson Street, Hamilton.

'00.—Rev. Judson Macintosh is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Owen Sound. For three years he was assistant at Bloor Street Church, Toronto, but severed his connection there during the summer.

'00.—C. H. Emerson is now located in Toronto as inspector for the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company.

'00.—Rev. Joshua T. Marshall, and Mrs. Marshall, '97, of Chatham, have a son who was recently wounded while on active service in France. He is now in Hospital in England. He writes that he was the third man out of the trench when the order to "go over the top" was given, and that before he stopped a bullet himself he was able to get shots at half a dozen Germans.

'01.—A. C. Watson is now at Mendota, Ill. In a recent number of the Biblical World we find from Clinton Watson's pen an extensive review of D. C. Macintosh's book. "The Problem of Knowledge."

'01.—A. E. Hayden, who for several years has been a most popular Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Saskatoon, Sask., is now taking Ph.D. work at the University of Chicago.

'02.—Rev. C. J. McLean has become pastor of the First Baptist Church at Niagara Falls, New York.

'03.—The following interesting item appeared in the Toronto Globe one day in October under the title of "The Value of Good Ancestry": J. Alex. Wallace, one of Norfolk's many breeders of high class Holstein cattle, sold last week fourteen two-year-old heifers to the Fred F. Field Holstein Company, of Boston, Mass. The herd was purchased for $5,000. They were all bred from the $15,000 animal which Mr. Wallace sold two years ago to Mrs. Smith, of Alexandria, N.Y., and which is now owned by the Field Company, and valued at $35,000.

'03.—Rev. Hugh McDermid has resigned his pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Fort William, and will probably move east again. He finds that the climate of Fort William is deleterious to Mrs. McDermid's health.

'06.—Rev. E. J. Chave is pastor of South Hill Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C. The church is struggling bravely with the problem of debt left by a "too optimistic past," and recent reports show that they have good hopes of reaching a solution of the problem.

'06.—A.S. Woodburne has been engaged by the University of Chicago to work on a new dictionary which is being compiled.

'06.—Rev. W. A. Cameron will spend the next four months in Y.M.C.A. work in the military camps of England and France. At the expiration of this engagement with the Y.M.C.A. he expects to enter active service. He secured his commission as Captain before sailing.

'06.—Everton A. Miller, who was Principal of the Academic Department of Brandon College, withdrew from that position last spring in order to relieve the financial situation for the Col-

lege authorities. He is now Classics Master in the High School at Pembroke, Ontario.

'09.—Thomas Hindle, who has been engaged in mission work in North China since graduation, has returned to Canada for furlough, and is now located as Instow, Sask.

'09.—Miss Emma Kennedy is now Associate Secretary of the Canadian Collegiate Movement, whose headquarters are at the Confederation Life Building, Toronto. This movement aims to promote missionary education among the High Schools, to assist in the choice of a vocation, and to emphasize the importance of higher education, directing High School students towards various Universities. The Educational Secretary of the Movement is Mr. H. L. Troyer, who was at one time a McMaster student.

'09.—Thos. Wearing, who is back in Chicago, finishing his Ph.D. work, is editing the department of "Current Opinion" in the Biblical World.

Ex. '09.—Reginald G. Trotter, son of Professor Trotter, who took his second year in McMaster, but who afterwards graduated at Yale, now holds the Parker Scholarship in the Harvard University Graduate School.

'10.—E. E. Sayles is editor of the department of "The Church and the World" in the Biblical World. He continues his post graduate work in Chicago.

'10.—Rev. John Clifford, the veteran champion of Non-conformity in England, who holds the LL.D. degree from McMaster, recently passed his 80th birthday. In his usual modest way he declined any personal presentation by the way of celebration, but consented to his people marking the event by raising a fund of £1000 for the support of Clifford Inn and other enterprises which are conducted by his church.

'10.—Miss Laura J. Craig has returned on furlough from India where she has been for some time on the staff of the McLaurin High School. She has brought with her as a donation to the University library from the India branch of the Alumni Association the following books: Modern Hinduism, W. J. Wilkins: The Malabar Magician, an Indian story by F. E. Penny: The Golden Threshold, poems by Sarojini Naidu; On the Face of the Waters, a story of the Indian Mutiny by Flora A. Steele.

'10.—Miss Annie I. Grierson is now a member of the School staff in Grand Forks, B. C.

'11.—A. A. Affleck, of Port Hope, recently lost a brother, who was killed at the front. A second brother is now with the Machine Gun Section in the trenches, and a third is on his way overseas in the Medical service.

'11.—F. J. Halbus is now on the staff of the University Schools, Toronto.

'12.—Miss A. B. Turner was married on October 11th at her home in Whitevale to Edgar Taylor Austin, of Whitby. After December, Mr. and Mrs. Austin will be at home in Coniston, Ont. THE MONTHLY extends best wishes.

Ex. '12.—Miss Margaret Isaac, who came from India and took one year in arts with the class of '12, is now Mrs. Dawson. At last word her husband was with the British Expedition in Mesopotamia.

'13.—T. D. de St. Dalmas resigned from the staff of Feller Institute last spring and enlisted as instructor with the Military Hospitals Commission. Commercial subjects are given, also special instructors are provided for such subjects as carpentry and agriculture. St. Dalmas is located in Quebec City, where they have about sixty soldiers, the number varying from week to week. Three doctors, three instructors, a sergeant-major and a corporal make up the staff. St. Dalmas has charge of the educational classes.

'14.—E. G. Dale was ordained last month, and is pastor of the Baptist Church in Boston, Ont.

'14.—Ralph E. Freeman, who is in England with the Royal Field Artillery, preached in his father's pulpit in Belvoir Street Church, Leicester, on the occasion of the Harvest Thanksgiving on the 8th of October. We hear that he delivered a scholarly discourse, which was very much appreciated by the congregation.

'15.—J. H. Moore is now acting as pastor of Zorra churches, and may be addressed at Innerkip, Ont.

Ex. '15.—L. V. Cockburn is married, and is now living at Earle Apartments, 485 Cass Avenue, Detroit.

'15.—Arthur Burridge is Physical Director in the Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

'15.—J. A. M. Hay is teaching Mathematics at the Sudbury High School.

'15.—George E. Ramage is teaching Science in the Mitchell High School.

'15.—Miss Ruth M. Walker is on the staff of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

'16.—Rev. J. S. Hall left Toronto at the end of September to take up his work on a mission field in Northern Nigeria under the auspices of the Sudan Interior Mission. He expected to spend some time in Great Britain on the way. His address will be Miango, via Naraguta, Northern Nigeria, West Africa. His

work will be among a tribe of 90,000 people who have never had a white man among them, and whose language has never been reduced to writing.

'16.—Miss Helen Marshall and Miss Ruth Macklem are on the occasional staff of the Toronto Public Schools.

'16.—Miss Muriel Stillwell is on the staff of the Feller Institute, Grand Ligne, P.Q.

'16.—Rev. H. B. Hughes, who took his B.D. degree this year, has returned to New Zealand.

'16.—The following are attending the Faculty of Education, Toronto University: Miss Gregory, Miss Campbell, Miss Hellyer, Miss McLaurin, Miss McEown, C. J. Thoms, V. S. Stevens.

'16.—J. A. Gunton is taking post-graduate work in Chemistry at McMaster.

'16.—F. W. Kemp and R. J. Lang are demonstrating in the Department of Physics, Toronto University.

'16.—Cole, Buck, Veals and Ziemann are members of the class in Theology at McMaster.

'16.—A. O. Parry is Boy Worker at the Neighborhood House, Toronto.

'16.—M. Tyndal is taking Theological work at Knox College.

'16.—H. Stainton is studying Theology at Victoria College.

'16.—R. A. Stewart is enrolled this year at Osgoode Hall in search of legal light.

'16.—A. F. Vollett has remained in the West teaching this winter.

'16.—W. H. Gill holds a responsible position as Senior Master in an Academy at Sherbrooke, P.Q. "Bill" has evidently "started something."

Students and graduates who were in attendance in 1912-13 will be interested in knowing that Professor Henry A. White, who was acting Professor of English during that year, in Professor McLay's absence, was married during the past summer to Miss Henrietta Davidson, of Bronx, N.Y. Professor White holds the chair of English in Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill.

The whole of heraldry and chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners will pronounce your name with all the ornaments that titles of nobility could add.—*Emerson.*

Here and There

EDITOR: ROY HARRIS, '18.

"The unexamined life is not worth living."
—*Socrates.*

HESE are the days of efficiency and efficiency talk. So hackneyed has the word become that to mention it occasionally provokes a smile. Someone sought to make a sly thrust at efficiency extremists when he announced that at the next meeting of a certain Poetry Society the question for discussion would be, "How Many Lines Do You Get out of a Gallon of Ink?"

We are reminded also of a thrifty, systematic, but rather conceited young man who, desiring to communicate certain of his "invaluable ideas" to others, wrote to one of America's leading efficiency experts. Among other information, he gave an outline of his Sunday programme and asked if it merited approval. Every hour of the day from 7 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. was set apart for some one particular activity, and the scheme was most rigidly and mechanically adhered to. The one whose advice was sought saw the ludicrous side of the situation, and wrote in part as follows:

"Our idea of efficiency is to forget it from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning; and you have got your Sunday all messed up with clocks and tape-lines and metronomes and pedometers and gymnastic stunts. When are you a human being?"

But the abuse of a good thing should prevent no thoughtful person from seeking to reach a high standard of both personal and vocational efficiency. "The plain fact remains," writes Professor James, "that men the world over possess amounts of resource, which only very exceptional individuals push to their extreme of use."

A most excellent series of articles on Personal Efficiency has appeared monthly in "The Independent" for the past two years, in which Mr. E. Purinton—who is perhaps the outstanding writer of the movement—treats such subjects as efficiency in its relation to the Home, Play, Optimism, Study, Money, Health, etc. He has even dared to write upon "The Efficient Housewife." Written from actual experience in the rush of busy American life, and based upon years of patient study, these articles

are free from the visionary notions and absurd fads which spoil so much of our present day literature. From one of the author's booklets, "A Daily Guide to Efficiency," we quote the following extracts:

"I do not boast my family tree, because I have an idea that small fresh apples are better than large dried ones."

"To the idler, clay is refuse; to the potter, clay is opportunity. God had nothing but darkness and dust from which to create orbs of light and worlds of beauty."

"Do you read the accounts of murders and scandals in the newspapers? Waste of time. Worse—dust and gravel in your mental machinery."

"Eternal hustle makes hash of the mind."

"Study the art of being an individual *without being a freak.*"

"Every mighty man is something of a mystic."

"There is more nobility in wearing chains bravely than in bursting them rashly and selfishly."

"The heedless, the cruel the selfish, the undeserving, may seem to pass us in the race. *But God awards the trophies.* Knowing this, we can do our best—and smile."

The Scotch version of Tipperary, which reaches us from Glasgow, deserves a wider publicity. It is given with the caution that it cannot be lightly attempted save by a Scotchman:

It's a lang wye tae Auchtermuchty,
    It's a lang wye to Perth,
It's a lang wye tae get tae onywhere
    Frae onywhere else on airth.

Guid-bye tae Ballachulish,
    Farewell but an' ben;
It's a lang, lang wye tae Auchtermuchty,
    But I'll gang back again.

The American Society of Phrenologists at its recent meeting in Philadelphia prepared for general circulation a list of terms that may be used as synonymous for "hit on the head," thus conferring a great favor on those who are always looking for something new. Here they are:

Drubbed on the dome.
Bammed on the bean.
Tapped on the conk.
Bumped on the beezer.
Biffed on the coco.
Busted on the cranium.
Whiffed on the skull.

Cracked on the nut.
Nailed on the knob.
Slugged in the belfry.
Lammed on the peak.
Dinged on the brain-box.

No milk on my dumbwaiter this morning! The striking farmers upstate are pouring the precious fluid out by the gallon on the unappreciative earth and there is only enough left for the children and the hospitals of New York City.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your hike.
Make me a child again, just for the strike.
—*The Independent.*

Cavalry Sergeant.—"I told you never to approach a horse from the rear without speaking to him. First thing you'll know they'll kick you in the head, and we'll have a bunch of lame horses on our hands."—*Judge.*

Ruth rode in my new cycle-car
In the seat back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five—
And drove on *Ruthlessly.*
—*Yale Record.*

"Oh the meanness of a Senior when he's mean!
Oh the leanness of a Junior when he's lean!
But the meanness of the meanest
And the leanness of the leanest
Can't compare with the greenness
Of a Freshie when he's green."
—*Philomathean.*

THE SEEING EYE.

A curve in the road and a hillside
Clear cut against the sky,
A tall tree tossed by the autumn wind,
And a white cloud riding high;
Ten men went along that road;
And all but one passed by.

He saw the hill and the tree and the cloud
With an artist's mind and eye;
And he put them down on canvas—
For the other nine men to buy.
—*Margaret L. Farrand.*

Up to the time of going to press, very few of our exchanges have been received. Where are all our old friends? We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Philomathean Monthly, The Collegian, Trinity University Review, Queen's Journal, Y. M. H. A. Review. Canadian Finance.

Woodstock College

Editor: G. E. Reamon, M.A.

The Faculty and students of Woodstock College wish to express their appreciation of the courtesy extended to them in reserving space for news from the College, and express the hope that the news items may prove interesting to the readers of The Monthly.

We are glad to state that though the students are not large in number yet they are of splendid calibre. An efficient Student Body Executive is composed of Mr. Will Semple as President; Mr. Stuart Draper, Secretary; and Messrs. Norman, Ingram, Dunlop and Lumley, as Committee.

Athletics holds a strong place in the College, and the Rugby team, captained by W. Semple and managed by Mr. C. S. V. Hawkings, B.A., have given a good account of themselves. They are now in the Junior O.R.F.U. semi-finals with Sarnia Collegiate. They have defeated Woodstock Collegiate by the score of 27-16, and Stratford Collegiate by 75-5. They were beaten by Sarnia Collegiate, but hope to reverse the score on the return game.

The Athletic Society has Mr. N. S. McKechnie, Jr., B.A., as President and Mr. Stanley McGregor as Secretary.

Last year's Orchestra has been reorganized, and is presided over by Mr. Foster Robertson, and has for its leader and conductor Mr. G. E. Reamon, M.A. The orchestra consists of twelve pieces, having all the instruments necessary for a small orchestra. They are looking forward to doing good work this winter. A Glee Club has been organized under the same leadership.

Great interest is shown in the weekly prayer meeting, which is conducted by the students, and the meetings so far have been very helpful. We had a visit from Mr. Brooks, Travelling Secretary for Student Volunteer Movement. His stay was of inspiration to all.

We are indeed glad to report the recovery from wounds of Lieut. Ralph Willcock, of our staff.

We were glad to have a visit from a member of the Board of Governors in the person of Dr. Sanderson. During his stay he, with Mrs. Sanderson, was entertained by Mr. N. S. McKechnie, Jr.

Woodstock College

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ARCHIBALD T. MacNEILL, B.A., Principal.
The Bible and History.

NEIL S. McKECHNIE, B.A., Vice-Principal.
English Grammar and Literature.

RALPH WILLCOCK, B.A., (on active service)
Latin and Greek.

F. G. HARRINGTON, M.A., Litt. D.
Latin and Greek (1916-17)

C. S. V. HAWKINGS, B.A.
Mathematics and Science.

N. ST. CLAIR McKECHNIE, B.A.
Manual Training.

G. E. REAMON, M.A.
Moderns.

A. S. McGREGOR.
Commercial Work.

J. W. PATTERSON
Physical Culture.

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Fifty-Ninth Annual Calendar sent on request

Purchasers please mention this Magazine

WILLIAM McMASTER

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1916 No. 3

A DREAM OF THE EIGHTIES.

ON BLOOR STREET within a stone's throw of Yonge Street's traffic, stands the old McMaster residence. To-day it is known as Moulton College and many have forgotten that it was ever the home of the University's founder. Just to glance at that unpretentious structure one would never imagine that it was there the dreams were dreamed and the plans conceived that culminated in the establishing of a university.

In the library of this home one stormy January night back in the eighties, Senator McMaster sat making a final revision of the plans of this University. It was a labour of love for the old man, and the long hours passed unheeded. Not till the last plan was checked did he cease from his task; then turning the light low and swinging about to face the glowing grate, he rested in the cheerful warmth. The midnight stillness, the flickering shadows and the glowing coals all lent themselves to contemplation and to dreams and as he sat there in the gloom he meditated on the university that soon would be. He realized that he must give his all if he would found it, but he felt it a privilege—not a sacrifice—for he trusted that through his gift his ideals would be perpetuated and would find their fullest expression in the lives of the students who would attend the university in the years to come. He was confident that they would become young men and women whose impelling purpose would be service.

Have you ever paused to wonder who first conceived the idea of service? There must have been a time when some man

first dreamed the great dream of sacrifice and service. Who he was we do not know; no whispered name comes floating down the corridors of time. That life lived unsung, but the spirit and the dream never died. It sprang up anew in a myriad of other hearts. It sped across continents; it expanded through the centuries, and with many different names and a multitude of different phases it infused inspiring power to a host of mighty movements.

When the Spartan Leonidas, with his little band, stayed the Persian hordes at Thermopylae, the world proclaimed the inspiring spirit to be patriotism. When the Swiss Arnold von Winkelried gathered to his breast the host of Austrian spears that over his dead body his countrymen might find the bridge to victory, the world called it heroism. When Cavour gave his life to the task of unifying Italy, the world called that spirit statesmanship. When Bishop Selwyn fell in Uganda, pierced by the spears of the dark men he came to save, it pleased the world to call it martyrdom. These are but the manifestations; the spirit has ever been the same. Patriotism, heroism, statesmanship, martyrdom, are the crested waves of that deeper tide of service —that tide of service which floods the heart of every man who strives to understand his true relation to his fellows.

It was with the hope that this great spirit of service would fill the hearts of the young men and women coming to this school that our founder gave his all. He has not hoped in vain. A score of years have passed away, each one in its course sending forth a company of strong young men and cultured women— a company in number small, but in spirit mighty; who have scanned that far-flung battle-line and where the foe pressed with conquering foot have hurled themselves against the van. Dangers have not deterred them, nor have fears restrained, and when the supreme demand has been made, they have cheerfully given even life itself. To-night the pale light of the Southern Cross will cast a dim halo about the lonely graves of those who have sealed their devotion with their lives, and when the silent stars dissolve before the dawn there will arise in those far distant lands brave men and women who in these very halls received

the vision which drew them forth to serve. They will live the burning hours of the day helping their fellow men, and the night which soothes their homesick hearts will be the day-dawn which in these northern lands will call forth those of our number who have remained at home to work out the destiny of our land: teachers who are teaching souls not subjects; preachers who are preaching for men not money; professional men whose criterion is not success but service; women who are making homes which are the strength and hope of the nation.

Because of the debt of gratitude to the man who made this college brotherhood possible; because we have felt the thrill of that same impelling spirit which has sent forth our men to toil on lonely outposts; because of the school's reputation for unselfish service, we too are conscious of that indescribable something that urges us to lay our lives on the altar. Should we not then give our best effort to the fitting of ourselves for that work which will go unfinished and misshapen unless we do it? And when at last we leave these halls and go out into the wider activities of life shall we not make such an investment of our lives that

> When the summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each will take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> We go not as the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon,

but serene and calm in the consciousness that we have striven to live up to the ideals of our school, and that we have fulfilled as best we could McMaster's Dream.

—P. K. Hambly, '15.

As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you have.—*Old English Saying.*

SILVER ISLET.

I FIRST heard of Silver Islet when I was a child at school. It was one of the names in the list of "islands of the Great Lakes" with which our teacher dutifully plied us. Oddly enough that one remained in my memory. I recall wondering why we should have to learn about such a tiny speck on the map and why it was called "Silver Islet." Some time later I heard its story.

Back in the sixties before the Canadian Pacific Railway traversed Canada, Northern Ontario was little more than a name, a synonym for a wooded, rocky wilderness peopled by Indians. Yet even in those early days some of Nature's hardiest sons were doing pioneer work at Prince Arthur's Landing —now Port Arthur—and at the Hudson's Bay trading post, on the banks of the Kaministiquia River, which was the embryo Fort William. But it was reserved for a geologist named MacFarlane to do the work of discovery which made that corner of the world renowned.

Mr. MacFarlane was employed by the Montreal Mining Company to prospect on that company's locations around Thunder Bay in the summer of 1868. Deciding to make a geological map of the district, he sent his men to explore the coastline. One day in July, while engaged in setting up pickets for this work, they came to a rock, less than a mile from shore, on which they noticed a vein worthy of reporting. Mr. MacFarlane visited the rock and found the vein in a dike of chlorite diorite which cut through the native flagstones and shales. The situation was interesting geologically, but imagine the prospector's delight when he found the vein rich in silver. Nuggets of pure silver were picked up near the water's edge and the rich ore-bearing rock could be seen stretching far out under the water. Crude excavations were quickly made, and in the fall the first shipments of ore were sent to Montreal. The samples were tested and the island became known as "Silver Islet."

Rarely does a mine have such an ideal situation scenically

as Silver Islet mine—a little rocky dot in Superior's blue expanse, with the palisades of the north shore and the Sleeping Giant for a background. Yet that which was charming in landscape proved disadvantageous in industry. The island measures only ninety feet each way and rises a scant eight feet above the lake's surface. Lying outside Thunder Bay as it does, it has little shelter and hence is exposed to the heavy winter storms. These conditions necessitated exceptionally strong breakwaters about the island. The Montreal Mining Company had not sufficient confidence in the mine to risk the expenditure of preparing for

SILVER ISLET

operation. So in 1870 the whole location was sold to American capitalists, who began at once to work the mine. A shaft was sunk, strong cribbings put in place, machinery set up, and in a very short time the ore buckets were bringing rich loads to the surface.

Meanwhile on the mainland a busy settlement sprang up. A store and post office was built at the dock, boarding houses appeared, and log cabins for such of the miners whose families were brave enough to come so far into the woods. The governor and officials occupied dwellings quite pretentious for the little mining camp. Large stampmills were erected and the addition

of two churches and a prison gave a semblance of civilization to the little colony.

For seventeen years the mine was operated with varying success. At times the vein yielded a fabulously rich output. At other times the gains were quite mediocre, and the elements added losses of considerable amounts in the winters when the storms and ice tore away the cribbings and damaged the buildings. Yet in spite of all drawbacks, Silver Islet mine produced three million dollars worth of silver in the first seven years. The output continued, fluctuating from year to year, but so rich in the average that it was known at the time as one of the richest silver mines in the world.

The autumn of 1884 saw Lake Superior again swept by violent storms, which caught in their thrall the coal barge supplying the mine. The captain was forced to put into a southern port for shelter. When the storms had passed his crew had deserted and he was unable to obtain another. Consequently the barge remained in port all winter.

At Silver Islet the failure of the coal supply caused the greatest consternation. Frantic efforts were made to keep the pumps working, for the amount of seepage was large, but finally the last embers died out in the firebox and the machinery stopped. Sadly the workers withdrew to await the return of spring, and in the meantime the water and ice did their work. When summer at last arrived, the mine was completely filled and all its passages and galleries submerged. The location was abandoned and water still renders its wealth inaccessible.

Today, as the boats pass up and down past Thunder Cape, the attention of travellers is directed to a spot where a cluster of buildings, grey as the rock itself, mark the site of the mine. If one ventures upon the islet, desolation and decaying ruins face him. The shaft buildings are falling into ruins, broken planks and loosened rafters make a treacherous footing. The furnaces are rusted heaps, the gigantic pumps are still, the iron-bound ore buckets lie rotting on the ground. Water stands high in the shaft; it is dark, silent, covered with algae.

On the mainland summer residents disturb the calm disin-

tegration of the mining camp. The post office is a campers' supply store; the miners' cabins, which yet remain, are summer homes for the holiday idlers. Iron bars yet guard the windows of the prison, but they are rusty and the door has no latch. The stampmill stood, till a few years ago, with caving roof and lichen-covered rafters, but now only the reddened boilers mark its location. The little wooden churches remain and also the cemetery, but the quaint fenced-in graves are overgrown and the inscriptions on the wooden tablets half effaced.

—Winnifred M. Grindell, '17.

THE AFTERGLOW.

N the sunset hour they stood hand in hand, silently gazing over the little lake to the clouds and mountains bathed in the resplendent flood of light. As the last lingering rim of flame sank beneath the dark hills, the Man sighed reminiscently, "The end of a perfect day!" and made to turn away. But the Girl looked into his eyes and smiled and said, "I like the afterglow best of all; don't you?"

For a long time they stood watching the gorgeous transformation of the western sky. Hands of angels, it seemed, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens and painted the mountains a hundred hues. At first the whole face of the western world blushed red and crimson; slowly these dissolved into gold and purple and deep blue, till at last night drew its curtain over the vast stage. The lonely watchers turned and wandered homeward through the silent forest.

In the days that followed they were increasingly together, and with the days grew their friendship. Hourly their lives were knit together until it became unthinkable that they should ever part. But when summer with it warmth and color and ecstasy had given place to the grey autumn with its dreary days, the Man returned to his college in the great city, and the Girl began

to make preparations for her debût into the social set where her mother was a leader.

The weeks and months that followed were full of work and pleasure for both of them, and gradually the friendly letters grew shorter and fewer. In the spring the student did not return to spend his summer with his wealthy uncle, but accepted a position which kept him busy in the city. Then came his final year, his graduation, and after that his entrance upon his profession.

Slavishly he toiled, consecrating all his energies on the altar of success. Difficulties which had defeated others he conquered by his concentration, and soon he found himself a leader in his profession. Success was his, and the world envied. Fortune he found, but not happiness. Often as he stole from the chattering crowd to fall on his couch, lonely and weary, he would long for old days and old friends. That summer spent at his uncle's stood out as the fondest of all and he sometimes wondered if she, his companion of those days, ever remembered and cared.

It was five summers after their first meeting that the Man was summoned hurriedly to his uncle's home. The days and nights that followed were full of anxious watching by the sick-bed, as the life of him to whom the young man owed his education and success gradually stole away. Much of the responsibility of the funeral arrangements rested upon him and the excitement sustained him wonderfully. But when all was over, —the first shock of grief, the service at the house, the long drive to the cemetery, the final parting and the return to the old home,—the Man who had carried himself so bravely began to feel his loss. It was the day after the funeral, when the friends who had come from a distance had gone, that the loneliness became unbearable. Ever since his father's death his uncle had been a father to him. But now he felt alone in the world and the knowledge that he was the principal heir only increased his loneliness.

In his sorrow his mind went back again to that summer he had spent with his uncle, and there came to him the face of the Girl who had been his companion in those days. He found a

sort of melancholy happiness in letting his imagination wander through the old fern paths and by the calm, cool lake, and it was with a sigh that the spell was broken. He realized as never before how much she meant to him. But yesterday she had come with words of sympathy and they had helped him most because in her eyes he thought he read a look deeper than sympathy.

Almost unconsciously there rose to his lips the words she used to sing in the long ago:

> "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
> Are as a string of pearls to me;
> I count them over, every one apart,
> My Rosary, My Rosary!"

and in his heart was born the wish that the past might be the present.

The words of the song were still thrilling him as he left the house and began strolling down the familiar street. As by magic the mists had now cleared away and every old scene throbbed with new meaning. As never before the world seemed to pulsate with life and love.

In field and forest, by land and lake, the children of nature all loved and were loved. From his over-bending bough the oriole sang sweetly to his brooding mate. The crow, too, from his pine top cawed hoarsely his strong passion, and in the long grass the wren and robin chirped and wooed their kind. Thus with many voices and strange sounds the kindred of the wild testified that life is love and love is life.

The heart of the man beat in harmony with the heart of nature. With the highest love, which is known to mankind alone, he loved and went back into his dreams for the answer to that love. Then he forgot the fragrant forests and the songs of the birds,—forgot all save his dream and her!

Before he had realized it he was wandering down the fern path that led to the one-time favorite retreat by the lake side. Perhaps it was the force of habit that drew him, perhaps it was merely his instinct; anyhow he came, without haste or hesitation, conscious only of his love and his desire to spend a while amid the scenes where that love was born and blessed.

That afternoon the Girl had taken her fancy-work and stolen away to the lonely retreat by the lake. It was not strange that she should do this. Nowhere along the shore was there a prettier nook, and it was here that once upon a time the Man, to whom her heart went out in this hour of his sorrow, had stood with her watching the afterglow. To the Girl the place was sacred with a thousand tender memories and she passed into the canopied retreat as if entering a cathedral.

That afternoon, as she dreamed over her sewing, the scenes of dead years rose as from the ground and swam before her eyes. Every word and thought and glance which had thrilled her here seemed to come again, and she rejoiced in the coming. There was one scene which stood out above all others and with the memory of it her eyes wandered eagerly to the end of the moss-cushioned log on which she sat. There they were, just as he had carved them that day, the three meaningful letters "X-T-C." The last was only half finished and embedded in it was the broken blade of his pen-knife.

"How deeply he must have cut them," she sighed, "that these three—four—five years have not worn them away. I wonder if *his* 'ecstasy' was so deep, and if it—or maybe something deeper—could have endured so long as the record of it?"

The sewing dropped from her trembling fingers and lay unnoticed as she began, half unconsciously, to complete the unfinished "C." Presently she paused, "No," she sighed, "if it is ever completed, he must do it."

For a long time she remained in a sort of trance, gazing at the crude letters and yet not seeing them.

Suddenly a cracking twig roused her and, startled, she turned to look behind. In the opening where the path pierced the evergreen hedge stood the Man. The suddenness and strangeness of it all surprised her and she began to tremble like a frightened child. The Man himself was half startled by the unexpected meeting, but affecting a careless ease he stepped forward and grasped both her trembling hands in his.

"You are not afraid of *me*, surely," he exclaimed, "I have been here often before—Have you forgotten?"

And as he spoke his eyes rested on the freshly carved part of the "X-T-C," and in it he read her answer.

For a while they chatted about old times and old friends. Then there was silence between the two solitary souls. It was not an awkward silence, but natural and blessed, revealing the depth of their friendship.

When the sun began to sink behind the western hills he took her hand.

"Come," he said softly.

Hand in hand they stood silently gazing over the little lake to the clouds and mountains bathed in the golden sunset. As the last speck of flame lingered above the purple hills the Man sighed, "The end of a perfect day," and turned and looked into the Girl's face. The long rays of the sunset's afterglow were streaming through her hair, weaving a halo of gold and crimson about her fair face.

The voice of the Man trembled meaningly as he repeated the old, new words:

> "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
> Are as a string of pearls to me;
> I count them over, every one apart,
> My Rosary, My Rosary!"

Even as he spoke he drew her gently toward him. For an instant she hesitated as though fearing the happiness of that supreme moment for which she had longed. But firmly, with the strength of a man, he drew her to him. Then with all the love which is a woman's she gave herself to him fully and unreservedly, and in her upturned eyes he read the answer too deep for words.

—James Dalton Morrison, '14.

I do hold the buying of more books than one could peradventure read, as nothing less than the soul's reaching toward infinity; which is the only thing that raises us above the beasts that perish.—*Penmore.*

THE SETTLER'S RETURN.

We were sitting in the shadow of a squalid little shack,
Gazing on the barren fields and wishing we were back;
Ben was talking of his bumper crops and how he thought that fall
He could take an easy railroad trip and not come back at all.
"Here's the place to make your fortune, but it's not a land for rest,
'Cause the comforts of the eastern trails keep tuggin' at your breast."

"Member all the luscious cherries that we had at haying' time,
How we drove beneath the coaxin' trees and got them at their prime?
In the springtime all the orchards rolled like heapin' piles of snow,
With the beamin' sun a-sparklin' and the landscape all a-glow;
Then some mornin' 'fore you'd know it all the trees would hang with gold
Softened with a misty purple, crispin' with a lightsome cold.

"How on nights with frosty moonbeams streamin' through the rustlin' corn
All us boys would go a-huntin', treein' coons till early morn.
Even yet I see the shadows swayin' demonlike at me,
And I hear old Towser barkin', clawin' at the basswood tree.
Oh I'll not forget the music that the whisperin' autumn played
As I stole across the meadows in the early mornin' shade.

"Winters too with sleighbells jinglin' strike a longin' through my heart
For a shiny, slippery ice track's seldom seen around this part;
But this Christmas, Dan, I tell you, I'll be—what? a thunder storm?
Sure enough and rising darkly like a hive of bees a-swarm.
Better tie your cayuse quickly in the coulee, for this heat
Is bound to bring a streak of hail and strike somebody's wheat."

Like a howling band of Mohawks rushing through a streaming night,
Rattling o'er the hollow prairies on their ponies wild with fright.
So the fierce unfettered onslaught of the savage storm swept past.

Wiping beauty from the landscape while we stood with looks
aghast.
Then after all was over and we viewed the ravaged plain,
In my heart I knew the loss was more than fields of trampled
grain.

—C. J. Thoms, '16.

KATHERINE HALE.

"O singing Youth, thou wert to me
A pink rose of expectancy."

THESE words, penned a few years ago by Katherine Hale, remind me of the writer. She is a charming woman to meet, a woman in whom an animated yet delightfully modulated voice forms a particular attraction. She is full of enthusiasm for the work of poet and journalist, and her enthusiasm is contagious. But more far-reaching than even her enthusiasm is her understanding of the needs and desires of the human heart. In her presence one has the feeling, a not unpleasant feeling, that this woman with the lovely blue eyes is not seeing the crude person you are, but is visualizing the you of your inmost longings and secret desires.

Katherine Hale, who is Mrs. J. W. Garvin in daily life, met the public first as a singer. Perhaps it is because of her love of music that her poetry not only abounds in musical imagery but many of her poems have lilting little tunes of their own. A good example of this quality is found in "Noonday":

"But yesterday the piper Spring
Sat blowing tunes that turned to green
And through the little naked boughs
The color of his song was seen."

There is an added quaint touch of wistfulness in the fairy song "To Peter Pan in Winter."

"For Peter Pan is sometimes sad
In spite of all that's sung;
He has to pipe and dance like mad
To keep this old world young.
And as he pipes the fairies light
A star for every tone.
(Do starry lights burn just as bright
When one is all alone?)"

All of her poetry is vivid, full of tone, color, and imagery. I am thinking just now of a haunting little couplet found in "The Answer":

> "And only rippling sunshine was the answer,
> Or little pattering footsteps of the rain."

Dr. Logan says, "To Canadian poetesses, not to Canadian poets, belongs the distinction of having written inspirational and commemorative martial verse of such superior quality as to win the admiration and expressed commendation of authoritative English and American critics and poets." He draws special attention to Katherine Hale's latest work, a little book entitled, "The White Comrade." The White Comrade is a poem, written in blank verse. It is a tale told by a Canadian soldier wounded at Ypres, and centres around the mystic story of "The White Comrade." As this little book is quite inexpensive and obtainable at nearly all the book stores, I shall only give the briefest quotation from it, to introduce it to you:

> "So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain,
> He comes to woods and battlefields to-day,
> (Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best)
> And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go."

In addition to the White Comrade there are several short lyrics included in the book. But I would like to quote part of "In the Trenches," found in "Grey Knitting," published for Christmas, 1914, but just now out of print. It is, to my thinking, an exquisite bit of tender song:

> "Bullets cease this Christmas night,
> Only songs are heard.
> If you feel a phantom step,
> 'Twas my heart that stirred.
>
> "If you see a dreamy light,
> 'Tis the Christ-Child's eyes;
> I believe he watches us,
> Wonderful and wise.
>
> "Let us keep our Christmas night
> In the camp-light shine;
> Warm your hands at the trench's fire—
> They still hold mine."

—W.

BETHLEHEM.

It was a beautiful afternoon in April when a company of us drove from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The distance is five miles in a southerly direction. The road is excellent, the horses are spirited, and the driver is a true son of Jehu. Close to the road on the left we pass the well in whose dark depths we are told the wise men found the reflection of the star, which for a time they had lost, and on our right, the tomb of Rachel, where sleeps undisturbed the lovely and beloved wife of Jacob.

While at a considerable distance we catch our first view of the ever memorable "House of Bread," a compact town of some eight thousand inhabitants. We are impressed with the paucity of trees and shrubs within and about the place. We note, too, the prevalence of stone. The houses and fences are all of that material. The streets are narrow and the buildings close together. Many of the dwellings have flat roofs reached by outside stone steps. The inhabitants are composed mainly of Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Moslems. Jews are rigidly excluded. The complexion of the people varies from dark yellow to brown and even to the perfectly clear. Bethlehem has been long noted for its beautiful women.

By the roadside we see a fair haired youth and immediately recall that it was hereabouts that as a lad David, the son

of Jesse, kept his father's flocks so long ago. Over this rolling landscape he herded them, and here he acquired the dexterous use of sling and stone, which stood him in such good stead in later years.

Memory and imagination are active as we approach the town. We see these hills and valleys crowded with armed men. Here are the Philistines; there are the Israelites led by their soldier king. We recall how David longed for a drink from yonder well, from which as a boy he had so often quenched his thirst. His desire was no sooner expressed than fulfilled. Three noble heroes, out of pure love for their captain, hacked their way through the Philistine ranks to the brimming cistern. For a sup of water they risked their lives and shed much blood and covered themselves with imperishable glory.

But all other incidents pale and disappear at the recollection that this town is the birthplace of our Lord. We wonder if much change has taken place since Joseph and Mary dipped down into this same shallow valley, and ascended this gently rising slope along which we now enter "The City of David." Beyond the village we plainly see the hillside upon which the shepherds watched beside their flocks, and to whom the angels sang "Gloria in excelsis." How strange it seems to be actually gazing upon that memorable spot! It is to-day, as doubtless it was then, an open common. Stones of various shapes and sizes are breaking through the surface of the soil and lie thickly scattered over it. The grass is still cropt short by grazing sheep. If it were but night, could the angel choir again be heard? At the foot of the gently sloping hill, a little to the east, a small field of growing barley lies open to our view. This is the very place where the servants of the wealthy Boaz reaped, and Ruth the Moabitess gleaned among the sheaves. Truly the land bears perpetual testimony to the accuracy of the Book; appropriately has it been called "The Fifth Gospel."

Evidently the centuries have wrought but little change in these hills and plains. But as we proceed along the narrow street our attention is directed to a somewhat conspicuous building, which certainly was not seen by the wise men. It is eccles-

iastical in architecture, is built of stone and bears the weather-wear of many years. This is the Church of the Nativity, reputed to be the oldest Christian Church building in the world. It is said to have been erected in the year A.D. 330 by Helena, the mother of Constantine, over the traditional manger grotto where the Virgin cradled her new-born son. This building is the joint property of the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. The frequent and bitter religious quarrels between these sects explain the presence of a small band of Turkish soldiers with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, at the main entrance. Inside the floor is paved with large stone slabs much worn by countless feet. The building is in the shape of a cross and has double aisles separated by two rows of columns, forty-four in all, each a single stone eighteen feet high. One is impressed with the grand simplicity of the structure and its evident antiquity. By descending a short stairs we enter a basement composed of a number of rooms. Here are pointed out the grotto in which Christ first saw the light, the manger in which he was cradled, the silver star and a countless number of stations hallowed by some monkish legend. Even the most credulous pilgrim may well wonder how it came to pass that so many important events from David to Jerome transpired in this little spot, and mainly in caves; or how, long ago, the oxen were persuaded to go up and down these stairs. The whole place is tricked out with all the finery of gold and silver, tapestry and marble; is lighted with lamps that never go out, and affords a place of almost regal splendour for pilgrims to repeat their prayers and perform mass. Kings and queens, emperors and princes and others have here left gifts of priceless value to commemorate their visits.

Great interest gathers about all, but it is with a sigh of relief we pass out into the fresh air and sunshine. We purchase a few souvenirs which are made here in great quantities, then enter our carriages for the return to Jerusalem. Again we look upon the sun, the sky, the hills, the valleys and the fields, all of which are unchanged from that first Christmas. Amid the many feelings which fill our hearts the predominant one is ex-

pressed in Philips Brooks' well known poem, "O Little Town of Bethlehem":

"O hold child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel."

—S. S. Bates.

ON TOADSTOOLS.

SO MANY erroneous beliefs, mostly unfavorable, are held concerning toadstools that I have some doubt as to my ability to present the following statements with the overwhelming air of veracity necessary to procure their instant acceptance. I must fortify my case with the most solemn assurances that all I have to say is founded upon either personal experience or the authority of Charles McIlvaine, a man who studied toadstools with great care for many years and tested their effects (at times to the detriment of his health) upon his own system.

The popular dislike of toadstools is, I believe, due only in small part to the few who have been slain by them. It is due mainly to the belief that they constitute the domestic furniture of Bufo americanus, who, with all his virtues, is undeniably a repulsive animal. But Bufo and his kin do not really care for toadstools; they prefer to sit upon the ground, "except," as McIlvaine remarks, "when exercising their constitutional right to hop."

Few toadstools are poisonous. I am acquainted with five injurious species as against sixty-odd edible ones and five bitter ones of doubtful character. But as poisonous ones are found in eight or ten genera, and about as many different toxins occur,

it is vain to think of discovering any simple rule for distinguishing poisonous ones. The rule frequently quoted, "if it peels it is a mushroom," is worse than useless, for the really dangerous ones, those which have caused a considerable number of deaths, do peel quite reassuringly. The kinds I most frequently eat do not peel. I have had to evolve a technique of getting rid of people who warn me against non-peelable fungi, as I am gathering them, to the point where they become a nuisance. I say, "Well, here is my card, and we always publish our obituaries in the *Globe*." This is effective.

One must know twenty or more poisonous species to be able to gather toadstools indiscriminately and eat them with safety. But six species—all edible—constitute over ninety per cent. of the toadstools in this neighborhood. I give them in order of frequency: Coprinus micaceus, Coprinus atramentarius, Hypholoma appendiculatum, Armillaria mellea, Coprinus comatus, Marasmius oreades.

These species are all very characteristic in appearance and none of them resemble any poisonous species as closely as a pear does an apple. One does not need to be enormously expert to recognize them safely; a few minutes' handling of well-chosen specimens, with attention to their distinguishing characteristics, is enough.

Toadstools offer a poor field for guess-work. A young lady once showed me triumphantly a tall, graceful fungus of waxy white color and pleasing perfume, averring that so beautiful a plant could not possibly hurt anyone. It happened to be an Amanita verna, the world's champion poisoner. On the other hand, the Chanterelle, of a gay yellow color which is very delightful but does not suggest anything to eat, is one of the choicest morsels of the epicure, and the inky-cap is at once one of the most disreputable in appearance and one of the best flavored of the whole kindred.

Toadstools have, I believe, a distinctly tonic effect. At any rate, I have never been better than when I was consuming liberal quantities. This may be due to the mineral salts, especially

iron, which they contain in plenty, or to the hills and ravines one climbs over to get them.

But the food value of toadstools is only an extra inducement to study them. They present almost as great variety of form and color as do wild flowers, and almost compare with them for beauty. The little Mycena pura, for instance, has the delicacy and very nearly the color of a violet. Clitocybe ochropurpurea shows, as one looks into the gills, a perfection of shading which gives the illusion of infinite depth better than any flower I know. Grotesques there are in plenty: Strobilomyces strobilaceus, for instance, with its bristly top, horrid with black tufts, and its equally bristly name. These two plants are quite good to eat, and might prove otherwise useful to theological students, as exercises in enunciation.

In conclusion, a curiosity. Quite a number of people have declared to me, "I know the common toadstool." Of five whom I succeeded in getting to point out this plant, each one pointed out a different species, a different genus, in fact. The commonest toadstool in these parts is coprinus micaceus; luckily so, as invalids can sometimes digest it when everything else fails. The "common toadstool" is evidently a myth. Like the "common workman" he disappears as soon as you know him.

—Ernest J. Farmer, '03.

Still one thing remains to furnish the House Beautiful, without which guests and books and flowers only emphasize the fact that the house is not a home. I mean the warm light in the rooms that comes from kind eyes, from quick, unconscious smiles, from gentleness in tones, from little unpremeditated caresses of manner, from habits of forethoughtfulness for one another—all that happy illumination which, in the inside of a house, corresponds to the morning sunlight outside falling on quiet, dewy fields.—*William Channing Gannet.*

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Editorial Notes

So many beautiful things have been written about Christmas that we hesitate to give our readers something from our own mediocre pen. We have selected excerpts from two writers which we believe will be read with pleasure. The first is from the ever lovable Dickens, and as we glance over it again we think with envy of the youngest members of our family as they return to the warm welcome which awaits them on their arrival from their first term at the University. The second is from the pen of Felix Shay in The Fra.

Numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggle of life, are then reunited, and meet once

again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will,which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first days of a future state of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmastime awaken!

We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and the traveler, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

The happiest day of your life was—not the day you graduated, nor the day you proposed or were proposed to, nor the day you were married, nor the day your first born came—! On each of these days age has somewhat tempered your spirit, and restraint and reserve forced you to hold back a bit of what you felt. But not so on that Happiest of Happy Days! That day you were yourself ten thousand times, and you were young and the World was young—and it was Christmas.

You crept down stairs softly, expectantly, in your nightie, the morning after the night before, when you had been tucked tenderly into your bed and kissed that kiss of fair promise that only one's mother can give; told to go straight to sleep, lest Santa Claus should find you awake and never stop at all.

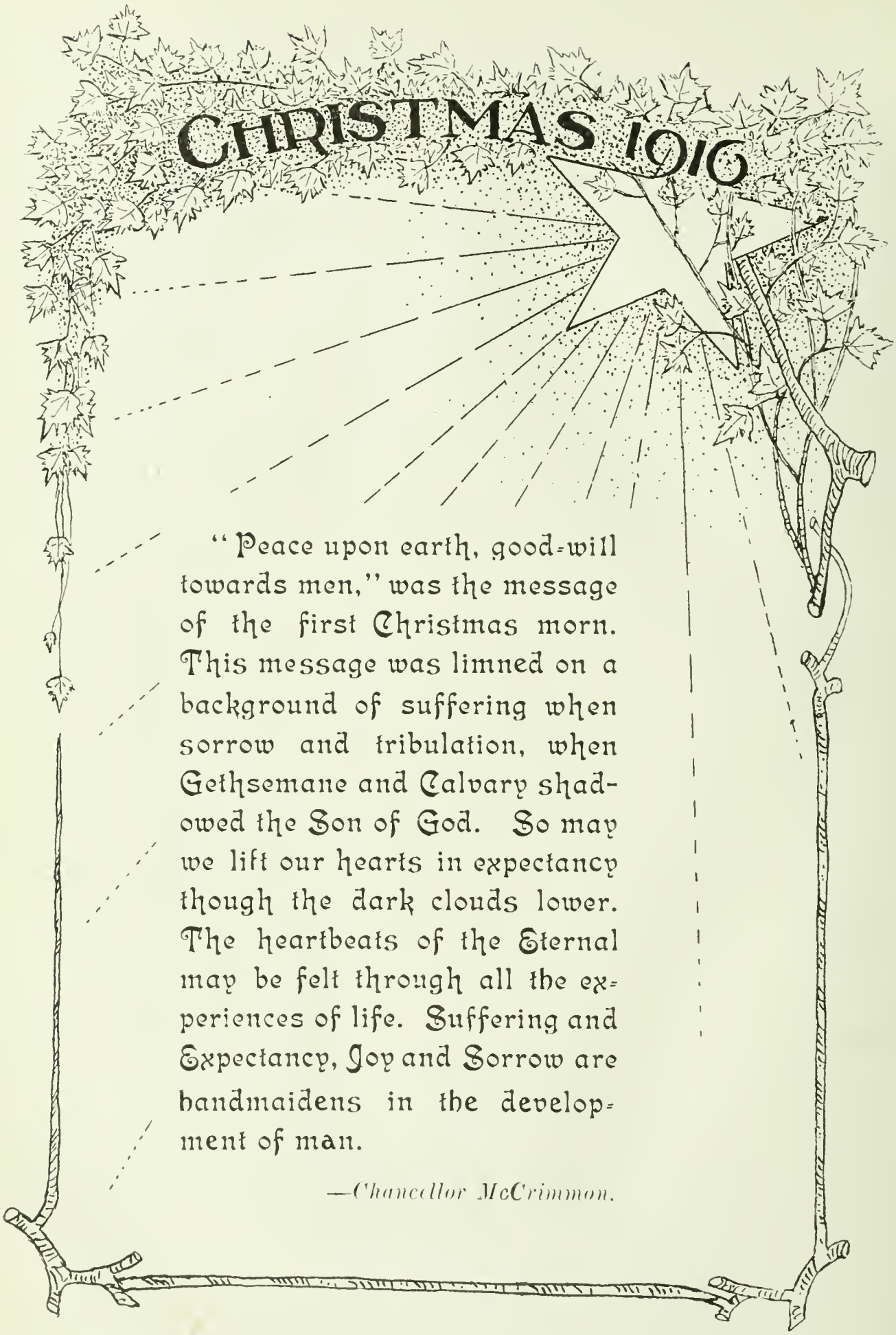
You remember that you just a wee doubted that there was any such fellow as Santa Claus, and when you awoke to tumble out of bed, impatient to see and know, you still had time to premeditate that you would probably be disappointed. You doubted all the way down the stairs, and yet you were bravely hopeful! When you saw that glorious tree, and when your father said, "Merry Christmas, little boy" and tossed you to the ceiling, and permitted you to empty your stocking right away, and let you wear your drum in to breakfast—*that* was your HAPPIEST Day! Your memory never misses that day.

Katherine Hale, the second of a series of sketches on women writers of note in Toronto, was originally intended for the Women's Department. It has been deemed wise, however, to transfer these articles to the literary section of THE MONTHLY, where they more properly belong.

Seventy-five boxes have been packed and sent off to the McMaster boys at the front. They each contain one pair of socks, Christmas cake, apples, chocolates, joke books, maple sugar, chiclets, papers of the day of packing and THE MONTHLY. The socks were knit and donated by the girls and wives of the Faculty, and the boys and Faculty contributed the other articles.

The drawings in this number are the work of the Editor.

Have you secured a copy of THE MONTHLY Calendar? It is distinctive, artistic and seasonable. Take one home with you at Christmas. The folks will like it. They are being sold for twenty-five cents at the Assistant Librarians' desk.



"Peace upon earth, good-will towards men," was the message of the first Christmas morn. This message was limned on a background of suffering when sorrow and tribulation, when Gethsemane and Calvary shadowed the Son of God. So may we lift our hearts in expectancy though the dark clouds lower. The heartbeats of the Eternal may be felt through all the experiences of life. Suffering and Expectancy, Joy and Sorrow are handmaidens in the development of man.

—*Chancellor McCrimmon.*

On Military Service.

Yet we must think this Christmastide
Of broken hearts and tears undried,
Of homes laid waste in lands afar
By that dread fiend of hell called war.

—*George Lawrence Andrews.*

REV. W. Terry, '97, Theol., is engaged in religious work among the soldiers overseas. He sailed from England in October for Egypt, where he expects to spend the next six months. His address is: care the Y.M.C.A., St. David's Building, Cairo.

Mr. Harkness is now in the employ of the Canadian Pay and Records Office in London, England. He spent about ten months in the trenches and was gassed, but fortunately was not wounded.

Rev. H. R. Nobles has been appointed assistant Chaplain on the regular staff at Exhibition Camp, and is devoting his whole time to that work. His church (Christie Street) has granted him leave of absence during the war, though he will probably supply the pulpit occasionally.

From R. M. Fraser, '13, Crowborough Camp, England.

Since leaving McMaster our experiences have been somewhat varied. The change from civil life was so great that we almost seemed to be living in another world. While we were at College we were always looking for the why and the wherefore of everything; but one of the first things that we were told in the army was to do as we were told and to ask no questions. For four years Professor McLay had labored to show us what a wealth of adjectives the English language possessed: here we found out that his labor had all been in vain. Three or four such words were all that were necessary to qualify any noun in existence: and two of them composed a fine working vocabulary.

You will have heard long since that Gerald Guiou has won his commission; you will not have heard of the manner in which he won it. It was for distinguished bravery and self-possession on the field of battle. As a senior N.C.O. he was in charge of a small detachment on the Ypres salient. As the battle progressed it became clear that the attempt to hold the position was really impracticable. They must retire through a very dangerous zone to defences that could be more easily held. Placing

himself at the head of his men, he, with great skill, chose out a circuitous path by which they were able to follow him to their new position. So cleverly was the feat accomplished that they did not suffer the loss of a single man. This is the story as it was told me by the Baptist minister at Cheriton (near Shorncliffe.) He heard it, not from Gerald himself, but in some indirect manner; in fact I rather think that it was Mr. Parker, formerly of MacPhail Church, who was his informant.

A GROUP OF McMASTER MEN IN ENGLAND.

Back row, left to right—Fox, Eberle, Campbell, Kingdon, McIntyre, Innis, Hicks, Bates, ————, Fraser.

Front row—Spencer, Houlding Clarke, Long, Chisholm, Veals.

Now, I don't think that there is much more for me to say. We McMaster fellows try to hold together as much as possible, for although we are far from our old home, we have not forgotten it. We eagerly look for news from the old school, and are glad when we hear that she is likely to come through this most trying year with a fair degree of success.

> "Where'er we roam, whatever realms we see,
> Our hearts untravelled fondly turn to thee."

We hope to hear very soon that the boys have been success-

ful in overturning Wycliffe. To get news like that would be better than a month's leave. We await the result with anxious interest.

From R. R. McGregor, '16, France.

The McMaster bunch who enlisted on March 20th last are still hanging together (although I shouldn't be surprised to hear of a few of them hanging separately). The camp has been moved from Shorncliffe to Crowborough, and as far as I can learn, everyone there is enjoying the change of scenery. I happen to be the only one who may be described as "hanging separately"—not that I have as yet earned a noose and halter, but I have been the only representative of our contingent to reach France so far. At the present moment I am located in a reserve camp waiting to be sent "up the line." This camp is quite a peaceful place indeed, and if it were not for the watery mud and muddy water, which forms the largest part of the scenery, life would be quite enjoyable.

The general appearance of the McMaster signallers (when I last surveyed them—about a month ago) was interesting in one particular at least—they all wore, or attempted to wear, moustaches. These varied greatly in quantity and quality, ranging all the way from John Davis' huge growth of hirsute appendage (an easy first in any Nip and Tuck contest), through all the gradations of thinner and silkier growths to the seven long and straggling streamers which formed the only adornment of the upper lip of Ed. Bates. Aside from this there was but little change in their physical appearance.

The regular work of instruction in signalling occupied most of the time, but there were always fatigues to be done, and it caused no surprise to see some champion debater such as Art Clarke or Mac. Fraser toiling across the parade ground with a "dixie" of soup, or a basketful of empty bully-beef tins; Bob Campbell and Howard Veals sitting on their haunches like a couple of Hindoos disentangling a vast mass of wire, while John Fox and Bert Chisholm wielded pick and shovel in the hope that with the expenditure of time and perspiration they might eventually complete a small trench for water-shed purposes around the mess tent.

Just how they are enjoying themselves at Crowborough I am not in a position to state from personal observation but I have no doubt they still continue to enjoy life and make history.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR : O. H. MCDONALD, '19.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play."
—*Longfellow.*

CHRISTMAS is with us again. It comes to us with the same genial countenance and cheery greeting which we remember in our childhood, and which is associated with all that is best and brightest in those bygone days. To speak at length upon this subject would be to inflict verbosity where none is needed. We shall, therefore, try and follow the advice of the wise man of old when he said.—"Have something to say. Say it. Stop talking." And what we have to say is just this, that we wish our readers, one and all, a happy Christmas, and a prosperous New Year.

Shakespeare penned what are perhaps the most heart-rendingly despondent words in English literature, when he said in Richard II.:

"Of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills.

This seems a pretty good diagnosis of the inward feelings of many of us when we meditate on the approaching mid-year exams.

The Student Volunteer Band, though not very strong numerically, is continuing the meetings as usual at noon every Friday. Several new volunteers have come into the Band since school opened, and it is expected that the number will be materially increased before spring. Among the recent speakers have been Miss Laura J. Craig, B.A., '10, of India, and Mr. Murray Brooks, formerly of Ceylon, and now traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Canada.

The Evangelistic Band recently conducted services in the evening at Century Baptist Church (Rev. C. H. Schutt, pastor), and on December 3rd, at Stanley Ave., Hamilton, (Rev. C. J. Loney, pastor). It is planned to visit a considerable number of churches after Christmas.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE—No. 3.

President of the Lit.—Mr. W. Allan Robertson, our esteemed President of the Literary Society, is a "bonnie Scotch lad frae Perth." Mr. Robertson entered year '17 as a Sophomore, and since then he has won a name for himself, both as a first-rate student, and also as one of our foremost athletes. His office as president involves many duties and much responsibility. It requires a man who will prove a strong guiding hand in the Literary Executive, and make wise choice from the great numbers who aspire to take part in the Friday evening program. Furthermore, he must uphold McMaster's interests as a member of the Inter-College Debating Executive, and look after the choosing and persuading of our debaters. Such is the man, and such the office. Results have shown the wisdom of our choice, for under his able leadership, and with the co-operation of an efficient Executive, the work of the society is proving to be of lively interest and value.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet.—On Thursday evening, November 16th, the Freshmen were royally entertained by their Sophomore guardians at the Banquet Hall of the "Selby." So well had the details been planned that scarcely a moment was lost in placing the guests at the tables, where a goodly meal awaited them. But, alas, none could read the menu! What prehistoric tongue was this,—Welsh, Russian or Hebrew? Fortunately, it did not need to be translated, and was soon forgotten in the enjoyment of the eating itself. On the completion of this delightful occupation, O. H. McDonald, President of year '19, welcomed the guests and proposed the toast to His Majesty King George V., to which a hearty response was given in the singing of the National Anthem. H. E. Wintermute, '19, then toasted our McMaster boys at the front, to which Dr. Smith, honorary president of year '20, fittingly replied. The toast to the Alma Mater was proposed by H. H. Wilson, President of year '17, and in response to this, Dr. Tingle, the Sophomore honorary president, gave a short history of the development of English and German Universities. To H. W. Lang, '19, was given the privilege of expressing his profound regard for the gentle sex. This toast was very graciously received by Miss M. L. Moore, Vice-President of year '19. And last, but not least, came the toast to the Freshmen, given by W. D. Hinman, '19, who told

the freshies something of what was expected of them. This, of course, raised Cain, '20. who defended his year in no uncertain terms. The toasts were interspersed with most pleasing musical selections by Miss M. Clarke. Miss J. A. Robertson, and Miss M. Robertson, of year '19. An informal half hour then followed, which served to advance the acquaintanceship and interest which have sprung up between the two years. The banquet is now an event of past history, but the pleasures of the evening will not soon be forgotten.

As our worthy Editor-in-Chief walked out to the street to post a letter one morning, wearing his owl-spectacles and sadly tattered gown, a taxi swiftly drew up at the sidewalk, and the chauffeur's head emerged at the front as he inquired. "Is this the museum?"

Sweet Sixteen.—To the lot of year Sixteen has fallen the honor of inaugurating the skating season. The first skating party of the term was held at the Arena on Monday, November the thirteenth. This happy evening was but the beginning of a series of farewells to Sappers Harold McLarty and Wilf Mallory, who are now in training with the Divisional Signallers at Ottawa.

The Freshman-Sophomore Debate of November 17th opened the interyear debating series of 1916-17. The question for discussion was, "Resolved that every citizen should give allegiance to some organized political party." The freshman representatives, H. S. Hillyer and L. C. Kitchen, championed this resolution. while the sophomore speakers, H. E. Wintermut and J. W. Cohen, undertook to prove its utter worthlessness. The speakers of both sides showed a thorough acquaintance with their subject, and the very interesting addresses delivered gave evidence of the expenditure of much time and effort. Dr. McNairn gave the judge's report. He was very loath to dash the freshman hopes. and many minutes passed before he gained courage to announce the victory for year '19. While the judges were trying to decide just how big a victory the negative had won. Miss A. Robertson. '19, favored the audience with a vocal solo. A delightful piano solo by Miss Mimms, '18, and a few stump speeches also added to the evening's entertainment.

Visitors at Chapel.—Rev. Gordon H. Baker, B.A., of Temple Baptist Church, Montreal, led the chapel service of November 23rd, and on November 30th we were favored by the presence of Dr. W. B. Riley, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Minnea-

polis, and President of the North Western Bible Training School. Dr. Riley's address was a most earnest and inspiring defence of the word of God.

"LEST WE FORGET"

The High Kakrak delivers his speech on Etiquette

McMaster Reunion, December 1st.—Owing to wartime conditions, the annual Founder's Night was this year replaced by a student function called the McMaster Reunion. The event proved most successful, about two hundred and fifty being preesnt,—the faculty, officials of the university, graduates and undergraduates. From eight to nine o'clock a reception was held in the Castle Memorial Hall, where the guests of the evening were welcomed by Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, and the heads of the Men's and Women's Student Bodies. At nine o'clock promenading commenced, the music being supplied by orchestras in the chapel and on the first landing. The students' rooms were open for promenades on all flats, and demonstrations were given in the physics and biology laboratories, all of which attracted a great deal of attention. Beginning at half past nine refreshments were served in the dining-room. Very quickly sped the pleasant hours for the gay throng of promenaders, and the twelfth promenade had come, and it was time to go home, before the pleasures of the evening seemed half realized.

Excited Seniorette (rushing into M.A. Chemistry Lab.)—"I want a graduate!"

The professor's assistant in chemistry promptly fainted.

Women's Deparment

Editor : Miss E. Wilkins, '17.

Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear,
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near.
Oh Heaven was in His sight, I know,
That little Child of long ago.

—*Marjorie Pickthall.*

TWO children were talking on the street. The older child said: "Say, Santa Claus is dead." The younger: "I don't believe it; who said so?" "My auntie," triumphantly. "Well, *where* did he die? Aw, you don't mean it, really?" "Yep, she knows." "Well I ain't going to believe it," persisted the little one.

It made me think of some wise folk who sigh as Christmas approaches, and say that it has had its day. Tell me, when will the earth be too old for the joy of a little child? When will human hearts have outgrown the desire for tangible proofs of love? Till then let us celebrate "a merry Christmas." And as the sacred day draws near let us take example from the Wise Men, for "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Women in Munitions.—All the daily papers have been discussing this lately. A pet topic has been the superiority of women over men in munitions, and we have felt a modest pride. But on November 14, the Globe startled us by a statement of Miss Wiseman of the Imperial Munition Board. It appeared with a bold, black headline: "Educated Woman is Undisciplined." The educated woman, she says, 1, is undisciplined; 2, will not mind her own business; 3, is a fault finder.

She further states: "The employer is very 'sore' on the educated woman. At the root of most of the trouble is a total inability to submit to discipline . . . and they don't, even vaguely, understand the word 'must.'" The educated woman who does good work at munitions is only "the brilliant exception," she says. We, however, question Miss Wiseman's right to use "the educated woman," and "the woman of the leisured class" synonymously as she does. How many graduates do you know who belong to the leisured class? As for undergraduates—but maybe we are not *educated* yet. If Miss Wiseman includes us in her statement, and it sounds as if she meant to, what good

have these years of study been? What value have our examinations had?—not to mention the disciplinary aspect of 8.15 lectures. Then, too, I think I have met a few women at McMaster who "vaguely understand" the word "must," for example, in reference to essays. "They won't mind their own business." I don't profess to have intimate knowledge of other colleges, but this I know, at Mac *you have to*. I think we may ignore her third charge. Too many of us have summered on the prairie. In concluding, Miss Wiseman suggested that the educated women who wish to be patriotic ought to serve an apprenticeship in an ordinary factory. Be patriotic, girls! Take your choice; whitewear, box making or a chocolate factory at five dollars a week! The very place for "an educated woman!"

W. L. S.—November 24th.—The program opened with a talk on our well-loved Canadian poetess, Pauline Johnston, given by Marjory Mallagh, '20. The character sketch was adequately concluded by the recitation of her poem "As Red Men Die." Following this, a violin solo by Miss Wodehouse, was greatly appreciated. But little did the audience dream as they listened to the Current Events, by Hettie Wilkins, '19, what was to follow. Eight of the (startled!) listeners were called upon for an impromptu speech. The various subjects were all skilfully handled, Miss Gladys White, '19, winning first prize for her clever discourse on "Leap Year."

Intercollegiate Debate.—Victoria women debated with McMaster women on December 4th, at the Lillian Massey School on "Resolved that the judicial system of divorce as it exists in the United States should be introduced into Canada." The Misses Corigan and St. John, of Victoria College, spoke for the affirmative. Miss Hammond, '17, and Miss Brothers, '18, upheld the negative side of the debate. The judges were unanimous in their decision in favor of the negative. You ought to see the "Mac" girls smiling!

MOTHER GOOSE: AN APPRECIATION.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She fed them all broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed."

Little did the Old Woman think that her story would be sung by that famous bard, Mother Goose. What made her story worthy of this flight of poetry? "She lived in a shoe," in *a shoe*. Unique! Unparalleled in history! It is not rare to find

some spending much of their time in two shoes. But *a* shoe! Enough said!

Not only did she herself use this as a residence, but, as far as we can judge from the scarcity of details, her family shared it with her. But oh, gentle reader, hold your breath: "She had so many children, she did . . not . . know . . what . . to . . do" Tell us, oh Muse, how many? Echo answers "Many!"

Let us pass on to the doings of one day, which we have a right to consider a fairly typical one. "She fed them all broth, without any bread." Again no explanation why and wherefore. The mind of the reader reels as he ponders this catastrophe. No bread! Is it, can it be possible, that even in those good old days there was a scarcity of bread, that even then there was the problem of the High Cost of Living? The tragedy of it, the pathos,—her last bread-ticket gone; the coal bin empty and the price of bread soaring; and mother unable to bake even the tiniest breadlet.

But they had broth. From a gastronomical standpoint, it would be interesting to know of what that famous broth was made. Possibly it had been bargain-day at the store around the corner, and she had purchased that mysterious combination at 16½ cents a pound.

We would like to draw the curtain here, but there is still one detail of that historic day remaining, "She whipped them all soundly." A Spartan mother, no weak pampering and coddling! When Johnny and all his brother and sister Shoeites failed to count their blessings, and mourned audibly over the breadless state of affairs, their mamma promptly quelled the incipient rebellion, wisely realizing that a pang without would dim the pang within. Furthermore, it is on record that she did it "soundly." She did with her might what her hand found to do. And it sufficed.

Sad indeed were this our last scene. But before the curtain drops, our heroine, the Old Woman, is pictured to us in a tender, motherly light. "She put them to bed." A fitting climax to such a strenuous day! Surely the shoe's capacity must have been taxed to its utmost. But we feel assured that each had his little corner, and into that he went. Cannot we follow mother as she goes from cot to crib—from crib to bed—tucking in this one, patting that one, and wiping from each cheek that tear-drop yet undried! And so, at length, the last sob is hushed, the last eye is closed, and silence deep and restful falls upon the Shoe.

—S.

Athletics

Editor : John F. Twiss, '17.

THE final league soccer game was played on snow-covered Varsity rear campus between McMaster and Dents, on November 20th. A large crowd witnessed the struggle and cheered the opposing teams. The game started, as most soccer games seem to, with the ball rapidly traveling from one end of the field to the other and then hovering somewhat around center. Several times a tally was nearly made; sometimes by the Mac. men and sometimes by the Dents, but the latter succeeded in chalking up the first goal, Lippert scoring on a pass from Ross. Some thought Lippert was off-side, but the referee's word was law. Shortly after, Linton nearly scored for Mac, only the clever work of Reid saving the situation, causing a corner. This was cleared, however, and very shortly, the Dents rushed and scored. Fortunately for us, however, the Dent's player was off-side.

During the second half the Dents continued to cause trouble, frequently breaking through. Owing to the splendid work of Ziemann many a well-aimed shot was stopped. Corners for the Dents seemed to be numerous. Finally the Dents were awarded a penalty kick. Lippert shot and scored. Thus the score remained 2-0 in favor of the Dents until the whistle blew for full time, and the Dents became champions in the Varsity II Soccer League.

Thus the tale is told. Naturally our spirits rise when games are won for Mac, but in case we lose we take defeat only with greater determination to try again, believing that it is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.

McMaster line-up: Ziemann, Way, Jamieson, White, Robb, Twiss, Lepofsky, Fawthrop, Robertson, Richardson, Linton.

Willowvale was the scene of the great battle of November 14. The "Sophs" and "Freshies" locked horns in their annual gridiron tussle. The Freshmen were out for gore and got it. They trimmed the "Sophs." to the tune of 10-4 Wilkins' deadly tackle and Webb's running were responsible for the victory, while McGrath was the shining star for '19. The teams—Sophomores: —Sinclair, Smart, Smith, McDonald, McGrath, Cohen, Willison, Quirk, Froom, Hinman, Hurst, Hansuld, Cowie.

Freshmen:—Wilkins, Webb, Barons, Rosenberg, Pearce, Zavitz, Cain, Jamieson, Hillyer, Mallory, Spencer, Dick, Russell.

Referees, Fawthrop and Lepofsky.

November 21. Seniors 14. Freshmen 0. The Seniors rode out to Willowvale in "Fleming's Chariots." The "Freshies," after their "Soph" conquest, were quite confident of "sticking one over" on the Seniors, but they crashed their skulls against '17's stonewall line. Wilkins, as usual, was grabbing them low, while Mr. Zavitz made his presence heard. The superb kicking and running of Robb, coupled with the timely bucking of Massé, featured for the Seniors. The ground was frozen and "Sammy and Emile" were stripped of a little "bark."

Line-ups: Seniors—Fawthrop, Robb, Twiss, Baker, Lepofsky, Way, H. H. Wilson, H. Wilson, Campbell, Demaray, Rayfield, Conners, Massé, Priddle. Freshmen—Wilkins, Webb, Barons, Pearce, Zavitz, Russell, Cain, Brown, Jamieson, Hillyer, Mallory, Spencer, Dick, Dodge.

Referees, Richardson and Parker.

As Theology defaulted to the Seniors, they have won the Year '13 Rugby Cup without further playing.

November 28th. The soccer season was formally opened by the clash of the Red and the Green. The ground was sticky, and the play was slow, and half the game was played in darkness. The ball was dribbled up and down the field until Robertson scored on a pass from Fawthrop. The goal was vociferously disputed immediately by the Freshies, but the referee held them to the rules and the game ended one to nothing in favor of '17. Senior line-up—H. H. Wilson, Priddle, Robertson, Fawthrop, H. Wilson, Demaray, Twiss, Massé, Way, Robb, Baker. Freshmen—Pearce, Nelles, Wilkins, Barons, Dodge, Dick, Mallory, White, Jamieson, Brown, Hillyer.

Referee—Richardson Theol.

The second round of the inter-year soccer series was "pulled off" Thursday night, November 30th, at Willowvale Park, when Theology braves "hooked up" with the boys of year '19. The game proved strenuous right from the sound of the whistle, with the Sophs forcing the play. After five minutes' play, in a scramble in front of Theology's nets, Sinclair of the "Sophs" drove the pigskin through for the first tally. Theology immediately bucked up and drove the "Sophs" to their own end of the field. During the second half Smithson shot a high one which eluded the "Sophs" goal tender, and the game ended in a draw.

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B. A.

AS Alma Mater looks out she sees her children scattered over the face of the earth from China to Peru, and from the home circle here in Canada to where civilization ends at the trenches in France and Flanders. The graduates now number over a thousand, and they are found holding responsible position in all walks of life. For instance, in the teaching profession we find that in Ontario alone fifty McMaster men and women are on the staffs of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, one in every five of these being principals. In the realms of higher education, also, McMaster graduates hold posts of prominence on University faculties, such as at Yale, Princeton, Chicago Oberlin, Texas, Minnesota, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee, Vermont, Colorado, Washington, Throop Polytechnic, Bates, Amherst Agricultural, Rochester Theological, Queen's, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. Just fifteen years ago this month, at the first Alumni Conference of McMaster, W. W. Charters, '98, made the prediction that "within a generation McMaster will secure the wide and respectful recognition in the educational world which her intrinsic worth deserves." It appears that the recognition is coming faster than Mr. Charters anticipated, for the span he indicated is not yet half expired.

To all her graduates and former students, whether in civil or in military life, McMaster sends Christmas greetings.

'88.—Rev. S. J. Arthur, Theol., is now to be addressed at 603 First Avenue, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

'02.—D. A. McDonald has settled on a fruit and poultry farm on the outskirts of Peterboro.

'03.—Dr. C. C. Lumley, of St. Thomas, is the unanimous choice of the West Elgin Liberals as nominee for member of the Legislature. At the last election he ran the Minister of Public Works a hard race.

'03.—The Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines of Ontario announces that a new branch is to be organized to take charge of the work of fire prevention in the provincial forests, with E. J. Zavitz as the head of the branch. A fully equipped staff with a modern system of telephone stations and observation towers will be established.

'04.—It is announced that the first college gymnasium in China is about to be erected at the Baptist College, Shanghai. It will be recalled that F. C. Mabee is on the Faculty of this College. The College is maintained by the United Baptists of the United States, and has 13 buildings, 157 students and a Faculty of 24. The construction of the gymnasium is one of the effects of the new awakening of the Chinese to modern ideas. In the past the Chinese have always been averse to physical exertion not directly connected with their work, and athletic games were unknown. This attitude is now changing, and the students of Shanghai College and other institutions have taken up baseball, tennis and other games.

'05.—Ephrem Viens has recently been made Director of the Laboratory for Testing Materials in the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. The previous director died suddenly last spring, and Mr. Viens has been given the position. He has been chemist in the laboratory for a number or years.

'07.—Rev. R. E. E. Harkness is now pastor in Belvedere, Illinois.

'08.—The following interesting announcement is taken from the Hastings and St. Leonard's Observer: Harkness-Scherf—On Tuesday, August 15, 1916, by special license, at Hastings, Leonard Chester Harkness, of Winnipeg, Canada, to Winnifred Minna Scherf, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Louis Scherf, of White Rock, and Mrs. Scherf, Cranbrook, Braybrooke Terrace, Hastings. THE MONTHLY extends congratulations.

'09.—Robt. Segsworth, Theol., has resigned at Beachville after six years as pastor there, and has accepted a call to Cheltenham and Snelgrove.

'09.—Rev. O. E. Rutledge, pastor of Oxford Street Baptist Church, Woodstock, was married on November 10th to Miss Ida May DeViney, of Buffalo, N.Y. THE MONTHLY extents congratulations.

'10.—Rev. J. T. Cowan has moved from Attica, N.Y., where he has been pastor for four years, to Buffalo, becoming pastor of Prospect Avenue Baptist Church. His new church has given him an enthusiastic welcome.

'10.—Joseph Wearing has been made Secretary of the Speakers' Patriotic League at Peterboro, and is taking an active part in his district. It will be recalled that last winter Joe attempted to enlist as a private, but was unable to pass the medical examination.

'12.—Miss Marjorie Fairbairn was married during the past

summer to Francis Theodore Ross, and they are living in Terrace, B.C. Though belated, THE MONTHLY sends good wishes.

'13.—Sir John Alexander Boyd, who accepted the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1913, died on November 23rd, in his 80th year. Sir John was Chancellor of Ontario, and was held in high esteem by his colleagues on the bench and in the legal profession generally. He was a leading member of Bloor Street Baptist Church. THE MONTHLY extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

'15.—Murdo Macleod graduated recently at Rochester Theological Seminary, and has been called to Second Baptist Church, Toledo, Ohio.

'15.—J. H. Castle Graham has been making a success of the Dominion Life Underwriters' Association. Last year he was corresponding secretary, but in that capacity had most of the responsibilities of the Secretary and the Treasurer, as well of the Editor of the Life Underwriters' News. At the annual convention at Hamilton Mr. Graham was made General Secretary, and Treasurer of the Association and Managing Editor of the Life Underwriters' News.

'16.—F. E. Foulds, our first graduate holding the degree B.Sc. (Agr.), completed his work at O.A.C. last spring with such high standing that he received a grant of $100 from the Department of Education. This grant is given in view of standings taken during the third and fourth years of the course, and is conditional on the candidate teaching in Ontario schools for two years. Mr. Foulds will not proceed to the teaching profession at once as he has enlisted for war service.

'16.—E. C. Gosnell (Theol.) holds a pastorate at Ridgetown, Ont.

'16.—P. G. Near (Theol.) is doing successful work in the ministry at Hartford and Medina.

'16.—Glen Wardell (Theol.) is pursuing further theological studies at McMaster.

'16.—E. A. Smith is situated at Ottawa, being employed as a chemist at the Central Experimental Farm.

Here and There

EDITOR : ROY HARRIS, '18.

"No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung."
—*Milton.*

ONCE more the Christmas season is with us, and we are reminded of that happy morn

"Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Our great redemption from above did bring."

That was a time of peace: the world seemed awed into silence before the coming of that Majestic Presence. But now, after nineteen centuries have run their weary course, we behold the nations engaged in a life and death struggle, and Europe deluged with blood. The present terrible struggle may soon be over; but for many a long year to come, there will remain proofs of the awfulness of war.

"The ghastly, hideous proofs,
Gathered from fortress, trench, and corpse-strewn field,
Witnessed by myriad wounds and broken hearts,
Inscribed, in time, on sorrowing shafts and tombs,
And writ at last on history's calm page."

We trust the day may soon come when the hope expressed so beautifully by John Finley may be realized,—the hope that

"When the red strife is but a memory,
On new foundations will the nations build.
And they will take for its chief corner-stone
This stone rejected by the purblind kings."

At this time of the year, the hearts and thoughts of many of our readers will be much with those who represent us at the front. As we contemplate the ruthless waste of human lives there, and view the awful havoc wrought by war, what a flood of questions rises in our minds! How they perplex our hearts! How rudely they seek to destroy our peace! Unbidden, perhaps, but yet persistent, they press themselves upon us, and clamour for an answer. Is the "Great Avenger" really overruling and controlling events? Does He still show Himself strong on behalf of His own? In her poem, "The Eyes of God," Ada Melville Shaw seeks to give us an answer to all our questionings:

The eyes of God run to and fro
In all the earth:
Far, where the latest world has come
To blazing birth;
Near, where the swaying harebell droops
Upon the hill,
The eyes of God run to and fro
At His high will.

Deep—grave—sweet: eyes of holy love,
They brood my child:
Hot flames of wrath, they cleave the night
Of orgies wild:
The eyes that summoned life to break
From womb unknown,
That guard the time-long mystery
Of death's chill throne:

The eyes of God!—oh, level gaze
That tests man's soul,
Watching in patience infinite
The ages roll:
The eyes of God!—a fallen bird
They hold worth while:
My Father's eyes!—They rest on me,
And I may smile!

The following clever specimens of the Limerick are reprinted from "The Spectator":

"Il était un gendarme à Nanteuil
Qui n'avait qu'une dent et qu'un oeil;
Mais cet oeil solitaire
Etait plein de mystère;
Cette dent, d'importance et d'orgueil."

"There was an old lady of Perth
Who was born on the day of her birth,
Who was married, they say,
On her own wedding day,
And died on her last day on earth."

"There was an old man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When asked, 'Does it hurt?'
He replied, 'No, it doesn't,
But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet.'"

"There was a young man of Boulong,
Who frightened the birds by his song;
It was not the words
Which frightened the birds,
But the terrible 'double-ontong.'"

"Said the famous Henry Ward Beecher
To a hen, 'You're a beautiful creature.'
The hen answered, 'I beg
You'll accept of an egg.'
And thus did the *hen reward* Beecher."

"Say, Reed," said Higgins, as he met his friend, "do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed Reed thoughtfully. "No, I don't."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself," said Higgins.

"That's not bad," said Reed. "I'll have to try that on my wife when I get home to-night."

Accordingly, when they were at dinner, Reed asked: "Annie, do you know why I am so much like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting Mrs. Reed would give it up. But, on the contrary, she gazed at him somewhat commiseratingly, as she replied:

"I suppose because you were born so."

—*New York Times.*

THE WINDS OF GOD.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Across the azure spaces,
    Athwart the vasts of sky,
With winnowings of mighty wings
    The winds of God go by.

Above the meres and mountains,
    With unseen sandals shod,
Above the plains, with choric strains,
    Sweep by the winds of God.

"Peace!—in His Name!" they murmur;
    "Peace!—in His Name!" they cry—
Oh, men, give ear! Do ye not hear
    The winds of God go by?

THE NATIVITY.

BY DAN C. RULE.

Balthazar said,
    "I see afar
The splendour of
    His wondrous star."

Then Gaspar sighed,
    "The end is loss;
Beyond his star
    I see a cross."

But Melchior cried,
    "God's grace comes down;
Beyond His cross
    I see a crown!"

Woodstock College

Editor: G. E. Reamon, M.A.

TERM examinations have been taking the attention of the students for the past week. Those who are interested in the Farm Matriculation Scheme are looking well after their term marks.

Our College is keeping up with the times, and has begun the new course called the "Farm Course." It is designed for farmers' sons who can get away from the farm for the two middle terms. A course in Agriculture, Manual Training, Commercial Arithmetic, Practical Physics, Bible, and English, made as practical as possible, should appeal to those who wish to be educated or keep educated along these lines.

Our Senior Rugby team met with defeat from Sarnia Collegiate Institute on the return game here. The game was splendidly fought from start to finish with our boys in the lead until near the end.

Teams are being entered in Junior O. H. A. and O. B. A., so there are several chances yet for a championship team.

Visitors to the College recently have been Mr. Stanley Tarr and Mrs. Tarr, of Winnipeg. They have been visiting the latter's parents, Vice-Principal and Mrs. N. S. McKeehnie, Sr.

Mr. Fred Manning, B.A., who has been conducting the campaign for Y.M.C.A. in Woodstock, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Reamon and addressed the Thursday evening prayer meeting of the students.

Mr. C. S. V. Hawkings, B.A., spent Sunday in Toronto renewing old acquaintances.

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SUSAN MOULTON McMASTER

The
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SUSAN MOULTON McMASTER.

SUSAN MOULTON was a daughter of New England. She was born at Westport, Connecticut, in 1819. Her environments religiously were of the Congregationalist denomination. She at an early age made a profession of her faith in Christ, and was immersed at Norwalk, Conn., and entered immediately into active Christian service. Like Andrew who "findeth his own brother . . and bringeth him to Jesus" she "findeth" her four sisters, and they too followed her into the baptismal waters, and later, her father and mother. In her school days she came under the teaching of Mary Lyon, that early advocate of higher education for women, and the pupil caught something of the mystical enthusiasm of her teacher.

The early womanhood of Susan Moulton was spent in stirring times. Those were days when telegraph and railways were just bringing the people into closer contact, and when sociological problems were pressing for solution. There was much religious unrest. Even then there was the attempt to bring "Christianity into harmony with the progressive spirit of the time." Congregationalism in New England was being largely swept into Unitarianism and professedly Christian communities into rationalism. Then was started in America the "Women's Movement," which clamored for higher education of women, for the amendement of the laws respecting the rights of women to hold property and for Women's Suffrage. There came to the front a group of capable women, who publicly espoused these reforms as well as the cause of Temperance and the cause of hu-

man liberty. The abolition agitation was at its height. The political clouds were surcharged with excitement forecasting the the storm that broke into the great Civil War. With these movements for reform Susan Moulton was an active sympathizer. Breathing such an atmosphere, is it any wonder that, with her active mind, she developed into a woman of strong character with varied and vivid interests?

Susan Moulton was in 1851 married to James Fraser, a man of high ideals and magnanimous nature. They made their home in the Saginaw Valley, Michigan. The fifteen years spent there were busy, happy and useful ones. She identified herself thoroughly with the life of that then western frontier. In religious work she was especially active. In Bay City, there was no Baptist cause when she went there. To-day the first Baptist Church in that city is standing as a testimony to her faithful work in the early days. After the death of Mr. Fraser she made her home in Newburgh-on-Hudson. In 1871 she was married to the Hon. Wm. McMaster. She came to Toronto with matured character and with years of ripe Christian experience. Her coming was opportune. She often declared that she felt that in this she had been divinely led. The pulpit of the Bond Street church (now Jarvis street), became vacant shortly after she came. Mrs. McMaster's choice for the pulpit was John Harvard Castle, of Philadelphia. This led to his being called by the church and to his entering upon the duties of the pastorate in 1873. It was a wise choice. The Christian forces of Ontario, inside and outside the denomination, soon recognized that there had come into Canadian religious life a new and added power. Under his successful leadership, the Baptists entered on a distinctively forward movement. The first step forward was in the erection of a new church building, and in 1875, the Bond street membership entered into its new home at the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard streets, one of the choicest sites in the city of Toronto. Toward that building Mr. McMaster gave $65,000 and Mrs. McMaster personally provided the beautiful organ.

At the time of her coming, the Canadian Literary Institute

at Woodstock had been eleven years in existence. The incomparable Robert Alexander Fyfe was at its head. Among its co-adjutors in that work were John Crawford, the redoubtable "Defender of the Faith," and the highly gifted James Edward Wells. These men did a great work amid many difficulties. The pressing need was money and more money for support and expansion. In the McMaster home the needs of that work were realized and fully canvassed, and soon new and larger plans for denominational education were developed. With the gracious inspiration and sympathetic co-operation of Mrs. McMaster, Senator McMaster (already generous in his contributions toward all denominational interests) was led to free the theological work from its financial difficulties. At one bound, the Baptists, (though numerically weaker than some other denominations), were, in 1881, placed in possession of the best equipped Theological Institution in the Province, of which, naturally, Dr. Castle became the President. If her judgment had been followed to the full, McMaster Hall would to-day be on Rathnally Hill, overlooking the city and the waters of Ontario. With the coming of Dr. Malcolm MacVicar, still larger plans were evolved, and Senator McMaster provided that his large fortune should be devoted to the founding of McMaster University, which a few years later opened its doors, with Dr. MacVicar as its first Chancellor.

The educational work was the joy of Mrs. McMaster's life. She had, while residing in the United States, had a special delight in furnishing aid to students who were seeking an education, and this was continued during all the years of her life in Toronto. She likewise contributed largely to the library at the University. The doors of her beautiful home stood ever open to welcome the Baptist young people. It was not a mere formal welcome—it was a warm, generous, large-hearted hospitality. She loved the gatherings at the University. In my mind's eye I see her now in the receiving line on "Founder's Night," with a face glowing with intelligence, forcefulness and culture and radiant with Christian sunshine. Some of the "old boys" will never forget her address to the theological students from the view-point of the pew and the warning against preachers using unfitting gestures and mannerisms.

In 1888 Mrs. McMaster became the Founder of the College in the City of Toronto which fittingly bears her maiden name. The ideals inspired by the character and the influence of Mary Lyon here found their outlet. She often spoke of her desire that Moulton College might be to Canadian Baptist girls the moulding influence of Christian and Missionary service that Holyoke was to the girls of Mary Lyon's day. She loved to meet with the girls for a heart-to-heart talk, and to press upon them the ideals of a Christian life and the cultivation of sweet, unselfish characters.

Susan Moulton McMaster was a staunch Baptist. She was unfalteringly loyal to the denomination of her choice from the winter day when the ice of the Saugatuck River in Connecticut was broken that she might be immersed. No social considerations, no call of fashion swerved her at home or abroad from gathering with her own people on the Lord's Day. When away from home, she would search out the location of the Baptist Church, and there she would be found at the Lord's Day service, no matter how numerically weak might be the flock or how modest or uninviting the building. She and Mr. McMaster were thoroughly in accord in this. Mr. McMaster had early in life identified himself with the old March street church, (afterwards Bond Street), a weak and struggling cause. Notwithstanding that prosperity and wealth and great prominence came to him, he never faltered in his allegiance. They had no sympathy with weak compromise of principle or practice. Their convictions were based on the rock of Scripture and not on the shifting sands of sentiment or temporary expediency. They believed that the Baptists had a message which should be perpetuated, and they had an abiding confidence in the final triumph of Baptist principles, not because they were called Baptist, but because they were Scriptural. For the furtherance of these principles these educational institutions were founded, and in their progress and prosperity Susan Moulton McMaster took the liveliest interest till on August 23rd, 1916, at the ripe age of four score and seventeen years she closed her earthly pilgrimage.

Toronto. —Chas. J. Holman.

SECONDARY SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS IN BOLIVIA.

NE of the periodic trials of the student is the vexed question of examinations. He has just begun to enjoy the pleasures of the Fall term when the spectre of mid-year examinations appears. The agony of these has only partially subsided when April ushers in another instalment. And so the process goes on through the years. Every generation of students has debated the advisability of abolishing examinations. But in one form or another they are with us still.

In Great Britain, United States, and Canada, the examinations are usually in the form of written answers to a list of questions. This, however, is by no means the universal custom. In South America generally, and in Bolivia in particular, the system of oral examinations prevails. To those who have been accustomed to concealing their ignorance in a multitude of written words, the oral system presents new possibilities, and new terrors. In actual practice here in Bolivia, the dangers are reduced to a minimum.

The board of examiners for each subject consists of three: the teacher of the subject, the head of the institution or his delegate, and a visiting examiner from the same department in another school. The questions are prepared by the teacher, and are not subject to any supervision, with this exception, that in the secondary department the examinations for the Bachelor's degree are kept in mind. The list of questions must contain more than two questions for each candidate. With a large class this means a good deal to the teacher. The candidate draws a number by lot, and must answer the question which corresponds to this number on the list. It is the privilege of any of the examiners to put any questions they may wish, but they must confine themselves to the subject under discussion.

In the first three years of the secondary department, the time allowed to each candidate is a minimum of three minutes and a maximum of five. In other years the minimum is five

minutes and the maximum eight. In practice, the maximum is often very much longer, depending a good deal on the loquacity of the examiner. In some of the cases that came under my observation this year, I had the feeling that the examiner was showing what he knew, and we had little or no opportunity of finding out what the student knew.

The results are divided into five classes: 1-6, very bad; 7-12, bad; 13-16, good; 17-20, honors; 21, excellent. Those who get less than 13 are "plucked," and if they fail in more than three subjects they must take the year over again. (It will be observed that 13 is a lucky number with the Bolivian educational authorities.) Each examiner is supposed to make his own estimate of the candidate. At the close of the examination the results ought to be totalled and divided by three. I use the language of uncertainty because the estimate of the teacher controls the final result to a very large extent, even to granting 13 where the examination itself would certainly produce less.

This is the examination system in its more or less ideal aspects. It has others that are less favorable. So much depends on the favorable impression which may be created in a few minutes that the whole system of teaching is directed toward producing that kind of impression. The teacher has his examination questions before his classes all year. No text-books are prescribed, and so the teacher dictates answers to the questions he will ask at the examination. The student knows exactly what is coming, and it is simply a question of being willing to memorize these answers.

The result of this is a superficiality that requires to be seen to be believed. It has the chief element in the system which was in vogue in China for 3,000 years, but which the Chinese discarded in 1906, namely, memory work. It has, of course, this advantage: the student is memorizing facts more or less modern. The length to which this artificiality is carried is seen in this: the Bachelor's degree in Science, and in Letters, is granted for work not much more extensive than that of the Junior Matriculation Course in Ontario, and in view of the method employed certainly not as thorough. They have more

mathematics, but this is largely the memorization of rules. They have History of Philosophy, Logic, and Ethics, but no Latin. The program in Chemistry looks formidable, but the student never performs an experiment. It is simply the memorizing of theory. The same thing is true in Physics, except that the program is not so formidable looking.

I am far from thinking that the Ontario system or curriculum is beyond criticism, but it has the elements that make for education in the best sense of the word. After all, an educational system is subject to the law of fruitage. If the system produces superficiality, no amount of special pleading can save it from condemnation. Whether there ought to be examinations or not, I leave to the pedagogues. The chief thing to be aimed at is to provide a means of adjustment to the whole environment during the years ordinarily spent at school. Any system that allows the chief emphasis to be placed on the mere reproduction of some other person's statements, no matter how true these may be, does not provide the proper means of adjustment.

—A. Haddow.

WHY?

Why care to watch the street as people pass.
And hold them in thy mirth?
Why long to throw thyself upon the grass,
And smell the smell of earth?
Why wish to catch a bluebird on the wing,
When it is in the sky?
Why choose to wear an opal in a ring,
To lure the evil eye?
Why hate to pick a single common flow'r
As if a flower felt pain?
Why walk the streaming pavements in a show'r,
Of hard and driving rain?
Why?

—Margaret Clarke Russell.

LA VEILLÉE.

(*From the French of René Bazin*).

"SISTER, you will watch to-night?"

"Yes, Major."

"If there are any hemorrhages you can telephone me."

"You are very kind, Major, but usually the night nurse is sufficient."

"I must beg your pardon for what I said the other morning when I was operating on that chasseur de Pont-à-Mouson. You did not give me the instruments quickly enough and I believe I swore."

"I believe so, Major, but it was not addressed to me."

"No, it was addressed to God, but you belong to the same family."

The Sister, in her white and black vestments, changed subtly the expression of her calm, pure face. She became grave for a moment. She was no longer the eager, obedient night nurse, nor the scion of an old Lorraine family, ever capable of a ready retort. She was uniquely the nun in her reply.

"Yes, to the inner family—a very unworthy member."

For the space of a second, with her eyes lowered and her soul in adoration, she resembled her appearance on returning from communion.

This bit of conversation took place at an open door joining the sick ward with another room, which served as a hall and office for the hospital annex. The Major entered first into the office, where a stenographer was working near a window, exposing to the light the page she was typing. He was tall and thin, with a very wrinkled bald head, with prominent veins, little sharp eyes and a happy smile. He began to untie the linen apron which was creased over his chest and legs like a criminal's. The Sister, slightly younger and somewhat paler than he, waited calmly.

"The fact is, Sister, I am anxious about that little Aubriot."

"The operation has been successful, has it not?"

"To be sure; but people often die after successful operations. He has lost much blood, has had a leg amputated and has a nasty wound in the shoulder. Well, just watch, and if anything happens, call me. We must save him!"

The doctor threw the apron rolled into a ball on a centre table.

"Pardon me, but Aubriot isn't like the rest; did I not tell you? The Lieutenant in charge of the hospital train was loud in his praise. In civil life, Aubriot was a peaceful, temperate, hard-working farm laborer, in other words, quite an unimportant person. But since he has been at the war, he has the blood of all France in his veins. There hasn't been a braver little fellow in the Lorraine forests, and that's saying a good deal. He never knew what fear was."

"You mean he never showed it."

"Possibly; they entrusted him with the most perilous missions. He was a giant with the bayonet! I am going to make you shudder, but when they had taken a German trench he was like a ferret which does not leave the warren while there is a single living rabbit left."

"The rascal!"

"And he has been wounded before, while hurling himself for the fourth time against one of these trenches. Can he be a man, Sister? We *must* try and save him."

"You could not have made a better plea, I assure you, Major. I will see you in the morning."

He turned about and quickened his pace on the wooden floor, while rolling a muffler about his neck with a great gesture. The Sister had already entered the sick ward. With a look to the right and left, she saw all the kingdom of her pity. She saw that Aubriot was still sleeping off the anaesthetic; that another one of those who had been operated on was flushed, and that his fever was rising; that the shutters of one of the windows had been left open; that someone had come in during her ab-

sence and taken away an alcohol lamp which she had placed on the corner of the mantle-piece; that finally one of the assistant nurses, Mme. Bellière, was coming to ask permission to leave. Mme. Bellière was a very devoted person, who did her best to be grave, but although she had sorrows of her own, she couldn't quite succeed; she had not a nun's eyes. She smiled and approached the Sister familiarly. The latter did not permit her to speak.

"Yes, I know, Madame, you must go a half-hour earlier this evening."

Two affectionate nods of the head and the two women separated. The Sister lit a night lamp, tucked up a bed, said a word to a wounded man and assisted his neighbor to a drink. A shadow flitted in and another woman, a widow, who passed the whole day at the hospital and often remained during the evening to watch the feverish patients, to whom she gave her special attention, delicately crossed the room. She was very erect, having in her face all the suffering of others, and carrying a fuming glass in her hands. The bells of Notre-Dame de Nancy pealed, and it was night.

The Sister went to a chair beside the fireplace, carried it to the other extremity of the room, to the head of the little avenue formed by the twelve beds, ranged in two lines. She sat down, drew up a footstool, ran her hands up into the sleeves of her dress and tried to count her beads, but could not succeed in concentrating her mind. The thought of her sick ones obsessed her. One of them often complained in a childish whine which troubled her. Then in the nearest bed, the first to the left, Aubriot remained ever motionless, lying on his back, his eyes shut, his nostrils pinched-looking, his lips violet; those round lips which used to whistle so often when he had run through the fields.

Poor fellow! He has lain there more than five hours, powerless under the influence of the poison. He has suffered too much; he has lost too much blood; he hasn't strength enough left to move even a finger. His clenched fists form a lump on either side of his body under the white coverlet. Ten o'clock strikes, half-past ten, eleven. It is raining. The street is so

silent that one can hear the deep roar of the cannon thundering in the distance, far away on the Grand Couronne, and the breathing of the wounded, even that of Aubriot.

There! He makes an effort to open his eyes. . . . He opens them . . . and they close again. The Sister, who had arisen, took her seat again. But she is contented; she knows it will not be long before he will awaken and regain consciousness. What will he say? One must know how to reply to them, pity them, encourage them, promise them rapid recovery.

"I have the habit of consoling them," thought the Sister, "and I succeed because I have sympathy. But if he asks for an injection, why, I'll just have to give it to him. . . The Major can say what he likes. . . . When one has fought like he has, one deserves to be spoiled. But if he asks for news of his home, I don't know where his home is. If he asks me to have his mother come, so many of them ask for that, or his fiancée? for everything is possible, everything."

A little time passed in this way, and the wounded one trembled again, and stretched his hands at full length. Already the Sister was bending over the bed. In the dim light of the night lamp she beheld in the look of the soldier a steadily growing intelligence, a determination, an agony. . . . "Sister!"

"What is it?"

For a moment the pain prevented the wounded man from replying. Then he made a great effort to raise himself a little.

"Sister, is the trench taken?"

The trench? No one had spoken to her about it. The Major himself must have been ignorant of what had happened to it. The Sister shuddered; turned away her good maternal face, and placing her hands on Aubriot's shoulders said: "Yes. *mon petit,* it is taken, the trench is taken!"

She added then in a lower tone, "Go to sleep again."

The soldier's head fell back on the pillow immediately, and he smiled in his slumber, enjoying the sleep which restores.

—W. S. Way, '17

THE PORTRAITS IN OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL.—II.

MALCOLM MACVICAR.*

MALCOLM MacVicar, the first Chancellor of McMaster University, was a stalwart of the old school. No one who came into intimate contact with him would ever think of him as effeminate, vacillating, or addicted to compromise. New ways, new philosophies, new friends had to run the gauntlet of his criticism.

His early experiences gave him practical touch with constructive concrete life. Here he acquired a strain of realism and a practical outlook upon life which never left him. To see him working at close quarters one was at once impressed with the accuracy of the mathematician, the depth of the philosopher and the practicality of the mechanic.

He accepted with conservative reservations the realism of Positivism and was distinctly positive in his Realism. The lines of his ancestry, interwoven with those of his practical experience, confirmed him in his realistic outlook and fortified his spirit to fight, if need be, a rearguard action down through the decades. That he was not averse to tilting in such a tournament will be testified to by those who spent the time with him in debate till the wee sma' hours of the morning.

Tenacious of his opinions, persistent in his objects, he recked little, in the heat of battle, how the wigs strewed the green. When, however, the smoke of the conflict had blown away, no change was observed in his personal relations. The skirmish had been confined to the world of ideas and impersonal projects.

His organizing power was great. Combined with strains of humanism, realism, and pragmatism, that power manifested itself in no uncertain way in the curricula of our schools. The strong general culture course of McMaster, the Manual Training Department of Woodstock, and other features of our curricula show the touch of this master hand.

*Portrait on west hall fifth from gallery.

Great also was his power of concentration. The booming of a cannon could not shake him loose from a problem. If a student complained that the noise of the residence prevented him from working, he was at once reminded that his education had not proceeded very far if he could not work amid occurrences which would be distracting to the untrained mind. Give him an interesting problem and repeated calls to dinner would not only receive no response, but would be unheard and afterwards unlamented.

He was a superb teacher. He not only coveted the touch of the artist; he possessed it. Dr. Dale said that it took ten years to get a new idea into his congregation. Dr. MacVicar tried to perform this operation in one hour. The Socratic dialectic was his trusted method. Trained in pedagogy and gifted by nature to lead the soul to new birth, he was at times impatient with University professors who, although men of information, yet lacked the power of artistic stimulation.

His faith was a simple faith. His preaching was disturbingly analytic, convincingly realistic and uncompromisingly evangelistic. Probably he was at his best in his insistence upon the awful consequence of sin and the inevitable adverse judgment which must be passed upon the unrepentant sinner, a judgment rendered still more bitter by the sinner's personal acknowledgement of its justice. His theology, like himself, was not flabby, hazy or impracticable.

Such was the first Chancellor of McMaster, every inch a man; rugged but genial, militant but chivalrous, impatient with ignorance, stupidity and ineptness, but charitable and energetic to a fault in attempting to remove such defects; constructive in his thinking, conservative in his philosophy and theology, practical in his methods, a teacher of extraordinary power, a preacher of righteousness in whose heart flamed out a hatred of sin, an organizer of superior ability, a man simple in his life and tastes, tenacious of the truth, persistent in his endeavors, and one in whose soul the iron of conviction sank deeply. No ordinary man was Malcolm MacVicar.

—A. L. McCrimmon.

MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES.*

NOTHER name is added to the list of McMaster Alumni who have shed lustre on their Alma Mater by successfully entering the field of authorship. William Sherwood Fox (B.A., 1905, M.A., 1906) has long been known to us through his stories, sketches and poems in THE MONTHLY as the wielder of a facile pen and the master of a vigorous and graceful English style. In the last few years, by a series of scholarly pamphlets, mainly on classical themes, he has been winning recognition as a man ripe in scholarship and eager and successful in research. Most of these pamphlets are reprints of addresses delivered before various learned societies.

He now appears as the author of the first volume of a series of thirteen on "The Mythology of All Races," which appears under the general editorship of Louis Herbert Gray, A.M., Ph. D., with whom as Consulting Editor is associated Professor G. F. Moore, of Harvard University.

The object of the series is to present "a comprehensive collection by competent scholars of myths from all quarters of the earth and all ages—a collection made for its own sake and with no theory to maintain or illustrate." Thus the general plan leaves each writer free to form and present his own theory. This will add immensely to the value of the whole.

To Professor Fox was assigned the "Greek and Roman" part of the work. And this portly and attractive volume of more than four hundred pages, so clear in its print, so amply, judiciously and beautifully illustrated, and so solidly valuable in its contents, is the result. Both author and publisher are to be congratulated.

Interesting prefaces by Doctors Moore and Gray and the author brings us to page xxiii; the table of contents and list of

*Vol. I. *Greek and Roman.* By William Sherwood Fox, A.M., Ph.D. Published by the Marshall Jones Company, Boston, 1916; pp. lxii and 354.

illustrations occupy the next fifteen pages; nine are given to an appendix on "Survivals of Ancient Greek Divinities and Myths in Modern Greece;" nine to notes; and about twenty to bibliography.

The main body of the book is divided into three parts. Part I. deals with "Myths of the Beginning, the Heroes, and the Afterworld"; Part II. with "The Greek Gods"; and Part III, with "The Mythology of Ancient Italy." It makes interesting reading. How one wishes he had had access to a work like this when he began his classical studies! Then we had Smith's "Classical Dictionary" and "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," and a masterly little summary in Baird's Classical Manual. For these we have felt life-long gratitude and affection. But they had serious limitations. They introduced us into a novel and interesting world but one in which apparently an unbridled imagination held sway. Relationships were left largely in confusion. The significance and seriousness of it all scarcely dawned upon us. I remember well the thrill of delight with which, later on, I read Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi* in which some real impression was received of the grandeur of the Olympic System. Here the student has an opportunity not only of reading the romantic stories of the gods but also of getting an introduction to their historical and religious importance.

It is in the twenty-page introduction that the author deals with the nature and origin of myths, the relation of myth to ethic and art, methods of interpretation and kindred topics.

Here is his definition: "A myth is a statement, or a virtual statement as implied in a symbol, an attribute, or an epithet, accepted as true by its original maker and his hearers, and referring to the eternal nature and past acts of beings greater than man, and frequently to circumstances which are to us improbable or impossible." As to origin: "All myths are the spontaneous issue of the primitive mind," at least in germ. though the details are often deliberately re-shaped to suit the purposes of patriots, priests or poets.

Of the seven methods of interpretation outlined Professor

Fox adopts the comparative which "is based on the hypothesis that peoples at the same levels of primitive development invent the same kind of stories," so that obscure points in one people's myths may be cleared up from the corresponding myths among others. Following this method he makes it his main purpose to present the myths of Greece and Rome as vehicles of religious thought, their artistic worth and influence being regarded as of secondary interest.

I congratulate warmly my old student on the successful achievement of a great task. The book is fascinatingly interesting. The style is excellent; the learning, ample and accurate; the judgment careful, balanced, modest; and through it all there are pleasant touches of humor. Dr. Fox has himself an unaffected enthusiasm for his theme which becomes contagious, and his work is well calculated to awaken a noble interest in the wonderful mythologies of Greece and Rome and a fuller appreciation of the *naïvité* and brilliancy of the people who produced them.

If the other volumes are equally satisfactory, the series will form a valuable contribution of material organized and ready alike for historians and theologians.

—J. H. Farmer.

THE APOSTROPHE OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

From Max Ehrmann's "Jesus: a Passion Play."

FAREWELL, strange youth, farewell! But two days thou wast a flaming scythe that mowed down the weeds in the Temple. Now, how still thou liest! What will they say in Galilee when thou comest not again? They will miss thy sad sweet face, thy soft voice in the evening, and thy dreaming eyes that had looked into the kingdom of God. The poor will miss thee. They have so few to care for them. Thy image will come to them in the twilight, and in the night-time they will dream they touch thy hand. A little while only will the world

remember thee. It has always been so. Thou Jesus, hadst thou known better the ways of life, it might have gone less ill with thee. But thine eyes were in the stars. Thou wast love and fire and storm and love again. God made thee to strive. A flame he set within thy breast. Thou couldst not quench it. Thou wast a harp the world smote roughly, a reed that harsh winds broke in twain. Oh, Israel had need of thee and the better world which thou didst see in dream! Grasping and disputing priests and senseless ceremonies have made her loveless. Thy heart was full of love, but thou art dead. Farewell, sweet ardent youth; the twilight hills will miss thee, and the sunlit lanes of villages will not again kiss thy sandaled feet. And I, an old man, shall miss thee. In thee I saw again my youth, and thought I heard again the far voices singing, and almost heard my early God whispering behind thy words. While in their thoughtless beds thy murderers sleep, thou also sleepest. Yet if God, remembering still thy yearning soul, with balm of peaceful rest heal up thy cloven side, and send down warmth to pierce the earth and creep into thy grave, thou wilt come forth whole and strong; for I shall hide thee in the earth from them that crave to tear and burn thy flesh. O God of Abraham, may I have died ere thou avenge this blood-dripping piece of earth! In the days of judgment, what curse wilt thou not send upon vain Jerusalem, that one day loveth a man and the next crucifieth him! Thou sleepest from thy weariness. The sun of thy brief day is set ere noon. I too am weary. I am old, my day is in the evening twilight; and hushed for me will be the far-off music of hope and the still whispers in the night, and broken the promise of the moon, when I shall sit and mourn. Farewell, gentle Galilean! I thought to serve thee better than to dig thy grave. Forgive me . . . . How still thou liest!—*The Era.*

AT EVENTIDE.

The sacrifices of the day are done; the froth
Of busy tumult sinks in sweet desire;
And night, high heaven's priestess, spreads her altar-cloth
Of spangled velvet, fringed with slumbering fire.

—Bernard Freeman Trotter, '15.

In Munsey's Magazine.

MY RIVER.

THERE IS an intense romance in the realization that a grotto, woods or stream is one's own. There is a charm in the thrill one experiences when pushing through the unbroken forest, with its wealth of fungi and flowers, or paddling an indolent stream where the wild beauty of Nature has not been disturbed by man, knowing that few if any have come that way before.

There is a river in the north country—a slowly moving, vine-tangled stream—which forms a link between two marshy lakes, where in all the beauty she exhibits in her freedom, Nature runs wild. The river is bounded at one end by a man-made bridge, but rough and rude, of logs of cedar and unpeeled hemlock, and put together so long ago that Nature has blended it by her beautifying cloak of wind and rain, lichens and algae, with the wild confusion around, so that it has become more a child of its foster parent than of man. Here the white water lilies have ventured out from their shelter by the banks until they have spread a carpet of green and white across the surface of the water, and during the hot days of summer one's approach to the bridge is indicated by the faint orange odour of the flowers. At the other end, the river moves around a marshy island which is submerged each spring by high water. On its springy floor the ferns and mosses find good rootage. The shores of the river are a tangle of fallen logs and brush festooned with creepers. So thickly do they crowd the banks that the land and water growths merge into each other imperceptibly.

For journeying on the river the most suitable conveyance is the canoe. Mine was in keeping with the surroundings. It had been cut with fine skill by a dusky workman, from a clear pine log. The thickness throughout was little more than half an inch, widening to a protective depth at bow and stern. It had a savour of the woods about it, and to link it with the romantic, had been found high on the sands of Lake Huron after a storm

had ceased. It was long and narrow and easily overturned, and my companion, a big collie dog, often gave me cause for fear as he lifted his head suddenly from the floor when the mocking call of the loon echoed from the lake, or a dragon fly darted threateningly over his head.

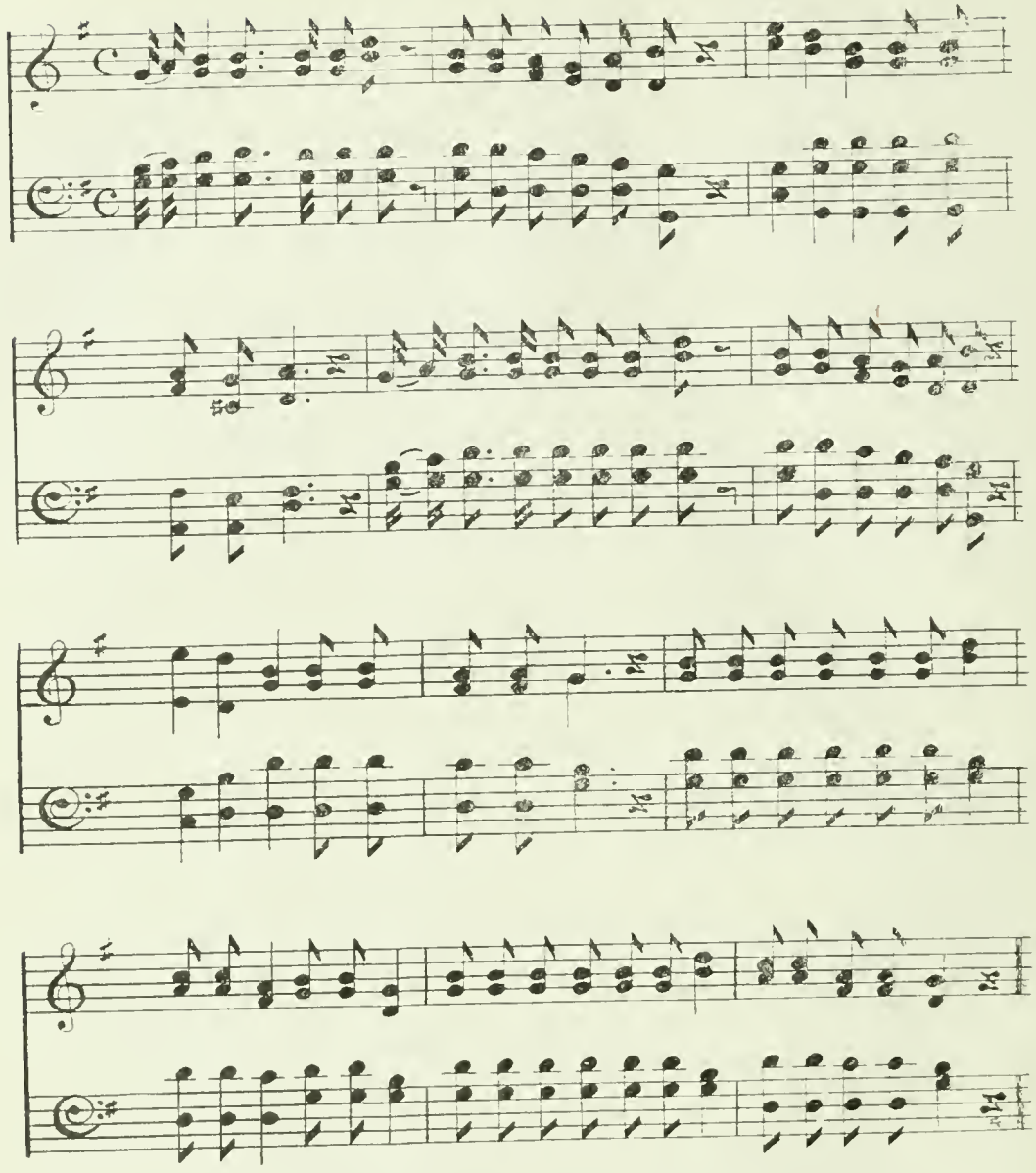
Many fairy haunted shelters are found along the river, which afford a safe retreat for the Nature lover and from which I have enjoyed many hours of interesting observation. The poetry of motion exhibited by the wild duck as it ends its flight and splashes in the stillness of the water is superb. Here the kingfisher with harsh clatter busies himself with darting to and fro. Once a muskrat swam directly towards the bow of my canoe, its beadlike eyes glistening in the light. A blue heron, disturbed from feeding, lifted itself with swinging motion over the tree tops. Early one morning a bald headed eagle paused in its flight and eyed me curiously. On the air is the odour of a hundred plants, the smell of the marsh and the lowlands.

I have visited the river during the variety of times the day affords. I have paused on the water at the hour of Nature's waking and watched the billows of grey and white lit up by the transfiguring splendour of the sun. I have journeyed dreamily throughout the hot summer afternoon until the shadows began to creep from the river's edge as the red of the sky was replaced by the darker shades of evening. I have paddled down the pathway of the moon shining in soft beauty, reflecting the glory of the far-distant sun. I have viewed the stars as they lent contrast to the soundless depths of night and the fire flies trailed their lanterns through the flags. But on all my journeys to the river, never once, not once did I meet another soul, and because of this unique experience, I have chosen to call that northern stream—My River.

—Arthur Herbert Richardson, '15.

THY PRAISES, McMASTER.

Arranged by P. G. Buck, '16.



Thy praises, McMaster, we sing with joyful hearts.
Thy sons revere thy honored name.
And when we end life's journey,
And all our friendships part,
May all our deeds increase thy fame.

Boom fitz, boom on McMastar.
Boom on Mac, boom on Star,
Boom fitz, boom on McMastar,
Boom on McMastar.

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VOL. XXVI. JANUARY, 1917 NO. 4

Editorial Notes

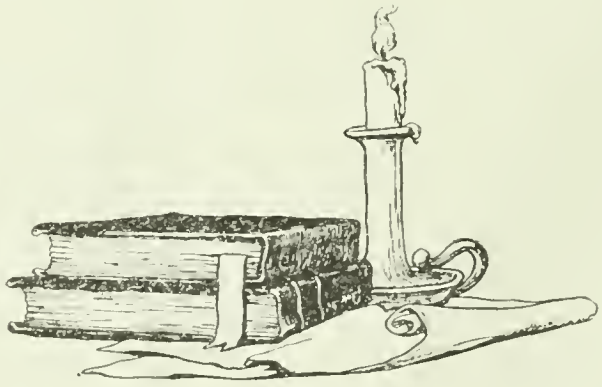
The other day we were rudely awakened from our after-dinner siesta by the vociferous attempts of a couple of young Carusos in the adjoining apartments. We confess we liked it! It reminded us of a similar sound which floated down from the windows of a neighboring college—a number of voices joined in the rollicking tune Ka-foozle-um or some other Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ah. Not long ago we talked to a Woodstock old boy. He said among other things that in those early days it was customary for nearly every fellow to have an instrument of some kind on which he could blow, strum or fiddle. During recent years at McMaster, among the resident students at least, musical ability has been at low ebb. To-day, an instrument in the halls in the evening causes as much commotion as if a hurdy-gurdy, baby-in-front

and all were elevated to the top flat. Why do we not have recognized time for singing? Nothing will help a fellow forget himself like the tonic found in a good song. Perhaps a meeting or two of the Literary Society could be devoted to this purpose. Or, why not gather in the sitting room more or less regularly, and enjoy the songs which have been used by generations of students. Further, why not have a few songs of our own? Other universities have. We believe that if singing were more popular, if occasional periods for "whooping it up" were recognized, that soon a number of songs would become so much our own that it would justify the commencing of a collection which in time would develop into what some of us have dared to dream—A McMaster College Song Book.

Frequently we have been asked by incoming students where the music of the McMaster song can be secured. We have been unable to tell them. Owing to the kindness of our chapel pianist, Mr. P. G. Buck, B.A., we are able to publish this month, his arrangement of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

We quote the following from one of our exchanges:—"Are the McMaster students ashamed to wear their gowns. Or is it from motives of economy that they are thinking of using gowns as they do B.A. hoods every year at closing time?"

New Year Resolutions: Number One—I will pay my subscription to THE MONTHLY.



On Military Service.

The fight goes on, though slower than men thought
But still it goes; and Britain makes her way,
With her great-hearted Allies, unsullied, unbought,
Toward that true dawn which ushers freedom's day.
—*Wilfred Campbell.*

MR. ALLEN, '03, has been in war service nearly two years, though word of his enlistment has just reached us. He went to the front as a member of a trench mortar squad. This work is very strenuous, and under the strain he suffered a nervous breakdown, from which he has been slowly recovering. At last word he was still in France and was so far recovered that he hoped shortly to go back into service of some sort, though he expected it would be of a non-combatant variety.

Lieut. George H. Ellis, '13, is in training at Shornecliffe. He is in the artillery.

D. C. Macintosh, '03, who spent the summer as Chaplain at one of the Canadian Command Depots in England, was in Toronto one day recently and entertained his friends with reminiscences of his experiences while overseas, especially those of his two weeks' trip to France, when he visited the Somme front. He is now back at his work at Yale.

Pte. Frank G. McCoy, who was recently wounded, is now in the Grey Nuns Military Hospital, Montreal. He anticipates getting his discharge from the army before long, and is hoping to resume his work in the University next Autumn.

Dr. H. B. Moyle, '06, was home on short leave recently. He has been in medical service in Mesopotamia, and on his return he expects to be located either in Mesopotamia or in Egypt.

Ralph Freeman, '14, is reported recently as having been "globe-trotting along the western front taking reinforcements to the battle line." He is now with his battery, his address being Second Lieut. R. E. Freeman, C Battery, 180th Brigade, R. F.A., B.E.F. He enjoys his strenuous training and passed all his examinations and tests with high standing. He writes that he is "jolly glad" to be in action.

A number of letters have been received from McMaster men overseas, expressing appreciation and thanks for the Chrismas

GUNNER J. HARRIS FAIRCHILD.

KILLED IN ACTION NOVEMBER 2ND, 1916.

J. H. Fairchild (better known as "Happy") was born in Winnipeg in 1893. After attending the Model School in that city, he came east to finish his education. He graduated from Woodstock College in 1910 and entered McMaster the same year, but left school in 1912 to enter business. In July, 1915, he enlisted with the 26th Battery, C.F.A., and crossed to France in January, 1916. To the relatives and friends THE MONTHLY extends sympathy.

boxes sent by the students and faculty of the University. Here are a few typical sentences: "Will you kindly express to those who organized the effort, my sincerest thanks for the kind thought." "You have no idea how nice it is to be remembered by those at home, especially at this time of the year." "The cake was exceedingly good and speaks well for the young lady who made it. The socks have been submitted to a severe test and were not found wanting. The remainder of the contents has carried its message of good cheer to the grateful recipient and is now decidedly wanting. On Christmas morning, while in a dug-out in reserve trenches, I received the parcel which you so kindly sent. I appreciated the good things contained therein, but even more the thought which prompted same."

From G. M. Philpott, '15, France.

I would like to refer to the death of one of our number, Gunner J. "Happy" Fairchild, '14, whose death occured on the night of November 2nd, during some heavy fighting on the Somme front. Very few of you, except the faculty, will remember old "Happy," but those who do will recollect his carefree nature—wild escapades and wonderful athletic ability. He played many times on McMaster Athletic teams. He never won any scholarships while at McMaster, but to-day the old school has no son or daughter of which she can be more justly proud than "Happy."

It was my privilege to form a close companionship with him in the last few years. We enlisted together, slept together, wore each other's clothes, went on pass together, and I always found he lived as he died; a true man, a source of continual good cheer and a game sport. He was my best friend, and I, with all of the 26th Battery, will miss him as no other. From the first he made friends with everybody. He was one of those gifted natures that can see something to laugh at at any time. In the greatest adversity he could always "spring" some popular song, joke or witticism that would help to bring the silver lining through the opaque clouds of army blues. "Happy" did more for the morale of the 26th Battery than any officer or man in it. This is not gush I'm writing you, any man in the battery would tell you the same.

It was my privilege and sorrow to be with "Happy" when the shell hit him and shattered one leg and both arms. He never had a chance to live, but for over four hours, as we carried him to the nearest dressing station, he never lost consciousness and never whimpered. All the way he talked to me, and

just after we arrived at the station, after one of the worst journeys—through shell holes, darkness, shells, trenches, and cold—that I have ever had, his noble spirit passed away. It was hard, hard to see him go. He never even said good-ble. In the past year I have become accustomed to see dead and dying men. You walk on them, you pass scores of unburied ones at times, you even get so hardened you can search them for their identification with little thought, but when you see the life go out of your best friend, then you know war is hell. But we have to expect such things, the majority of us must pay the price of man's lust for power, and society's inhibition to liberty and honor.

Along the long Bapaume Road, with all its warlike traffic, where not a tree or blade of grass remains, where the thunder of thousands of guns never ceases, while the battle scarred troops pass along their weary way and where the ruins of the battle-wrecked Pozieres shadow the only peaceful spot in all that great chaos, a solitary sunbeam glances through the rain-laden clouds and powder smoke and lights up the little cemetery where a few of the nation's heroes rest. All is quiet and peaceful in that spot in spite of the turmoil that goes on around. At the end of the row stand two simple but neat white crosses where Gunner Fairehild, No. 89757, and Sergeant Harry Hayes (Trinity) are both buried. "Killed in Action" is all they say, but what higher tribute can we give. He is gone but not forgotten. "Happy" should remain on McMaster's roll of honor as long as McMaster herself remains. God grant if I am called I can go as "Happy" went, game to the end and grit to the core.

From W. L. Hicks, '18, Shornecliffe.

It will interest you to know that Frank McCoy, '18, is in the hospital in London, invalided home from France. . . . Then, you will remember Guiou, also of '18,of debating fame, and will be interested to know that he is now a Lieutenant.. having received a commission in France. He visited here for four or five hours. Gerald is just as modest as ever. . . Sparks is here. I met him last night at a mission hall in Folkestone. He has been invalided home to England, but I faney his condition is not serious. Orsborne also crossed my path for a few minutes, but owing to circumstances I was not privileged to talk long with him. Our friend Field is on the field of battle—somewhere in France. I expect he knows all the restaurants in that delightful country and I'm satisfied that the first French phrase he learned was that which means "a pot of tea."

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. McDONALD, '19.

"But resolutions will not execute themselves."
—*Ben Jonson.*

HOW forcibly impressive this old proverb has been made to us at the New Year's season! How very short-lived were the great majority of our last year's resolutions! And what better can we expect of the list we have drawn up for this year! No wonder most of the current New Year's editorials dwell chiefly upon the apparent foolishness and hopelessness of trying to make good our New Year's resolutions. And yet resolutions are neither foolish nor hopeless,—it is we who are foolish in leaving our new resolutions to execute themselves—resulting in a hopeless case indeed.

And now as we have the task of putting our resolutions into execution, a most fitting little volume to read is Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." We quote from the opening chapter as follows:

"Which of us lives on twenty-four hours a day? And when I say 'lives' I do not mean 'exists' nor 'muddles through.' Which of us is free from that uneasy feeling that the 'great spending departments' of his daily life are not managed as they ought to be? Which of us has not been saying to himself all his life, 'I shall alter that when I have a little more time!' We never shall have any more time. We have and always had all the time there is.—Its right use, its most effective use, is a matter of the highest urgency and of the most thrilling actuality."

We believe that the great cause of this season of distress when exams draw near is the thriftless way in which many of us use our twenty-four hours a day during the term. It should be our foremost New Year's resolution to put more system and efficiency into the expenditure of our daily budget of time. This will be but one step nearer to that Utopian era when college students always have their work up to date, examinations are a pleasure, and "stars" unknown.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE—No. 4.

President of the Athletic Association—That clean and wholesome sport has been so well sustained at McMaster, in spite of all our disadvantages for athletics, is in no small measure due to the able and energetic men who have held the presidency of the Athletic Association. Mr. George W. Robb, who now holds this office, is not only himself an athlete of the first order, but he has also the organizing and executive ability so necessary for the position.

Before coming to McMaster, Mr. Robb had made his record in both football and hockey, having played Junior and Intermediate O. H. A. for Markham. Entering McMaster as a sophomore, he has in the last three years won his field day laurels, played on all our first teams, and been one of the leading spirits in the realm of athletics. As President he has our confidence and unanimous support.

Year '17 Skating Party.—The seniors were determined to take advantage of early ice and the last days of leap year, and so they gathered at Varsity Rink on Monday evening, December 18th. Conditions were favorable for the best of times, and Year '17 knows how to have it. They skated singly, doubly, and gregariously for full fifteen bands. Then they adjourned to Miss Grimshaw's home, where Mrs. Grimshaw and the social committee received them in the very heartiest way. Refreshments were next in order, served under the holly and the mistletoe. Finally the party broke up with the McMaster and the year yells.

Year '19 Leap Year Party.—The last days of old 1916 were slipping fast away when the sophettes decided to take advantage of their opportunity to have one more leap year party. Accordingly the evening of December 19th found them skating around Varsity Rink, the sophs at their sides and conversing about goodness only knows what. After twelve bands the party wandered down through the park to Sage's Tea Rooms where refreshments were served and speeches called for. And last but not least came the walk home and the lingering farewells.

Amateur Lit.—Mr. Henry Packham, the spiritual advisor of the Nip and Tuck, with his inimitable interpretation of Spokshavian drama, took the cake at the Amateur Lit. of December 15th. His finished excellence, the marvellous economy of

"I AM HAMLET"

his bowing and the sweetness of his tone were splendidly revealed in his presentations of Romeo, Hamlet and Julius Caesar. The second prize was won by Miss Edna Haviland, '18, who gave as a recitation Sir Gilbert Parker's "Qu'-appelle." The Zingbang Orchestra provided the music of the evening and their mature musicianship and rare finish of technical details were combined into a convincing presentation of the various classical masterpieces. This new departure in our Friday evening program proved to be a decided success, and it is our hope that "Amateur Lit." may become one of our annual events.

Interyear Debate.—The second debate in the interyear series was held on the evening of December 8th, between Third and Fourth years. The subject was, "Resolved that the proposed basis of union between the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches should be consummated." A. D. Campbell and A. E. Massé, of year '17, supported this resolution, and their opponents were P. Ferguson and J. R. Harris, of year '18. The timeliness of the subject and the excellent way in which the speakers dealt with it, made the debate very interesting indeed. Dr. Bates gave the report of the judges, awarding the decision to the negative. A piano solo by Miss Latimer, '18, and a vocal solo by Miss Clarke, '19, were greatly appreciated. The meeting was closed with "Thy Praises, McMaster."

"O JULIET!"

Opening Chapel.— The first chapel service of the New Year was conducted by Rev. A. N. Marshall, who has now become one of our familiar friends around the hall. His timely words on encouragement were much appreciated.

Women's Department

EDITOR : MISS E. WILKINS, '17.

"Even so to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by Fancy's glow
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the paths we do not know."

—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

LIKE the commencement of a new term," said a student onee, "because one's fellow students have not yet forgotten how to smile." There is a joyful exchange of smiles taking place in the Ladies' Room now that mental gymnastics are no longer demanded by that inexorable and ancient custom peculiar to this College. Each woman student is expecting that this term will be a memorable one, and while each is musing on "the untrod ways," the imagination begins to anticipate "ways to be skated."

Varsity stadium rink—overhead, a dark blue star-piereed vastness — before. gleaming whiteness — music—erowds—the changeful cadenee of eager voiees—and the everlasting problem: "What Shall I Talk About?" Conversation, you and I have read, is an art, a lost art. You and I do not converse. We chatter. Maybe! And who is to blame? I know a girl from a backwoods town who ean talk on more subjects than most women think about. She talks about bridge building, pink eats and canoeing with such a delightful versatility that the nonsense is as acceptable as the more serious thought. She is a word artist, and yet she is not what casual judgment would term clever. But years ago she set herself purposefully to her task, observing, listening, and reading zealously with the aim of making herself interesting. And she has succeeded! Perhaps you say that does not solve your problem of what you shall talk about. You haven't time to pore over magazine articles and the eneyelopedia, nor to spend time watching the fairies dance on the hemlock boughs in order to discover topics of conversation. There was a suggestion offered on this very subject some years ago in a Toronto paper, which might be more to the point. The sum and total of the article was that if a girl wished to be considered interesting, charming and intelligent, especially when conversing with men, she must limit her vocabulary to three sentences. The first:

"Do you think so?" The second: "I think so too"; and the third: "How *perfectly* lovely!" If one gives the proper stress and intonation to each word her success as a conversationalist is absolutely assured.

Y. W.—There is no lack of activities among the women students. The Y. W., among other organizations, claims a good share of their time. It holds regular, general meetings every other Friday, and in addition last term there were weekly Bible study groups meeting, and weekly prayer meetings for the girls of each year. Mission study classes are to replace the Bible study groups this term, but the prayer meetings are to be continued each week as during last term.

Hockey.—The Women's Athletic Association is meeting the hockey question with more enthusiasm than ever this year. Not only are they going to play hockey, but each year is organizing a team. It is expected that the Athletic Association will at least grant the girls two hours a week, probably on Thursday and Saturday.

The question has been heard in the Ladies' Room: "Is Biology an art or a science?"

W. L. S., Dec. 8, 1916.—A successful programme was given to-day by the girls of year '18. The first item was a play entitled, "Aunt Maggie's Will," in which Margaret Eaton made an effective heroine. Jean Mimms took the part of the humorously prim Mrs. Sims, whose eyes could detect the slightest flaw in housekeeping; and Muriel Brothers, as the Irish maid, kept the audience convulsed with her absurd incompetency. At the conclusion of the play the current events were skilfully introduced by Grace Taylor. She was mixing a cake for one of the Mac boys at the front and of course all of the girls wanted to put some "currents" in, which they were sure he would like. After the cake had been well stuffed with events, Margaret Eaton and Jean Mimms contributed a vocal duet. The last item consisted of five tableaux, which capably presented women famous both in history and romance.

"THE WOMAN—BLESS HER"

"The Woman—Bless Her" appeared in the fall of 1916, and was written by one of Toronto's foremost literary critics, Miss Marjory MacMurchy. The book is a businesslike and capable sizing up of "The Economic and Social Contribution of Can-

adian Women,'' and a consideration of war work and reconstruction.'' Although ''it is not as amiable a book as it sounds,'' it comes as an inspiration to the women of Canada at a time when their womanhood is being very severely tested. At such a time, when the women are sharing as never before the burdens and responsibilities of a nation's welfare, comes this book. It analyzes the different types of Canadian women and is a beacon light which tends to point them to a fuller realization of their work in the war and their responsibility in the reconstruction period. The topics dealt with are, the Business Woman, the College Woman, Women's Organizations, the Country Woman, the Woman at Home, and Women and the War.

Every woman, reading the book, can put herself into one of these classes and ''hold up the mirror of criticism and look for the good points, and where the angles and bumps appear apply the remedies prescribed.''

We women of McMaster may well be interested in the chapter on College Women, which gives statistics of the Universities of Canada and the women in attendance. It faces the conditions of university life as it is to-day, and contends with the problem of the lack of unity between college graduates and undergraduates, and that the College graduate who is subject to much criticism, often feels a lack in herself and cannot overcome it. The college graduate is, or should be, a power in the community and home and a most desirable type of woman. In order to become this type of woman the college girl should solve the problem of what can be done for her improvement. One plan is the establishment of a woman's college with men professors. The other plan is to provide in the college a woman of authority who would serve as advisor and an inspiration to the woman student. This women's dean must be a high type of college woman, an example in ''grace and dignity and fine conduct. She must be a woman of direct methods, a scholar and a believer in scholarship. She should believe in comradeship between men and women, and should recognize that women are a responsible part of the social fabric.'' The woman dean would form the much needed bond between undergraduates and graduates. The proposal seems very attractive. Without doubt a dean of women would eliminate much of the hit-and-miss quality which characterizes the lives of so many of our undergraduate women.

We must remember that, while we are now college women, we are only such for a short time, and that on leaving college we must take our place in society as representing some phase of its life. Some of us will be executive women, and for us there

is much to be found in the chapter on "Women's Organizations". Some will be business women, some country women, for whom there is unlimited resouree and opportunity. Some, and perhaps the most of us, will be "women at home," the most important of all the phases. Are we able, by virtue of a college education, to take our places in society as representing the best of our type? If not, then we should have the kind of a college education which will fit us for our place in society and make us the more efficient and progressive women.

We must not forget that we are now essentially "women of the war," and we can well look to the chapter on Women and the War, for guidance in our work.

The last sentence of the last chapter is full of significance for us. "To be trained to have skill, to address ourselves to the new problems of life, to recognize the economics of home-making, to make the care of children a highly efficient occupation, to bring higher standards of economy and beauty to our average lives, and to further comradeship between men and women in work and recreation, are the national opportunities of Canadian women."

All McMaster women ought to profit by the advice of the book, learn to solve their own particular problem, to fit themselves to be worthy of the respect of all and equal to any, that the whole world may truly call them "Blessed."

—Margaret Eaton '18.

Athletics

Editor : John F. Twiss, '17.

IN large universities one of the chief considerations for the development of teams in all forms of sport is the "coach." Although McMaster has never had a coach for the various athletics of the institution, the pros and cons of the subject have sometimes been discussed by the students. The following information regarding the expenses connected with coaches of larger universities may prove interesting to some.

In the autumn of 1915 Yale's expenses for coaching in football amounted to more than $12,000. Princeton gives her coaches in all forms of sport 40 per cent. of the total receipts, which are

about $50,000. A Yale committee appointed to have charge of Yale's athletics for the present year and also to propose a new Athletic Constitution, states that "ultimately" the suggestion must be seriously considered, that in time all payment of salaries to coaches for Yale athletics should cease, and that unless Yale can, from her own resources, graduate and undergraduate, develop teams without such artificial stimulant, so that she can reasonably compete with her rivals, it would be best to eliminate intercollegiate athletics altogether until the dawn of an era of reasonableness in such things."

Seniors 1, Theology 1—The final clash for championship honors in soccer took place at Willowvale Park between Theology and the Seniors on December 12th. Both teams were enthusiastic, and the play was fairly fast throughout. The first goal was made in quick order by "Rich." for Theology after only about five minutes of play, somewhat to the surprise of the Seniors. However, the latter were not discouraged by this. Apparently the short interval for half time gave them renewed vigor, for the score was tied by Robertson shortly after. During the remainder of the second half neither side scored, though there were "some close ones." The teams: Theology—Richardson, Linton, Cole, Riley, Parker Metcalfe, Reeds, Smithson, Veals, Ziemann, Miller. Seniors—H. Wilson, H. H. Wilson, Way, Robertson, Robb, Massé, Fawthrop, Lepofsky, Baker, Demaray, Twiss.

Theology having defaulted, the Seniors became soccer champions.

Now that winter has arrived it brings two other sports dear to the heart of nearly every student; skating and hockey. "Skating," according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, "is a mode of progression on ice with the aid of appliances called skates attached to the shoe by straps, clamps or screws." No doubt with shoes, skates, clamps, screws and straps, many a mile will be travelled at Varsity rink this season. However, no urging is necessary. The problem is how to keep away.

During the past few years considerable interest has been aroused by the formation of a "scrub" hockey league. The purpose of this is to give an opportunity to the men in the college who are unable to secure a position on either of the senior teams, but who are anxious to enjoy the fun of a game of hockey once in a while. In these games the senior and year captains are able to see the men at work and make selections for their teams. Already the necessary arrangements for the league have been made, and augur well for another successful year.

Our Graduates

THE Editor of this column was interested in reading recently an account of the Class Secretary System operated at Yale University, as described by the Alumni Registrar in a paper presented to the Association of Alumni Secretaries. A few sentences may be passed on to our readers.

"I do not know what Yale class first devised the position of Class Secretary, but whenever the start was made the organization had come to such a state of perfection that the class of 1792 compiled and distributed a biographical record of its members, the editor of which was described as secretary of the class. From 1792 to 1915, a period of 123 years, practically every Yale class has organized with the secretary as executive officer and editor of a series of records.

"Secretaries are generally responsible for the whole organized life of a Yale class. There is, for instance, no such office as class president, and the secretary, elected in the senior year, and re-elected or succeeded in election, from time to time, during the life of the members, is the only general officer elected.

"The Secretary keeps annotated address lists, occupation lists, marriage lists, and family lists of the class. In younger classes he acts as a bureau of occupations and recommendations for classmates desiring new positions.

"A Yale class, like those at many American colleges and universities, publishes a Senior Book, a volume containing portraits and brief sketches of the members at graduation. This, however, is just the beginning of a series of records of any class. Most classes now issue more or less extensive biographical records of their members at five-year intervals so long as the last survivor lives. The complete records of a class usually number from five to a dozen volumes."

While there is no suggestion that a young and modest institution like McMaster should try to imitate the doings of a hoary veteran like Yale, it is worth while to know the customs of such institutions.

It is probably true of all institutions that the class is the original and the best unit for the construction of an alumni solidarity, and it would be interesting to know how far the classes of McMaster are vitally organized. Some are organized and doing good work; for instance, 1915 is issuing a news letter to be sent to the members twice a year, and is planning a reunion

in 1925. The Editor would be glad to hear from other classes, and so make this column a channel for class news as well as for personal items.

'88.—Rev. David Reddick, who graduated from the English course in '88 and the B. Th. course in '92, died at his home in Toronto on January 2nd. Mr. Reddick held pastorates at Markham, Uxbridge, Victoria, Port Hope and Kenora. While in the last mentioned pastorate he had a nervous breakdown, which resulted in his becoming an invalid. He suffered a great deal in the last few years. He leaves a widow and two daughters living in Toronto, and one daughter married. THE MONTHLY extends sympathy to the family.

'94.—Word has been received that Rev. C. N. Mitchell, of Oruro, Bolivia, has been seriously ill and has had to go to the English hospital at Antafagasta, Chili, to consult with the doctors there. Mr. Mitchell's illness has been brought on partly through the effects of high altitude. It is hoped that more favorable reports will be received soon.

'94.—Rev. H. E. Stillwell, who has been home from India since 1912, was expecting to return there in the near future, but the best medical advice is against this course, and he has, therefore, been compelled to sever his connection with the Board as a missionary. Mr. Stillwell continues as General Treasurer, and by a recent arrangement he is now Treasurer of the nine denominational boards included in the Budget Scheme.

'94.—In the Life Underwriters' News, which is edited by J. H. C. Graham, '15, we notice that B. W. N. Grigg, '94, of the Mutual Life of Canada, has just published a leaflet "What Does Your Life Line Show?" which is said to be something out of the ordinary in advertising material.

'99.—Mr. D. B. Harkness is now Secretary of the Social Service Council of Manitoba and editor of "The Statesman," the monthly organ of that Council. A recent number of The Statesman gives a very full report of the Manitoba Social Welfare Congress, which was held in Winnipeg six weeks ago. This was one of the chain of Social Service Congresses which are being held across the Dominion this winter.

'00.—Rev. J. M. Cornwall after a painful illness which lasted for a number of years, passed away at his home in Ingersoll on January 2nd. He was pastor of Victoria Avenue Church, Hamilton, when he had a nervous breakdown, which later developed into locomotor ataxia, which rendered him quite helpless. He leaves a wife and a son, Dillon, of about eleven years of age. To these THE MONTHLY extends sympathy.

'04.—Rev. T. S. Johnson, who received the degree of D. D. in 1904, died last month at Richmond Hill, N.J., where he was spending the winter. Dr. Johnson held pastorates at Petrolia, Sarnia, London and Brantford, but was living in retirement at Aylmer, Ont., during recent years.

'08.—Rev. J. M. Telford has moved from Weyburn, Sask., to Yorkton, in the same province, where he becomes pastor of the Baptist Church.

'09.—Rev. Awdrey L. Brown, who has been the successful director of Memorial Institute for a number of years, has resigned and is now pastor of Roncesvalles Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto. He should be addressed at 59 Indian Road Crescent.

'09.—A. H. Hutchison, head of the Department of Biology in the University of British Columbia, was married on December 27th in Beckwith, Ont., to Miss H. Maye Doherty, Carleton Place. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Doherty, of Fonthill, were the only McMaster graduates present at the wedding.

'10.—Rev. J. B. McKendry was married at Chicago on November 23rd, to Miss Helen Lorene Amy. They are now at home at Mendota, Ill., where Mr. McKendry is pastor of the Baptist Church. Mrs. McKendry holds the Master's degree from the University of Chicago, having received it in 1915.

'10.—Dr. J. Loudon, formerly President of the University of Toronto, who accepted an honorary degree from McMaster, passed away on December 29th at his home in Toronto. Dr. Loudon was a distinguished educationist and scholar of note, and his contribution to the life of the Provincial University was a vital and valuable one.

'10.—Rev. T. E. Richards, who has been pastor for several years of Riverdale Baptist Church, Brantford, has accepted a call to Fonthill.

'11, '13, '16.—H. B. Kilgour, '13, in addition to holding the pastorate of the Christian Church in Wychwood, is attending the Faculty of Education. He recently distinguished himself by his admirable impersonation of the old toy maker Caleb in a presentation of "The Cricket on the Hearth," as given recently by the Dramatic Club of the Faculty of Education. His work elicited special mention in the newspaper account of the performance. Mr. F. J. Halbus, '11, took a prominent part in the musical program, while Mrs. Halbus has received high praise as dramatic director. The business manager of the Dramatic Club is V. S. Stevens, '16, and he reports that after paying all expenses there will be a surplus of $75 to be devoted to patriotic purposes.

'12.—Miss Freda Wells until reeently was teaching in MacLeod, Alta. She is now on the staff of the Mount Royal College at Calgary.

'13.—W. M. Turnbull, Principal of Wilson Academy, Nyack, N.Y., was married at Dayton, Ohio. on Deeember 28th to Miss Cora Mae Rudy. They will be at home after January 20th at Linden Cottage, Nyack-on-Hudson, N.Y.

'13.—G. W. Mills, Theol. has removed from Bliss, N.Y., to Gasport, N.Y., where he has been loeated since the middle of of Oetober.

'14.—Miss Mary Fowler is now loeated at MacLeod, Alta., where she is teaching High School work.

'15.—A. A. Burridge was married last month to Miss Mabel R. Senior. daughter of W. C. Senior, Toronto, and sister of Mrs. G. S. Johnson, '05. They will live in Ottawa where Mr. Burridge is drill instructer in the Collegiate Institute.

'15, '16.—G. E. Grattan, '15, and J. A. Gunton, '16, have been appointed chemists in the Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa. There were four vacancies advertised, and these two McMaster men applied, both being successful in the examinations.

'16.—Word comes from John S. Hall, reporting his arrival at Lagos on his way to his mission field in Northern Nigeria. The steamer journey was to be succeeded by a week's railway travelling, and then by two weeks of tramping into the interior —"boring in," to use the natives' eloquent expression as it is translated by Dan Crawford. Mr. Hall expeeted to be settled on his field by Christmas.

'16.—H. W. Stock is now business manager for Evangelical Publishers at 860 College St., Toronto.

A reeent issue of the Toronto Globe eontains a lengthy write-up of Ex-Chaneellor MeKay, now Principal of the Toronto Technical Schools, under the appropriate heading, "A Busy Man and His Job." All MeMaster graduates will agree with the following statements which are there published: "He is one of the kindest of men and has always taken a personal interest in pupils who come under his care. There was searcely a student of McMaster during his twenty years at that institution with whom he was not personally aequainted, and about whom he could have written a biography."

Here and There

EDITOR : ROY HARRIS. '18.

"War is honourable
In those who do their native rights maintain:
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak."
—*Joanna Baillie.*

MANY expressions of disappointment have come from literary circles because so few really great poems have been produced as a result of the present conflict in Europe. Literary critics assert that this, the greatest war the world has ever known, has not yet found adequate literary expression in any of the great nations involved. We shall not attempt here to either justify or refute the above assertion. But if it be true, a partial explanation lies, no doubt, in the fact that literature centres about great personalities, and seeks the highly dramatic. But the great impersonal war-machines of to-day seem to completely eclipse the individual by their very immensity. Then, too, it is not always the biggest battles which inspire the greatest poetry. The Song of Roland became an epic in five languages; yet it was only a small skirmish in an unknown defile of the Pyrenees.

It must be admitted that some of England's great poets in their endeavor to write poetry at the outbreak of the struggle published verses much inferior to their former work. For instance, the following lines by Wm. Watson sound like a puerile play upon words when compared with his better productions:

As rose the murky sun,
  Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
  Welcomed a foe at hand,
And thundering its delight,
Opened its mouth outright,
And bit them in the bight,
  The Bight of Helgoland.

Some look upon the "Hassgesang," by Ernest Lissauer, as the greatest poem the war has produced. By a strange anomaly, it gives expression to none of the nobler traits of human nature, but rather reveals the deep-rooted hatred, that violent malignity which made this conflict inevitable. Among the British, however,

it seems to have called forth more amusement and admiration than resentment. We read of a trench concert "Somewhere in France," where the Sergeant in charge of the program announced —"Our friends, Fritz and 'Ans, who are now staying with us, will now favor us with their halways popular 'Ymn of 'Ate."

Although our readers may already be familiar with the poem, we quote a few lines in order to contrast it with "The Day":

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all;
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass, held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To The Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe, and one alone—
England!

The following beautiful poem by C. A. Richmond, in The Independent, was undoubtedly suggested by the above lines. Yet it stands out in marked contrast to them, like a ray of light and hope against a dark and stormy background.

THE DAY.

Twelve mailèd men sat drinking late.
The wine was red as blood.
Cried one, "How long then must we wait
Ere we shall thunder at the gate
And crush the cursèd brood?"
Twelve men of iron, drinking late,
Strike hands, and pledge a cup of hate;
"The Day!"

Twelve men met at the day's decline—
Eleven and One beside.
Their every thought, a thought benign,
Yet One—the One we call divine—
Next day was crucified.
Twelve men of God raised up the sign
And pledged in consecrated wine:
"The Day!"

Now nineteen hundred years have passed.
The day—whose shall it be at last,
Oh Christ!

The following poem was published in a leading American magazine in their last issue of 1916. Therefore we make no apology for reprinting it after leap year is past. The poem strikes us as so strangely familiar that we are tempted to ask if it is stolen property. The editor who published it wrote: "We shall be glad to publish the names of the literary detectives who are most successful in discovering the original owners of these purloined lines."

A LEAP YEAR TRAGEDY.

By Sophie G. Keenan.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
A lady stepped with golden hair,
This was the maiden all forlorn,
(A pagan nurtured in a creed outworn),
But the fool, he called her his Lady Fair.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy,
He turned and kissed her where she stood,
"Now, farewell grief, and welcome joy!
Come to my arms my beamish boy!—
Altho thy breath be rude!"

"If I am not worth the wooing."—
(With an oath, King Olaf spoke)—
"And could December's winds ensuin',
Let us then be up and doing!"
The deaf ear instantly awoke.

"Nobody axed you, sir," she said;
"They swore that you were well nigh dead for me!"
Merrily rang the bells, and they were wed,
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
What shall the harvest be?

When, in the course of human events,
He sees his brood about thy knee,—
(Nine little goblins that had no sense,
By merit raised to that bad eminence)—
Where five-score fighting men wad flee.

Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,—
O, listen, listen, ladies gay!—
Alone, alone, all, all alone,
He stole a pig and away he run,
That Day of Wrath, that Dreadful Day!

Now that year '18 is safely through the examination on Hamlet, we venture to insert the following from *The University Monthly*:

To rise or not to rise; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer
The pangs and gnawings of an empty stomach,
Or take up arms against htis mighty Somnus,
And by arising end it.
To rise; to dress, perchance to wash—
Aye there's the rub, for I do hate that job,
The water's cold; the towel's damp; must I
This awful task attempt? This gives one pain.

In the House of Commons the Rhodes Estate Bill, the object of which is to abolish the scholarships to be held by German students at Oxford University on the nomination of the Kaiser, has been read a second time, having already been passed by the Lords.

A German farmer lost his horse and wanted to advertise for it. The editor asked him what he wished to say. "Youst put vot I told you." replied the man: "One nite the udder day apoudt a week ago last month, I heard me a noise by der frunt middle of de pack yard which did not use to be. So I jumbs de bed oudt und runs mit der door and when I see I finds my pig gray iron mare he was tied loose and running mid der stable off. Whoever brings him back shall pay five dollars reward."—*The Sheaf.*

Old Zeppelin and all his works
I'd find myself forgiving
If he'd soar up to where it lurks,
And from the sky
So high, so high,
Bring down the cost of living.

—*Current Opinion.*

A few days ago a rather bashful young woman went into a store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know the chicken's feet were tied and asked if they would lay there. She bit her handkerchief and said, "No. sir. they are roosters."—*Delphos Republican.*

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—Athenaeum, The Sheaf, The Gateway, Philomathean, Collegian. Argosy, T. C. D., Camosum, Brandon Quill, Queen's Journal. Trinity University Review, University Monthly, The Mitre, Wycliffe Magazine. Oberlin Literary Magazine, The Manitoban, Vox Lycei, O. A. C. Review.

Woodstock College

Editor : G. E. Reaman, M.A.

THE closing feature of the year 1916 was the usual banquet at which Masters and students joined in wishing each other the compliments of the season.

The New Year brought us quite a large number of new students. St. Thomas City has sent us a splendid quota.

Hockey and basketball are now the order of the day. Our hockey team is captained by R. Snow and managed by Mr. McGregor. It is composed of College and town players, and is coached by Mr. R. Sandercock. They have done splendidly up to the present, winning two games from Tillsonburg, and losing but one to Ingersoll in a game which took twenty minutes overtime to decide the winner. Snow, as rover, is a hard worker, and is most effective when checking back. Harry King is a fast skater and clever stick-handler, and generally nets some goals. For the town boys, Johnson is fast and a swift shot, and Douglas, though small, is a good goal-getter. We are looking forward to them winning the group in the Junior O.H. A.

The O. B. A. series opened with our boys being defeated in St. Thomas. The team is captained by Kelso Norman and managed by Mr. N. S. McKechnie, Jr. The boys are not tall or large, but make up in combination play what they lack in size.

The College orchestra has been enlarged by the addition of six new members from the city. They are having regular practices and are working on selections from the "operas."

The boys are certain that they have found the secret for obtaining plenty of snow during the winter, i.e., by having an open-air rink. Good ice has been obtained, but most of the skating hours are spent cleaning off the snow ready for the next snowfall. However, a much valuable amount of oxygen is thus procured for use in the class-rooms the following day.

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Fifty-Ninth Annual Calendar sent on request

Purchasers please mention this Magazine

JOHN EDWIN DAVIS.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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JOHN EDWIN DAVIS.

IT IS THE GLORY of the country that great men and women are born and reared there. Such glory belongs to the village of Wicklow, in the County of Northumberland and Province of Ontario; for there, on February 17th, 1858, John Edwin Davis was born, one of seven sons and two daughters. One of the best educators in the world is the College of Adversity. The curriculum is heavy, the discipline is severe, the training is strenuous, but the education thus received is of the highest order. This was the school in which John Davis learned his first and greatest lessons. Through an accident, his father became disabled while the children were still young, and the burden of support fell upon the mother for several years. Of this mother Mr. Davis wrote:

"Although we were poor, our mother kept our clothes clean and well-mended. My father was not a Christian at that time, but mother took down the family Bible every morning, and, calling us all together, she would read a few verses and explain them, and then bow with us in prayer and ask God to keep us from sin and temptation during the day. No matter how great a hurry we were in, she would never let us begin the day without prayer. Sorrow and suffering had brought her close to Jesus, and she determined to bring her family up to serve Him. She taught us to hate liquor and to shun those who were accustomed to drink. Later on my father was converted and joined the church. We attended the Baptist Church and Sunday School every Sunday and generally went to the prayer-meeting on Wednesday. My mother was intensely religious and her

words and prayers have been ringing in my ears all my life, and if I have been of any use in the world to God or my fellowmen, I owe it to my mother and the teachers in the Sunday School where I spent my childhood days."

The influence of such a home could not but make a deep impression on the mind and heart of a growing lad, so that when the critical time should come, there would be a spirit prepared to act. Such a time came to young Davis in 1873, when Rev. J. B. Moore, for many years our best known evangelist, was helping Elder Lacey, pastor of the old Haldimand church. It was after a great struggle that the strong-minded youth yielded, but when the surrender was made it was absolute, and without reserve.

With the new life, there came a new desire for better mental equipment, and Mr. Davis bought a set of books, and began to attend the country school, when an invitation came from an older brother, to go west and join him and the late Dr. Crawford in establishing a Baptist College in Rapid City, Manitoba, which he did in March, 1879. The college was an educational tragedy, and the young man settled on a homestead nearby. The followng winter he studied privately, with Prof. S. J. McKee, now of Brandon College, and Prof. Wells, for many years teacher of English and Greek in Woodstock. In May, 1882, he passed his matriculation and entered the Presbyterian College in Winnipeg, from which he graduated in due time with a silver medal in Metaphysics.

Mr. Davis was no book-reading hermit. While on his homestead he had conducted services among his neighbors, and at college he was a leader in the Y.M.C.A. and other religious work. After his graduation he spent a summer as supply in Poplar Hill, Middlesex County, and the following autumn he entered McMaster for a course in Theology.

The condition of our Foreign Mission work at that time was serious. Timpany, our first missionary, and Currie, had died, and there came an urgent appeal for volunteers to fill their places. That appeal fell upon the heart of John Davis with an irresistible power, and he offered himself and was accepted.

God is good to missionaries. He places by their side some noble woman, whose presence is a comfort and an inspiration amid the toils and trials of foreign mission work. So it was in this case; and when, in the autumn of 1887, Mr. Davis sailed for India, he took a true helper and wife, in the person of Miss Lockhart, of Newtonville, Ont.

Our mission, at that time, was seriously undermanned, and as a result the few missionaries were overburdened. To Mr. Davis was allotted the Cocanada field, since divided into five fields. Here Mr. and Mrs. Davis wrought in season and out of season, touring, preaching, teaching, evangelizing, till 1894, when, owing to the enforced furlough of Rev. J. R. Stillwell, Mr. Davis was called to the acting principalship of the Seminary at Samalkot, at the same time retaining his oversight of the Cocanada field.

The regular term of a missionary in India is seven years. Long experience in the Army, the Civil Service and the Mission field, has proven that to be the safe plan for the Anglo-Saxon. Owing, however, to the lack of workers, Mr. Davis could not secure his first furlough till 1896, nine years after his appointment. Even then his time was largely occupied with touring and speaking, in Ontario and the West.

It was at this time that the writer came into close acquaintance with these saintly souls. Because it was near their relatives, and for school purposes, Mr. and Mrs. Davis located in Port Hope, and came into the church of which I was then pastor. The months of their sojourn were months of joyful fellowship. In the church, the prayer meeting, the town, their presence was a benediction, and the memory of that time still abides.

The visit of Mr. Davis to the West made a deep impression. In July, 1897, the Manitoba and North-West Convention voted to adopt Mr. and Mrs. Davis as their representatives in India, and to provide their support; and in the autumn of that year, leaving their three oldest children with an aunt in Port Hope, they returned to India, to bear again a double burden, and to meet with as rich a reward in souls as in the first term. During this term, Mr. Davis made time to read the McMaster course in

Philosophy for the M.A. degree, which he received *summa cum laude*.

One cause of anxiety to Mr. Davis was the condition of the lepers on the Ramachandrapuram field; and in co-operation with Miss Hatch, some measures of relief were taken. Soon after, a Canadian lady, wife of a physician, donated $2,500 as a memorial to her husband, and the Kellock Home for lepers was established, which to-day houses 100 inmates and many untainted children. The erection of the buildings fell to the care of Mr. Davis, and it is supposed that during this time he became a victim of the disease that cut short his career. In no way did he slacken his labors, until in 1904 he was obliged to ask for furlough, and started for Canada. In London, Eng., he tarried for treatment and sent his family on their way. Some months later he came to Woodstock, Ont., and then settled on a farm near Norwich.

In 1909, Mrs. Davis, worn by many cares and weakened by illness, passed away; and Mr. Davis, finding his own strength rapidly failing, entered the Asylum at Tracadie, N.B., where, for nearly seven years, he lingered, enduring with a patience that filled the doctors and nurses with wonder, sufferings painful beyond description. Never in his missionary life did John Davis more truly glorify his Master than during these years of agony, and when he died the Catholic attendants said, "This man was so holy he will go to Heaven without the pains of purgatory." At his own request, his body was brought to the village of his birth and laid in Stanley Cemetery, May 6th, 1916, but his consecrated life will inspire Canadian Baptists for many a coming day.

—P. K. Dayfoot, '94.

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

SILENT SENTINELS.

THE NEWSPAPERS of to-day are filled with news of war, and daily contain detailed accounts of the doings of our gallant armies in the field. The work of the army is carried on in the open, and is visible to the onlookers, not only in the lurid colours of blood and slaughter, but also in the mountain grandeur of noble deeds of daring, tempestuous in their recklessness, magnificent in their revelation of the heights of self-sacrifice to which men are capable of soaring in their most tense moments. The army's work is usually concentrated on a comparatively small front, and is accessible to the newspaper correspondent. But the average daily newspaper contains sparse mention of the senior service. For in the present state of naval warfare, the sailors must carry out their operations in silence and with stealth. In the patrolling of the seas, secrecy is a most important factor for success. It is the sailor's business to surprise the enemy, both in his movements and methods. Further, the fleets must carry on their work out of range of the reporter and the "Eyewitness." Wrapped in the lonely expanse of oceans, the spectacular of their deeds is hidden from the world. Hence the navy must of necessity receive scant notice in the press. Turning over *The Times* to-day I can find no reference to the Royal Navy, except a list of appointments.

I am writing in a naval port. Each evening at dusk, a number of low, dingy looking boats, with stumpy funnels and sterns almost awash, slip stealthily out to sea. There is not much of them to be seen, but they have a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and, with one well-aimed torpedo, they can send a five million dollar battleship to the bottom in short time. Yonder is a long and narrow boat of larger build, with three rakish funnels and sharply cut bow, steaming into dock for a refit. She is a swift scouting cruiser. Higher up in the harbor lies a monster ship, grim and grey in her strength. She is the newest and largest battleship afloat, carrying guns larger than

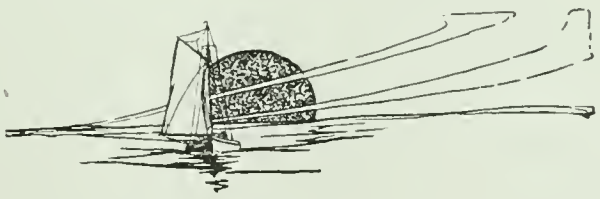
any hitherto manufactured, and capable of doing more knots than any other warship of her size. There are others,—the submarine with nothing to show for its presence but a conning tower and periscope, the motor patrol launch fussily darting in and out among the heavier craft, the "submarine chaser" with its curious funnel completely hidden from sight, and a number of dirty steam fishing boats, just easting anchor for the night. Britain is an armed camp. These are her watch dogs. Ceaselessly and noiselessly they guard her shores and keep her gates. They are the silent sentinels of the sea.

Germany was the second naval power in the world. Britain has no means of communication with any other country except by sea passage. Yet, from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India, hundreds of thousands of troops have been transported in safety to England. And millions have been ferried to the Western and Balkan fronts, with practically no loss of life. Enormous quantities of munitions have been freighted from Canada and the United States to the countries of the Allies. The population of Britain and the armies in France are being fed daily with produce, sea borne from the other side of the Atlantic. Where are the German cruisers which troubled the Atlantic and Pacific in early war days? They are gone to their doom. Where are the ships of the German Merchant Service? They are bottled up. They have no place on the open seas. They are lying in impotence under the heel of the British Navy. The seas in the war zone were infested with lurking submarines and drifting mines. It requires a number of three figures to represent the total U-boats destroyed by the British navy's submarine netters. Those dirty trawlers no longer fish for herrings. They now trawl for explosive mines, all the time working in imminent danger of being destroyed by their own catch. How are submarines hunted? We may not tell. Where are the fleets? We may not tell. What new ships have we? We may not tell. The navy has been doing its work and is daily performing its duty. But her deeds are hidden behind a curtain of silence. Secrecy reigns supreme, and the censor's blue pencil is mightier than the journalist's pen.

Those who live by the sea realize the sea. They know its dangers and its whims. A ship is a living idea to them. They understand the deeds of the men in blue who live in the ships of sombre grey. But the form of our ideas is apt to be modified by our geographical position, and inland dwellers have very hazy notions of things nautical. We must live within sound of the shore-beating waves to appreciate the life of the sailor. But there are facts which we can all comprehend. We know that the main German fleet has been lying up—except for one brief spell—since August, 1914. We know that while the German Mercantile Marine is rusting in disuse, the seas are free and open to our own freight ships and military transports. For Britannia still rules the waves.

The mighty ocean, instead of proving a force of cleavage between the overseas Dominions and the Old Land, has revealed itself as a new bond of Empire, linking up mother country and daughter nations into one united people with one single purpose. United we have stood and shall stand. We are closer together and nearer each other than ever before. All honour to the men who have maintained our command of the sea!

—J. H. Davies, '14.



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Students o' McMaster.

I'm thinkin' I'll hae to apologize for addressin' a letter tae ye wi'oot some kind o' an introduction or ither, but last summer I had the guid fortune tae become acquainted wi' yer editor, an' one time after we'd been talkin' aboot things in general an' things in particular an' maybe aboot things "no' lawful for a man tae utter" in sic an orthodox community, he says tae me, "Sandy," says he, "Will ye no' write a wee article for the 'McMaster Monthly' some time next winter gin your ideas are no' a' frozen up at that season o' the year."

"What subject wad ye like tae see me display ma ignorance aboot?" says I. "Onything ye like," he answered. "Ye ken as little aboot one thing as anither, sae choose yer text for yersel."

"A'richt," says I, "I'll gie them a word on 'independent thinking', an' gin ye notice ony bad effects resultin' frae it, juist drap me a line an' I'll send ye somethin' tae counteract it. Na doot there's sic a thing as a young person becomin' sae independent in their thinkin' that ye canna' teach them onything. One reason I used tae like tae read History wis that I could find oot how the auld Kings an' Queens an' Princes got intae scrapes an' then got oot of them, gin they ever did, wi'oot losin' their heids. There's somethin' tae be learned frae the things o' the past, an' frae men and women that hae been on this auld airth langer than oorselves, there's na doot aboot that, but on the ither hand the one thing that is haulding this generation back an' preventing the progress alang intellectual lines that we micht naturally expect during the opening years o' the Twentieth Century is the fear o' breakin' awa' frae auld lines o' thought, that had their place, na doot, in the natural development an' progress o' the warld, but which for the present age should be as dead as a door-nail.

I'll be thinkin' sometimes that this tendency to tak' one's ideas second-hand, is mair likely tae show it'sel' in the college student than in some o' oor less educated classes, for the simple

reason that a' their lives they hae been gettin' their knowledge frae teachers an' frae books instead o' findin' it oot for themselves by experience. They've spent mair time in man's school than they hae in Nature's, an' as a consequence they ken less aboot the eternal laws o' change an' progress than they dae aboot the musty ideas o' some school o' Theology o' the Seventeenth Century. What hae we got tae dae wi' the past ony mair than wi' the future. Gin the men o' the past ages wrote *their* creeds an' doctrines, why should we no' dae the same? They thought independently an' discovered what appealed tae them an' answered their religious need, but that thought or idea shouldna' satisfy the student or thinker o' to-day. Gin humanity is ever gain' tae get onywhere it's by each generation gettin' a wee bit nearer the truth. An' we can only dae this by acceptin' the idea that appeals tae oor intelligence an' declarin' it as oor faith, na matter what the rest o' the warld may think or say aboot it. I think it's auld Emerson that says, "God will not hae his works made manifest by cowards," an' I'm thinkin' that this is the reason that we hae sae mony ineffectual preachers in oor country at the present time. They are teachin' less than they believe because they think the people willna' stand for any mair, an' as a result the pulpit is na longer the power it wis in the days when men preached what they felt wis true. They spoke what they believed wis the truth an' the hale truth. We may believe somethin' different at the present day but it is the truth for us as weel as other ideas were truth for past generations, an' it is juist as much oor duty tae declare it as it wis their's. It's naething short o' moral suicide tae suppress the idea that appeals tae yer reason an' sense o' richt, because ye think it would be inexpedient under the circumstances. We're in the warld tae gie expression to oorselves, an' this expression maun be complete an' honest or it has defeated its purpose. I dinna' care what I thocht, I'd oot wi' it, gin I was a preacher or a teacher. An' the time comes tae the maist o' us, sooner or later, tae declare "What manner o' man" we are, an' gin we're the "manner o' man" we should be, we'll dae it.

I wis at a public meetin' aboot a week back where there wis

a big crowd o' men as an audience an' a pretty smooth tongued chap daein' the speakin'. His proposition wis a new one tae maist o' those present, but at the end o' his speech he called on a' those present who were in favor o' his idea tae stand up. Ye could see some o' the men lookin' sideways tae see what the ither chaps were gaein' tae dae, an' when twa or three o' the "independent thinkers," as I called them, got tae their feet, some mair followed, an' the rest, not findin' it comfortable oot in the cauld, joined them. There wis maybe half a dozen in the hale building that kept their seats, but not mair. Oot o' the twa or three hundred in the building there wis aboot a dozen that did their ain thinking. The rest played the auld game o' "follow my leader." Gin that's the proportion throughout the warld I dinna' wonder that the millenium has been postponed for a few years. The "golden age" that we talk aboot can never come tae the earth while one generation o' mankind is walking in the footsteps o' the generation that went before it. Gin I wis gaein' tae join a church I think it would be the "Nonconformists." I like the name. It sounds as though there were men in it that hammered oot their ain creeds instead o' gettin' them at the Theological Foundry where ilka thing comes oot o' the same mould.

Noo dinna' get the idea that I think there wis naething o' great value in the auld faiths an' doctrines. They were maybe the best possible for their time, but there's somethin' better on ahead for those among us that will search it oot, an' that is, a faith built on the foundation o' experience an' honest reasoning. It's the one way whereby ye can be true tae yersel', an' consequently true tae yer fellowman.

I'm done. May the students o' McMaster never gae weary in their search for the truth, even though it leads them ower steep hills an' through dark valleys. An' may their ain clear an' independent thinkin' be the guide that will see them safely oot o' the woods at last.

Yours sincerely,

—Sandy Fraser.

LORD KITCHENER.

N anything that can be said about Lord Kitchener so long after his death, it would be unwise to attempt to go over the ground covered so fully by newspapers and magazines at the time of his tragic end. The main object, therefore, of any treatment of the subject in the McMaster Monthly must be, not to attempt any biography, or any extended analysis of character, but to take this early opportunity to pay in a few words, in the name of McMaster University, that respectful tribute to the memory of a great man which is due from every part of that Empire for which Lord Kitchener did so much, to whose welfare he devoted so unsparingly up to the very end of his life those great gifts and talents with which the Lord endowed him,—gifts and talents which he also so carefully cultivated. Lord Kitchener was an incessant worker, and an organizer of the highest grade. He had a genius for toil and while others loitered or slept he was ever toiling upward in the night, so that when the hour of need struck he was ready. This was true of his whole life, although particularly true of his service in South Africa, when the disasters that had befallen our arms called for some new organization, and of his greatest and last work—the organizing of "Kitchener's Army," at a time when the pressure of events placed upon our Empire a new and almost appalling responsibility. Few can fully realize all that it meant in those days when the skies were so dark that we had available a man whose record had been such that when the British people knew that Kitchener was at the War Office they could look without dismay upon the stupendous task that was before us. And this suggests what it is so important to remember, that, as a general guide in life, it is much more important to get ourselves ready for some work than to run about trying to open doors before we are really ready for the work that lies within those doors.

In temperament Kitchener was a silent man, and in spirit perhaps he was more gloomy than he needed to be. Mr. A. G. Gardiner speaks of the thunderous gloom of Kitchener, and

asserts that there was in him a touch of habitual depression. This was no doubt one of those defects that go with good qualities. He had a serious earnestness that refused to see in the war a light task, and that made him speak of three years as the time for which at the lowest we must prepare ourselves. This serious earnestness was the healthy shoot of a root that also produced the gloom. But for eyes that refused to be blinded by ill-informed hopefulness we have to-day to be thankful when we see the machine that he so carefully planned beginning that swing that will at last bring us victory.

And perhaps it was a fitting end of this life that the spirit that had refused to give way to ill-grounded joy should have left the body in the gloom of a northern storm at sea. He died in harness as his active spirit would have wished; he died on the sea, the home in which the British navy has been rocked; and he died on a stormy day with his face toward the foe. In those dark days when the fragmentary news from Skager Rack made many people fear that we had met with defeat at sea, there was added depression at the passing away of the organizer of our land forces. But a few days led to a more reasonable view. The work of Kitchener abides, the forces that are behind the right must triumph, and the death of the great "Sirdar" has by its tragedy sent a thrill of unity through the whole Empire, and has nerved us all for more determined effort under those able leaders upon whom Lord Kitchener's responsibilities have fallen.

—J. L. Gilmour.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—*Carl Schurz.*

SOME WINTER BIRDS AT POINT PELEE.

"Piped a tiny voice near by
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chick-chick a dee dee! Saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces."

—*Emerson.*

O SPOT in Ontario offers so many opportunities for nature study as the little point of land about six miles long and two miles wide, just south of Leamington, known as Point Pelee.

The great marsh along the eastern shore furnishes homesites for ducks, bitterns and woodcocks, muskrats and turtles. The forest naval reserve along the western shore, with its great walnuts, cedars and sumachs entwined with grape vines, offers a home for the landbirds and many small animals.

As Point Pelee stretches farthest south of any piece of land on the mainland of the Dominion, one would naturally expect to find animals and plants which are not common in most parts of Canada. This is so: Point Pelee has always something good to offer the naturalist. Almost nine hundred species of plants have been found here. The prickly pear is found growing low on the ground, armed with its clusters of prickles, and a few scattering thorns. The paw-paw tree reaches a diameter of eight inches. The sycamore grows to a great size, but its gnarled branches show that it is nearing its northern limit.

Perhaps the most important route of bird migration in Canada is across this point. Here

"When the fierce north western blast,
Cools the sea and land so far and fast"

birds rest for a day or two before continuing their journey across the lake and away to warmer climes in the far south. Sometimes a few of their comrades are left behind.

I first visited the point after a heavy snowfall. The trail

through the woods was almost impassable in places, and the boughs of the red cedar were drooping with snow. My first surprise was to see a large bald-headed eagle floating over my head. I suppose they call him bald because the back of his head is covered with white feathers, and at a distance he appears to be bald. There is something about this wary bird that always excites admiration, and most people will still "run to the door" to see an eagle; but the big bird with all his craftiness has proven a good mark for the gunner, and year by year he is becoming more and more scarce.

Among other winter birds at Point Pelee I found a brown thrasher, a chipping sparrow and a lone cowbird. The first two were in good condition, but the cowbird was in poor health. No doubt it had felt unable to make the journey across the lake in the fall, and had suffered much from lack of food after the first snow had fallen. Redpolls and white throated sparrows were abundant, crossbills, chewinks, evening grosbeaks and a few hermit thrushes were seen, but robins, bluejays and flickers were not very common.

There is one part of the Point where the long grape vines and shrubbery form what is called "The Jungle." On one occasion, that winter, I found bluebirds, robins, Carolina wrens, cardinals, redpolls, gold finches, evening grosbeaks, cedar birds and three Bohemian wax wings, all living under practically the same conditions, although at different heights from the ground. I supposed they had established the community because of the berries and grapes, and the mullein stalks of a field near by. A few days later, however, the jungle was deserted. Upon a further examination, I found my friends living in a little section of a red cedar forest where their food was limited to the berries of the scrubby bitter sweet (celastrus) and the red cedar. Why had they changed their location, I wonder?

One day I found the nest of a yellow warbler in a raspberry patch. After the little birds had made their nest and laid their eggs, a lazy cowbird had come along and dropped in her egg. Certainly the owners must have known that something was wrong, for they had added a second story to the nest. When I

made an opening into the first story, there I found the four eggs just as they had been before they were covered.

Once I came upon evidence of a tragedy. A cedar waxwing while passing through the trees had flown against a sharp prong of a cedar and was impaled upon the twig.

In no case did I find that the snow caused the birds any considerable inconvenience except when it covered their food. But as there is usually a large crop of berries on the dogwood and viburnum (arrowroot), there is enough food for many species.

Thus we see that Point Pelee is truly a home for our feathered friends in winter as in other seasons of the year. Incredible though it may seem to those who live to the south of us and even to many Canadians, nevertheless an ornithologist recorded forty species and ten hundred and eighty-five birds in one day. during the winter of 1909 at Point Pelee.

—John F. Demaray, '17.

WINTER

Pictures of earth, and sky, and sea
Immersed in a summer haze,
These are the treasures of memory,
The relics of summer days.

Fields of snow and the frozen lake
Inverted minarets hung from the eaves,
These the delights that the soul may take
Winter's charm and the spell she weaves.

The garb of winter her beauty shows
Fashioned fair is her form in white,
But summer air with its soft repose
I await as the day's first dawn of light.

—Harry Wilson, '17.

THE PORTRAITS IN OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL—III.

Professor Goodspeed.*

T was in 1877 at Jarvis Street when John Craig was designated for work in India that I first saw Calvin Goodspeed. His message I have quite forgotten; the tall, spare figure, the unassuming manner, and his manifest sincerity I remember very well.

He was then thirty-five years old. Born and brought up on a New Brunswick farm, he had graduated from the University of New Brunswick, spent a year in Britain, partly at the Pastors' College, later, on Mr. Spurgeon's advice, at Regent's Park, was ordained and shepherded a Mission Church for a year, and completed the course at Newton Theological Institute under Hovey. He had also taught in the Fredericton Baptist Seminary, for a year as Assistant, for three as Principal. Mr. (now Sir) George E. Foster was an Assistant to him for one year.

From Newton he had come to Woodstock under urgent pressure from Dr. Fyfe. His work was fruitful and especially appreciated by the most thoughtful and spiritual. Men like Dadson and McGregor greatly honored him.

At Sparta in 1879 I heard him for the second time; two sermons on I. Cor. 6 : 20—"The Purchase" and "The Price," I shall never forget. They were a masterly exposition, delivered not with rhetorical art indeed but with profound conviction, quiet intensity and unquestionable power. He seemed to build a shining stairway, like Jacob's, all the way from earth to heaven.

He was then Professor of Systematic Theology in Woodstock, having been appointed on the death of Dr. Fyfe in 1878. The earlier proposals for removing the Theological Department to Toronto he opposed. In 1880 he resigned and betook himself to Germany for further equipment for his task. Meantime removal was effected, and on his return from Germany there was no opening here. He therefore accepted the pastorate at Farn-

*Portrait on west wall, third from gallery.

mouth, N. S. After four happy years he was called to the Editorship of "The Messenger and Visitor." In that position he was remarkably successful; his influence was far-reaching and wholesome, and he was greatly beloved, respected and trusted.

From that congenial and important service he was called, in 1890, to the chair of Systematic Theology in McMaster. Here he labored for fifteen years to the lasting advantage of our ministry. His scholarship was accurate; he had a keen, analytic mind; his reasoning was surefooted and his thinking constructive. He loved truth, and his rich Christian experience made it vital; he sought it earnestly, prized it when found and held it tenaciously. He was absolutely conscientious and martyr-like in his devotions to the right. He hated insincerity and duplicity. This last trait, together with a nervous twitch in the face, made him appear at times harsh and unsympathetic; actually he was one of the gentlest, tenderest souls I have ever known. He had a constant conflict with great natural timidity and a shrinking sensitiveness. It was his loyalty to Christ that enabled him to overcome that and to stand for what he believed right whatever others might do.

These qualities, combined with practical wisdom, working efficiency and ability as a writer gave him on the Home Mission Board, in the Convention, and through the Canadian Baptist very great influence for good in the denomination. We lost much when in 1905 he resigned and accepted a similar position in Baylor University, Waco, Texas.

Dr. Goodspeed was the author of numerous controversial pamphlets, and the joint author with Dr. Welton of the volume on Genesis in The American Commentary. It was the added strain of this last work that undermined his wiry frame and hastened his end. From Paradise, N.S., he went home to the heavenly Paradise in 1912.

Faithful was he even unto death, and his is the crown of life.

—J. H. Farmer.

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Editorial Notes

Recently a book has come to our notice under the title "A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion."* The first article is by Doctor Faunce, of Brown University, entitled "Preparation in College for the Study of Theology." After his introduction, Professor Faunce asks the question, "What should the intending minister study in college?" (As far as this editorial is related to our student body, one's intended profession may profitably be substituted for "minister" in the foregoing question.) He answers this by saying: "There are certain values which a student must not miss if his college course is to be a real success. What are they? What should any student expect to acquire in the modern college?" Here follows a list of subjects, each ably discussed. The first is as follows:—

*A Guide to the Study of Christian Religion, edited by G. B. Smith, University of Chicago Press.

Languages.—The student must acquire some of the indispensable tools of knowledge. He must master his own mother-tongue and secure a serviceable knowledge of some other tongues as well. He must steep himself in the work of the best English writers until he, too, learns to write. He must study his own vernacular, its marvelous resources, its wealth of expression, its flexibility and force, and power to appeal and illuminate and persuade, until he makes the language a part of himself. He must find out whether he is able to write an important telegram in ten words, or a complete address in as few words as Lincoln used at Gettysburg. One of the greatest joys that can come to any student is the joy of self-expression in English that cannot be misunderstood. It is like the joy of the hunter when his arrow or his bullet finds the mark. . . . . Slovenly, hazy language constantly befogs the mind and hides the truth or repels men from it. "Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay," is the basis of all good writing. A good style is a pane of clear glass, itself invisible, revealing all things as they are.

Appended to this article is a report of the special committee of the Religious Educational Association which was appointed to recommend a college course of study for students intending later to enter on theological studies for the ministry. Doctor Shailer Mathews was the chairman of this committee. The course recommended provides in the freshman year for a minor in English Literature, a minor in the Art of Public Speaking and a course of three hours a week throughout the year in English Composition and Rhetoric.

We refer to this article in order to enlist deeper interest in the study of our mother tongue, and with the hope that soon, soon the study of English Composition will be given the high place it deserves in the consideration of the students and on the University curriculum.

New Year Resolutions: Number Two—I will write an article for The Monthly.

On Military Service.

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding;
Give us men! I say again,
Give us men!
Give us men!

—*The Bishop of Exeter.*

IN the picture, "A Group of McMaster Men in England," which appeared in the December issue of THE MONTHLY, Pyke is the man whose name is unknown. It was Pyke who arranged for the picture and with his camera it was taken.

From G. A. Clarke, '15, Crowborough.

"On Friday afternoon, in a back room of the 'Y' a number of 'Mac' boys had the afternoon meal with Mr. MacNeill. For the time we forgot about his being 'Capt.' and thought of the big-hearted Mr. MacNeill. At the close of the meal he led us in three cheers on 'general principles,' as he put it. Then we sang the McMaster song. That was Mr. MacNeill's last evening in camp. He left on Saturday morning for London, and he told us that he expected to be leaving for France about February 1st. Captain Cameron will soon be back from France to visit the camps in England. Mr. Cameron's cheery brightness will refuse to be toned down by his captaincy, as Mr. MacNeill's big human-heartedness absolutely failed to be military, but because of that, was all the more soldierly."

From Prof. (Major) W. S. Wallace.

"Fortunately, I have already seen a little actual fighting in France. I went over before Christmas on a tour of instruction, spent over a week in the front line, and while I did not see anything resembling a 'show,' I saw some pretty active artillery fire, explored no man's land by night, and took my turn of duty in the trenches. It was very interesting—at times almost too interesting. One morning we had 18 casualties in two hours from

Fritz's 5.9's (high explosive). It is an ominous feeling to sit in a dug-out and listen to the big shells whistling and hurtling about you, and have one land near you every now and again with a crash that puts the candles out. Life in the front line is a pretty miserable affair; though it is remarkable how you can get used to it, and even be cheerful throughout it. I think the most striking thing I found at the front was the wonderful spirit of the men. There is very little complaining; they face cold and wet and mud and vermin and shells and bullets with a cheerfulness and sang-froid which is amazing.

"It is of course very dangerous to generalize from one's own local experience at the front. But where I was, near Arras, in what the French called 'The Labyrinth,' Fritz was very subdued. He did not attempt any raids, he did not hold his front line in any strength at all (only an observation post here and there), and it was a daily occurrence for us to take prisoners from him, whereas he got none from us. The battalion with which I was had made a daylight raid a few days before I arrived, captured 60 prisoners, including one officer, bombed his trenches out of recognition, visited the support lines, and after staying over there for two hours, got out. Our artillery, too, has a decided superiority in that sector. And unless Fritz is able to strengthen his line greatly, things look black for him in that quarter in the spring."

From L. M. Houlding, '15, Crowborough.

Our camp is situated close by the town of Crowborough. As you mount the steep hill leading to the village you reach "The Beacon" or the summit which is the highest point in Southern England. From the tower, erected hundreds of years ago, you can see on a clear day shadows of London to the north, the English Channel to the south, and the town of Tunbridge Wells to the east.

We are in the heart of the famous Ashdown Forest, and from the summit of our hill you can gaze for miles upon meadows and rolling hills, wood and common, with here and there a camp scattered on the grassy hollows, with health-giving pine about it, or a stately old mansion surrounded by its parks.

Our huts, with their bushy environment, would give you the impression of a Northern Ontario lumber camp. They are made of frame buildings occupying a space 125 feet by 30 feet, which will comfortably accommodate 60 men and 4 N.C.O.'s. They are lighted by electricity (when the plant is in working order).

and heated by a *limited* supply of coke and coal. The men sleep on straw ticks which cover three boards six inches above the floor.

"There are lots of little huts, all dotted here and there,
For those who have to live inside I've offered many a prayer.
Inside the huts there's RATS as big as a nanny goat;
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat."

We occupied them after the exodus of His Majesty's Imperial troops, and immediately steps were taken to make the camps more habitable and comfortable for the long, wet and cold winter months. We built bridges, roads and walking paths to overcome the mud.

"It's sludge up to the eyebrows, you get it in your ears,
But into it you've got to go, without a sign of fear;
And when you've had a bath of sludge, you just set to and groom,
And get cleaned up for next parade, or else, it's "Orderly Room."

Each camp, from the officers in training to the pioneers in "waiting," has its own drill ground and its own special course of instruction. No matter what part of this large camp you march through between the hours of Reveille and Retreat you can hear sharp commands issuing from the parade grounds. Always and ever, never ceasing, is the sound of the bugle. There are bugles blowing for rising, for eating, for marching, for hourly duties, for orderly room, for defaulters, and for sleeping.

Some men you will see training to be despatch riders on horseback and motor cycles, and Hope and Brownlee are among these. Others are taking a short course in musketry, learning to "Slope Arms." "Fix Bayonets," and "Present" properly. Then there are groups of men practicing and taking lectures on the heliograph, flags, in Morse and Semaphore codes, and flash signalling by lamp at night. All these men must learn to ride a horse, for often he will have to carry his message mounted when other lines of communication break down.

Our day's duties begin at 6 a.m., when we hear the notes of Reveille. This is generally taken as a signal to turn over in the blankets for just another few minutes. Breakfast is at 6.45, and this is followed by physical drill, better described by

"With tunics, boots and puttees off, you quickly get the habit,
You gallop up and down the hill just like a blooming rabbit.
'Heads backward bend,' 'Arms upward stretch,' 'Heels raise,' then
'Ranks change places,'
And later on they make you put your kneecaps where your face is."

On the 8.30 parade the O. C. inspects us to see if we are spic and span, our boots well blacked, our buttons shining, and

lastly, to see if we have performed those tonsorial operations necessary for a smooth chin. We are then paraded off for our various items of training.

Dinner is at one; drill again from 1.45 to 4.30; tea at 5.30. After tea, if we are lucky enough to escape picket or guard duty, we are free to do as we please until nine. There is nowhere to go except the Y.M.C.A. hut. This is bright and delightful in its decorations and orderliness, and is ready to supply the soldier with anything from a concert to a hair cut.

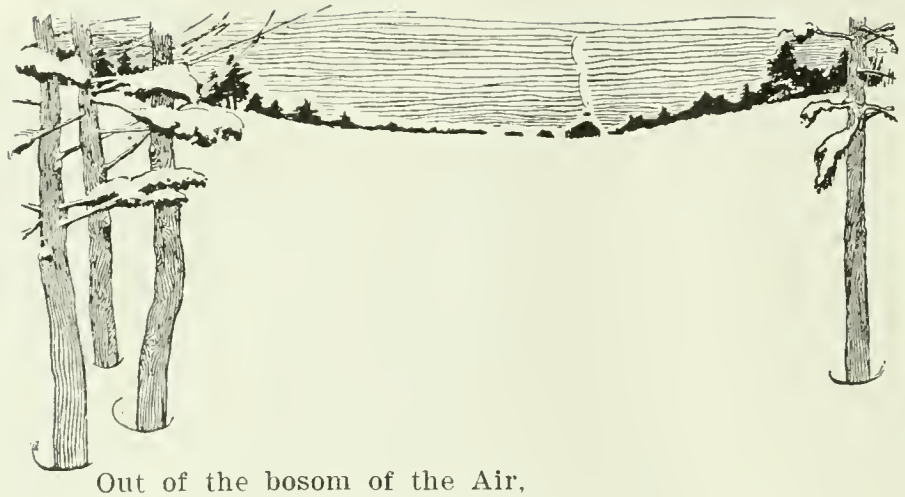
At 9.45 everybody, unless they are troubled with bad consciences, takes refuge between the blankets, and in spite of the straw mattresses, sleep the sound sleep of a healthy, tired body.

THE Y. M. C. A. HUT, CROWBOROUGH CAMP.

The McMaster boys do not forget their Alma Mater. Our walks between the huts are the corridors; our visits to one another's huts are like going from room 10 to room 25; our lectures remind us of the class rooms; the Y.M.C.A. is our chapel, and we talk about old times and the latest McMaster news whenever we meet. One big change is that we cannot gather around Daddy James dinner tables.

My hut is quarantined for a month. The other day Vanslyke stood on guard at one end and Long at the other. On that day the McMaster box reached me and I was able to bribe the guard.

It is an accepted fact in this camp that the McMaster men are a power for good, and every man is honoring his Alma Mater.



Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Silent and soft and slow,
Descends the snow.

—*Longfellow.*

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. McDONALD, '19.

All night long the snow had been falling, silently and mysteriously. In the morning we looked out at silvery dawn to see a soft white coverlet spread over roofs and fields, and mantling the barren trees and hedgerows. Only the tinkling of sleighbells in the distance broke in upon the cold silence. . . . . Then the winter sun breaks through the fleecy clouds, there bursts forth a scene of glittering whiteness, and the exhilaration of the clear bracing atmosphere fills one with the real joy of living. Thus does February find fair Canada, our Lady of the Snows, in all her charm and beauty.

Semi-Final Interyear Debate.—On February 9th, Theology and year '19 met on the subject, "Resolved that the proposed tariff union of the allied nations should not receive our approval." E. L. Quirk and W. D. Hinman upheld this resolution on behalf of year '19, while R. J. Smithson and A. H. Metcalfe represented Theology on the negative. The debate was most instructive, and the pleasing manner of all the speakers made it very interesting. A vocal solo by Miss Bremner, '20, and a piano solo by Miss Mulholland, '17, occupied the interval while the judges prepared their decision, and were greatly appreciated. Dr. TenBrocke gave the judges' report that the Theologs had won their point. This leaves Theology and Third Year for the final debate.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.—No.5.

The President of the Y.M.C.A..—The Y.M.C.A. organization makes no small contribution to the complement of university life at McMaster. Particularly do men who take advantage of dormatory life realize this. To welcome warmly freshmen when they first enter, to provide men means for discussing their life problems, and to bring the members of faculty and student body into sympathetic understanding of each other, is the task the Y.M.C.A. assumes.

Mr. I. S. Reeds, B.A., is the genial president of our organization this year. As a student he has made a mark in his course, as a friend he has won the confidence of his associates, and as an organizer he possesses the power to guide and control. These qualities of leadership are seen to good advantage in the program of the weekly Bible study groups and prayer meetings, the frequently called mission classes and the occasional Fyfe Day exercises; all of these in turn contribute their quota to fire faith and create character. The Student Body recognizes the fine work Mr. Reeds is doing in the capacity of President and appreciates his services.

Rev. Edgar Brownlee, B.A.,B.Th., a graduate of '03, serving under the China Inland Mission, has just returned on furlough to Canada. On February 2nd he addressed the Student Volunteer Band, showing lantern views of his work in China. This great land must be won to Christianity if the present awakening of its great dormant forces is to lead to peace and justice between the Eastern and Western worlds. At the chapel service of February 9th he also spoke to the students. His messages have been highly appreciated.

The McMaster Evangelistic Band spent the week end of January 28th with the Baptist Church at Stayner (Rev. N. McCausland, pastor), where a very successful mission was held It is planned to visit the church at Preston in the near future.

As I strolled homeward the other night and passed by my alma mater, I was surprised to see the lights burning in the faculty room, and hear sounds of an excited gathering within. I wondered what the fathers of the denomination could be discussing so uproariously at this late hour of the night. Moved

by my curiosity I approached the building, clambered up the slippery wall, and looked through the colored panes. Behold! not the fathers of wisdom in council assembled, but a motley rabble in nocturnal attire. Clinging to the window-sill I rapidly scanned the scene.

The faculty table had been pushed back to the near end of the room and was occupied by His Worship Judge Percival Pratting Miezann. On his right was the prosecuting attorney, the pale faced and garrulous Josephus Carper, K.C. In front of the Judge, Mr. B. G. Puck, the clerk of the court, busily plied his pen. Near by sat the jury, twelve men tried and true, under the guidance of foreman Arthur Herbert Rockefeller. Beyond and on all sides was the throng of interested spectators.

Being outside I was unable to hear the charges. The first prisoner called forth was O. H. McKerricher, who was ably defended by Mr. S.G. Anthracite, K.C., with Father O. Diddle, D. D., Deacon W. L. Hang and Fercival Perguson as witnesses of his crime. Next came W. Halting Tinman, shockingly "offended" by Thomas C. Jay, K.C., Smart Alex, Sack Jinclair and Mrs. Passé Meal, apparently the mother-in-law of the accused, giving their testimony. These two criminals were accordingly committed to the tender mercies of the wicked.

John F. Wisst next appeared in the prisoners' dock, defended by Valentine Bill, Q.C. (queens' counsel). His witnesses were Isaac R. Seeds and Miss Pompadour Hilson. . . . . .

Suddenly, in some mysterious way, the lights in the court room were extinguished, and mid the turmoil and shouts of "Order! Order!" by the court crier, E. Will Bay, I lost my hold on the slippery window sill and tumbled back into the snow.

Varsity Rink is now the centre of McMaster festivities, with its afternoons and evenings of exhilarating exercise and pleasure. The spirit of sociability seems to have overcome every year, and we have numerous parties to report.

The Seniors met for their party at Varsity on February 5th. Year '17 is well accustomed to skating parties by this time, but still they have lost none of their pleasure and attractiveness. A jolly time spent on the ice, followed by a splendid repast at Bingham's Tea Rooms, formed a happy evening indeed, which will be long remembered.

The Juniors seem to be the most festive year in the College this term, and this in spite of the fact that they are almost destitute of men. Reinforced from the ranks of the other years

they skated at Aura Lee on the evening of January 23rd. after which they were entertained by their president. Mr. M. C. Hooper. Again on January 31st they were found revelling at Varsity Rink, with refreshments and games following at the home of Miss Lillian Dexter. These parties proved to be most happy affairs.

The Sophomores, on January 27th, assembled at the rink in full force, and a very pleasant evening was spent on the ice. After twelve bands they went to the home of Miss McCullough, who, with her cousin, Miss Mabel Clark, provided a most royal

WHERE WE SKATE: VARSITY STADIUM RINK.

entertainment. Finally, the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster" ended this happy party, which was unanimously declared one of the most successful year '19 have had.

The Freshmen held their first skating party on January 23rd. After meeting at the home of Miss Marjorie Starr, they proceeded to Varsity Rink. Mr. J. A. Parker and Miss Bessie Cooke were the chaperones for the party, while some of the dutious sophomores assisted them in looking after their flock. The ice was splendid, the evening clear and cold, and generous appetites were soon developed. Accordingly, when they returned to the home of their hostess full justice was done to the splendid repast provided, and a very pleasant hour was spent.

All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate. —*Wordsworth.*

Athletics

EDITOR: JOHN F. TWISS, '17.

Many students in American colleges play strenuously during the football and rugby seasons, and indulge in every fall sport. But winter to them is a period of ease and relaxation. In Canadian Universities the winter season is the time of greatest activity. One writer has said that the open air life which Canadian students lead in winter, sends the average graduate out better equipped physically than the student who attends an American institution.

Moral: "Let's go skating."

In the Jennings's cup series this year McMaster was matched against S. P. S. and Trinity. The latter withdrew, leaving the battles to be fought with S. P. S.

S. P. S. 4, McMaster 2.—The first game of the series naturally brought forth rooters for both teams. From first till last the interest was keen. During the first period Fawthrop scored 2 goals for McMaster two minutes after play commenced, and the other was scored by Froom four minutes later. S.P.S., frightened at this, got busy and after some clever stick handling sent the rubber to the net. The second period proved somewhat slower, showing up the condition of the teams. Lepofsky and Pearce replaced Froom and Massé for Mac., and although S.P.S. seemed to have almost a new team, they were unable to score for nearly ten minutes. Kitchen certainly stopped some nice ones. Finally School got one through, and it looked as though

the period would end in a tie, when another was dropped in for S.P.S. With the score 3-2 in favor of School, the third, last and fastest period began. Robb and Fawthrop, accompanied by Froom, made some fine rushes, but Science defence was strong, the "goalie" playing a wonderful game. McMaster defence was playing well too, for the only goal scored was within the last few minutes of play. The game was fairly clean throughout.

McMaster 2, S. P. S. 4.—Fawthrop's crew again met S.P.S. on January 23rd. At first the puck was carried back and forth as if the teams were warming up before jumping into it. At least the puck must have thought so, for it continued to hover around centre. Finally Pearce managed to get away, shot, but failed to score. A few seconds later Science made a rush, but met Webb and Massé still "on the job." McMaster forwards again tried to land one in but their opponent's goal keeper seemed impregnable. He got them high, he got them low. The five minutes of play was fast and furious, but S.P.S. got the better of it scoring 2. Having regained strength at intermission, "Capt. Fawth" decided to put in one just for the sake of argument. This he did in two minutes. However Manager Pearson of S.P.S. retaliated later by scoring another. It was coming high and a hard one to handle. Some thought it went over the net instead of through, but the referee settled the question in favor of S.P.S. In the third period both teams scored, S.P.S. getting the first one, while Robb netted the second for Mac.

S.P.S. 3, McMaster 2.—One hockey enthusiast has described hockey as one continuous series of interrupted sprints, a heart-breaking game for the lover of uniformity and organized plays and evolved plans. The third game was certainly in accordance with this description, and proved to be the best game of the series as far as McMaster was concerned. The first goal was scored by S.P.S. in the first period. This was balanced, however by "Fawth" immediately. In this period all realized the wide awakeness of referee Wilkinson, an Aura Lee goal keeper. In the second period Science scored again after a few minutes of play. Fawthrop gritted his teeth once more, "hopped" to it, and drove in another. S.P.S. before long succeeded in slipping in another, the puck glancing from the iron support of the goal. During the third period no score was made, good goal-keeping and defence saving the situation for both teams.

McMaster 2, S.P.S. 5.—In the fourth and last game S.P.S. seemed to be superior to McMaster in many ways, as the score

indicates. Our boys made a splendid fight for victory, but it failed to bring the desired results.

Thus the series closed, the total score being 16-8. Naturally we follow the S.P.S. men with interest as they meet other teams in the league. We wish them luck.

Owing to the fact that nearly all the hockey players this year will be required on the year teams, the athletic executive thought it advisable to withdraw the scrub league series and carry through the interyear games at once. No doubt all interested in the game of hockey will have a chance to display their skill.

Seventeen 5, Twenty 1.—The interyear hockey series opened on February 3rd between the Seniors and Freshmen. During the first period both sides scored. Pearce, for the Freshmen, shooting a nice one, while Fawthrop tallied for '17. In the second and third periods the seniors seemed to have their opponents guessing, two goals being scored in each period. Although the score was a trifle one-sided, the players of year '20 played well. Year '17 line-up:—Forwards, Robertson, Fawthrop, Robb; defence, H. H. Wilson, Massé; goal, Twiss. Year '20 line-up:—Forwards, Pearce, Mallory, Barons, Dodge; defence, Jamieson, Webb; goal, Kitchen.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Elsie Wilkins, '17.

Oh, what a snap to the frosty air!
What breathless toil in the upward climb
Back to the top, and arriving there,
Down to the bottom a second time!

What though collisions occur? Just climb
Out of the drifts and, with no misgiving,
Start out anew—better luck next time,
Life is just wonderfully well worth living!

—*Beatrice Barry (from "The Coasters")*

IN "The Coasters" Miss Barry compares bobbing and life. Is the pastime not even more comparable to college life? What are these days of study but a strenuous uphill climb, enlivened by a fleeting cameraderie of common interests! Step after step we tug our way toward our degree. Then comes the occasional merry, downhill dash. Uphill again, stepping slowly, we go. Sometimes in the downhill

trip there is a sudden jolt and a spill, but who would give up the sport for fear of such accidents? Who would give up college life because of a sudden press of work, a plan gone awry, a momentary failure, a misunderstanding, an interrupted friendship. Each day brings a recurring alternation of uphill and down, and the most careful steerer must occasionally encounter obstructions. Nevertheless the student is a light-hearted person who meets the days eagerly, for one must remember that all too soon comes the last swift ride down the long curving hill, the severing of happy relationships, the necessity of meeting the demands of life.

A blatant yellow notice has adorned the notice board in the Ladies' Room for some time. It is an urgent appeal to the women of Ontario to sign the accompanying petition form, which demands that in view of the way women have met the present-day situation, Ontario women be granted the franchise. It is remarkable how little comment this notice has caused. Only ten or twelve McMaster women have signed it. The majority seem to ignore it. Its appearance reminds us of many heated arguments that we of Year '17 listened to when we were freshettes. In those days woman's right to the vote was our favorite topic of discussion. It recalls also the event of a well known suffragette at one of our "Lits," who harangued us on how we had earned the vote. We of the younger generation were most impressed by the woman's dazzling attire, but we remember how one of the women students walked and talked thereafter like one inspired. We do not doubt that now that the Western women are enjoying the use of the vote Ontario women will soon share the same privilege, whether the petition that now adorns our bulletin board be instrumental in attaining that end or not.

The prospective departure of the four women of '17 in the Special Science course, Misses Grindell, Grimshaw, Baker and Cooke, has created considerable interest among outsiders. Even "The Globe" on January 31st inserted the following note in the comment column: "A chaperone will accompany the four lady graduates who will be employed as chemists in the explosives department of munitions manufacture in Ontario. No chance to throw printed lozenges to them."

Several of the women students have been home with severe colds which they maintain were caught in the Science Building. We gratefully acknowledge the silver lining to this dark circum-

stance, since one of the sufferers has contributed the following in commemoration:

"Oh croupy cold," the tortured student cries,
"Whence come you," and the cold, why not, replies:

"I creep along the Science halls,
I squeeze through many a hole
That hides within the porous walls,
The lecture room is my goal.

"Through window frames I slide in, too,
To greet the shivering class
With frost-nipped feet and faces blue,
By their red noses I pass.

"Thus till the summer time I'll roam,
Unless the walls you plaster,
I'll tackle one and all who come
To study at McMaster."

W. L. S.—Intercollegiate debate.—The debate with St. Hilda's College, which McMaster women have been looking forward to, has been given to St. Hilda's by default. We regret that the unfair position which they maintained made this step necessary, as we had anticipated great things from our representatives, Misses Edgar and McLaurin.

Incidentally we might mention an obstacle encountered in choosing our debaters. Very few of our women felt capable to speak in public without any training. Many women at McMaster have been put to disadvantages because of this lack. Surely, at a university where women receive equal degrees with the men, and from which few women graduate who are not called on to speak in public, it is of vital importance that the course in public reading and speaking given to the men be granted to the women also. In addition, even a few trained public speakers among women graduates of this institution would be of inestimable value in attracting recruits to the McMaster student body.

January 26th, 1917.—The Annual Session of the Women's Parliament of McMaster met with the Speaker, Wilkins, Senior, in the chair. Premier Grindell was supported by the First and Fourth Years. The opposition, Second and Third Years, was led by the Honorable Member from Eaton. The business of the day was the introduction of the "McMaster Amelioration Bill." After a lengthy and heated discussion, accompanied by snores, rattling of newspapers, and hilarious cheers, the following clauses were passed:

"1. That the official chaperone at a Freshman skating party be chosen by a vote of the whole school.

"2. That a chair be placed to accommodate those who are permanently occupied at the Ladies' Room door.

"3. That Red Cross work be counted as a minor.

"4. That the men be confined to the Reading Room, and that the ladies be allowed the freedom of the halls."

The present government is strong, and with the support of the public these reforms will peaceably usher in a new era in McMaster History.

February 9th.—The girls of year '17 took charge of the programme this afternoon. A lullaby, exquisitely rendered by Kate Hammond, was followed by a sketch entitled, "The Good Old Days." Seniorette Grindell as Penelope, who is "perfectly crazy over the olden times" filled her rôle with delightful naturalness, especially in the yawning and sleeping scene. Seniorette Hammond contributed much to the play as the prim maiden aunt, and in the dream scene as the inimitable 18th century domestic Biddy. Mrs. Mint, the mother, Maud, the practical sister; and Aunt Abigail, the shrewish disciplinarian of olden days, were represented by Seniorettes Kenyon, Grimshaw and Wilkins. The other girls of '17 acted as girls of long ago and to-day, while one very capable maiden supplied the noise for the twenty Indians. After a spicey current events talk by Elsie Mulholland, the audience beheld "the passing show of 1917 in twenty years time." Then followed a portrayal of future occupations and fashions, and if some of our seniorettes showed a broadening of form as well as mind, some became actresses, ministers, prima donnas, matrons, spinsters, band masters, or beggars, or even if over study sent some mad, the audience seemed to enjoy it. In fact they seemed too weak and exhausted from laughter to rise when the meeting closed with "Thy Praises, McMaster."

Hockey—The women students are merrily continuing their pursuit of the puck. Year teams with Misses Grindell, '17, Eaton, '18, Moore, '19, Starr, '20, as captains have been organized. The girls have made considerable progress even if after one particularly fast and breathless practice one of the male onlookers blandly remarked: "I always like to watch girls play hockey. They hit the puck so thoughtfully."

February 8th.—Our first intercollegiate hockey match! McMaster girls played U. C. girls between 5 and 6 p.m. For some reason or other, probably because the U. C. girls have three practice hours to Mac's one, the puck seemed to travel toward the McMaster goal. As a result, the heavy work fell on Miss Edgar.

goal, and Miss Grindell as defence. Their splendid work, from our viewpoint, was the feature of the game. At the end of the first half the score stood 1-0 in favor of U.C., but during the second half the shots came in hot and heavy, resulting in a score of 6-0 in favor of U. C.

Echoes from Room 3.—I. Among the places of interest of any co-educational institution is the "convent" corner. Next to the faculty room in position and benign influence, and superior to it in awe-inspiring effects upon the men, is the Ladies' Room at McMaster University.

Interesting indeed would be the story of the varied activities of the fair occupants of this "neat-as-a-pin-do-as-you-please" place. But since "Mac." girls "don't tell," our readers must be satisfied with only fragmentary jottings.

Weighty problems of universal interest are freely discussed with ability which might well arouse the envy of many would-be parliamentarians. Favorite topics are the war, the male students and winter sports. Incidentally, lectures are spoken of.

One is reminded of Tennyson's "Princess" when a male member of the Student Body timidly taps at the door and humbly begs permission to hold council for a short season with one of the queens. With all due ceremony the chosen queen is escorted to the door by her sisters. In her own charming and skilful manner, she allays the bashful fever of the blushing "cousin" as the cries of "Telephone!" proceed from the envious brethren down the hall.

The "homey" feeling, and general good-will of each-for-all, abounding in the Ladies' Room, makes this spot a bright and inspiring centre in the daily routine of academic duties. Here the passing joke as well as the ever kind and thoughtful word and deed add much to the broadening influence of the already famous esprit-de-corps of good old McMaster. —S.B.G.

A VISIT TO THE GLOBE OFFICE.

The afternoon was dreary and disagreeable. It had stopped raining, but a heavy fog hovered drearily over the down town section. On such a day we made our way to the office of the *Globe*.

On entering that building, we noticed, first of all, that every one was very busy. Men, crouched over their desks, were writing with a speed that left the impression that their articles had to be finished within a limited number of minutes. No one seemed to have a moment to spare. After a short time, however, some

one left his work long enough to answer our query as to where we might find the women's department. Following his directions we found on the second floor the room for which we were looking.

That room was a contrast to the downstairs offices and the outside world. It is true there were two large desks covered with papers, showing that real work was accomplished there, but there was not that sense of rush felt elsewhere.

The editor had left her work for a short time and was seated behind a tea-table, serving afternoon tea. The room gave expression to the personality of its owners through the pictures adorning its walls; one or two engravings, and photographs of some of the best known pictures of old Italian masters and enlargements of Canadian landscape.

While we were supping our tea and chatting with the editor and her assistant, others dropped in. That little tea-table was a magnet that drew men of all sorts together. There we met Dr. Macdonald, the editor-in-chief, several other editors, a soldier, a doctor and an old English gentleman. The atmosphere of the room was such that a feeling of genialty and sociability seemed to place all its occupants on an equal footing.

What a busy, interesting life must belong to the editor of the women's department of a great newspaper! The telephone rang frequently. People were making enquiries and giving information. Anything that would be of interest to the readers of their page, was jotted down on a pad for future reference.

Has anyone had the idea that newspaper women must be of a masculine type. I am sure you would seldom meet more charming and cultured women than those we met there. They gave the impression that the work they were doing contributed to their culture.

At the end of a very pleasant half hour we found our way back to the street where the darting newsboys were calling out "Papers! Evenin' papers!"

—R. G. B.

What Raphael is to color, what Mozart is to music, that Burns is in song. With his sweet words, "the mother soothes her child, the lover woes his bride, the soldier wins his victory." His biographer says his genius was so overmastering that the news of Burns' arrival at the village inn drew farmers from their fields and at midnight wakened travelers, who left their beds to listen, delighted, until the morn.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

LAST month we mentioned that the class of '15 is issuing a news letter. A copy of the first number has come to hand. This number is devoted to the giving of information concerning the whereabouts of the members of the class, these being classified by occupations. It is interesting to note that half the men of the class are on the Honour Roll and are now in England or France. Eleven members are teaching. Three are in Theology at McMaster, and three others are pursuing further studies elsewhere.

Mr. Castle Graham, the energetic Secretary of the class, who issued the letter, reports that he has already received a number of enthusiastic replies which indicate that the letter has served its purpose well in the way of putting the class members into touch with one another. In future issues the news letter will become a medium of exchange of items of news concerning the doings of the various members of the class.

The News-letter plan could well be emulated by other classes. The circular letter has been tried, but has not been found quite satisfactory, since one dilatory member can hold up the entire circulation. The Editor of this department would be glad to hear of plans in use by various classes, so that all may have the benefit of the experience of each.

'84.—Rev. John Stuart holds a busy pastorate in Monon, Ind. An interesting letter arrived from him recently, giving news of McMaster graduates in his State.

'86—Rev. George C. Chandler is in Rochester, Ind., and has been located there for some time. By error his address has been published in the Calendar as in Iowa.

'85.—Dr. R. G. Boville, who graduated in Arts at Aberdeen University, and in Theology at McMaster, is the originator and now the International Director of Daily Vacation Bible Schools. In his annual report he shows how rapidly these schools are multiplying in the United States and Canada, and reports that they are being introduced into China and Japan.

'87.—Rev. Jas. B. Kennedy has accepted a call to the pastorate of Christie St. Baptist Church, Toronto in the absence of Rev. H. R. Nobles, who is now devoting his whole time to the work in the chaplaincy.

'90.—Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Leicester, England, has been gazetted to the rank of Honorary Captain and Chaplain in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. He has special oversight of wounded Canadians in his own area. Dr. Freeman still continues his pastoral work, and he writes that these are the busiest days of his life.

'96.—Rev. Dr. E. J. Stobo is now living at 20 Suffolk Place, Toronto. He has been ill for a number of months, and is still confined to the house, though able to move about a little.

'99.—Rev. David Bovington has been called to the First Baptist Church at Cleveland. For the past ten years he has been in the United States, for some time being assistant to Dr. A. H. Strong at Rochester Theological Seminary. For the past two years he has been engaged in post graduate studies in the University of Chicago.

'00.—W. Sherwood Fox, assistant Professor of Classics in Princeton University, has presented the library with a copy of his recent work on Greek and Roman Mythology, being Volume I. of the series "Mythology of all Races." A review of this book appeared in the January MONTHLY.

'01.—Rev. E. A. Brownlee, who has been a Missionary in China for the past eight years, under the China Inland Mission, is now on furlough in Toronto, and is living at the Mission Home, 507 Church Street. He has been a welcome speaker at recent meetings of McMaster students.

'02.—J. A. McLean has been appointed Professor of Animal Husbandry in the University of British Columbia. He received his B.Sc. (Agr.) from Ames Agricultural College in 1905, since which time he has done teaching and experimental work in Animal Husbandry in the State Colleges of Agriculture in Colorado, Iowa and Massachusetts. The Agricultural Gazette of Canada, in announcing his appointment to British Columbia, says: "His natural aptitude, thorough training and wide experience, admirably qualify him for the important position to which he has just been appointed." This is the second McMaster graduate on the staff of the newest Canadian University.

'03.—Rev. Hugh McDiarmid, recently of Fort William, should now be addressed at 416 Herkimer Street, Hamilton.

'03.—F. B. Dixon is ranching and teaching at Beaverlodge, Alta., up in the Grande Prairie district. When he first moved in, he was 300 miles from a railway, but now he feels quite in touch with civilization, the railway having come within 35 miles of his home.

'04.—Rev. W. C. Pearce, of Gladstone, Ont., has accepted a

call to Beachville, Ont., succeeding Rev. Robt. Segsworth, Theol., '09, who has moved to Cheltenham.

'05.—J. G. Whiten is on the staff of the Duke of Connaught High School in New Westminster, B.C.

'06.—C. L. Timpany, on furlough from India, is living in Aylmer, Ont. He spoke at McMaster on a recent Fyfe Day.

'08.—Professor D. A. McGibbon, of Brandon College, has been awarded the first prize of $1000 in the Economic essay contest by Hart, Schaffner and Marx, his prize-winning essay being entitled "Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission." Mr. McGibbon is the third Canadian to take first prize honors in these contests.

'09.—Morden H. Long, Rhodes Scholar of 1909, is now teaching History in Edmonton. At the annual convention of the Northern Alberta Teachers' Association, held in November last, he presented a paper on "Aims and Methods of History Teaching." The paper has been published in pamphlet form and a copy has just come to hand through the courtesy of W. G. Carpenter, '05, Superintendent of Edmonton Schools. The paper deals with the subject in a vital and interesting way, and advocates modern methods such as the use of the lantern for still and moving pictures. Morden answers the challenge he once found presented by a student whose examination paper he was marking: "To me it is a mystery why anyone likes History."

'10.—Rev. A. E. Kelly, recently of Walkerville, has become pastor of the Baptist Church in Brockville.

'10.—Rev. G. A. McLean has resigned the pastorate at Whitby, accepting a call to Orillia.

'10.—We hear that C. N. Curtis has left Brookston, Ind. Further information would be welcome.

'11.—A. E. Kochaly, Theol., '11, B.A., '14, has become pastor of Upper Blackville, Northumberland County, N.B. It is reported that since the outbreak of the war his parents have perished in Persia, and his only brother is on his way from Russia to Canada. His three married sisters are living in Persia.

'11.—Rev. Dr. R. S. McArthur is now stated supply at Warburton Ave. Church, Yonkers, N.Y.

'12.—Gordon Nixon is now in Peterborough practicing as a Chiropractor.

'13.—C. B. Crowe is with the Divisional Signallers training in Ottawa.

'13.—R. G. Dunbar was married on Christmas Day to Miss Ethel Barwise, Principal of Smithers Public School, B. C. They

will live at Daysland, Alberta, where Mr. Dunbar is school principal.

'14.—R. E. Freeman, our Rhodes Scholar, completed arrangements for entering Balliol College, Oxford, before he proceeded to the front in France.

'14.—Rev. E. D. Renaud is leaving Sudbury to accept a call from the First Baptist Church, Fort William, succeeding Rev. Hugh McDiarmid, '03.

'15.—Rev. C. Waddell is now pastor at Tiverton.

'15.—M. R. Ballard was married on December 27th at Oshawa to Miss Hermia Ethel Lee. Mr. Ballard is Science Master in Moose Jaw Collegiate Institute.

'15.—A. L. Stilwell is now teaching Mathematics in Meaford High School.

'15.—Miss D. J. Grant is now on the staff of Cayuga High School.

'15.—A. M. Froom is attending Harvard Law School.

'15.—C. L. Valens is at Osgoode Hall.

'15.—Miss M. C. Gill is on the staff of the Orange Sentinel, Toronto.

'15.—Miss A. B. Millar is Principal of the Public School at Spencerville.

'15.—A. A. Burridge reports that he is enjoying his work as Physical Director and Drill Instructor in Ottawa Collegiate Institute. He has 550 boys to look after, and directs the activities of 17 rugby teams, 87 basket ball teams, and dozens of hockey teams.

And when we saw it (the snow) we were homesick—we say it without a single blush of shame—homesick for Canada, with its snow upon its mountains and snow upon its plains; with its crisp, sparkling weather; with its brilliant wintry night lights shooting up from the northern zone; with its tobogganning and its skating; with its sleighbells jingling a merry tune to the sleighing party off for a jolly evening's fun; with its snow-shoes trudging over the deep snow, deep as the rail fences guarding the concession lines—but why enumerate more fully? We were homesick.—*O. J. C. W., in Canadian Hospital News, England.*

Here and There

EDITOR: ROY HARRIS, '18.

"God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town."

—*W. M. Letts.*

MR. STEAD used to speak of the university students of Britain as "the picked half-million." That these picked and chosen of the nation should be among those first sacrifieed, while the feeble and less-enduring remain is one of the most lamentable features of the Great War. To replace these losses will constitute one of the serious problems of the future.

To quote the words of Chancellor Jordan: "Replacement in quantity is a matter relatively simple; renewal in quality is impossible. The malady of war attacks first the young men, chosen for strength and endurance, those without blemish, 'the best that the nation can bring.' And with each man who falls perishes also the great widening wedge of those who should have been his descendants. When a man gives his life for his country, he gives far more than that, he contributes his share to the 'slain unnumbered.' the last and greatest loss of every war."

Yet there are ludicrous aspects even in the nation's serious preparation for war. In the following amusing skit, at the expense of Oxford professors, which is quoted in "Poems of the Great War," Mr. Wilfrid Blair has very skillfully called our attention to these rather humorous phases of the struggle:

A BALLAD OF DEATHLESS DONS.

"The dons, the dons!—The deathless dons do drill!"

II.

The proud Professors toe the line
And turn to the left for right incline.
Forgot, forgot are their divers lores
In the patriot stress of forming fours.
Their mortar-boards are a hive for bees
(Which they often were) as they stand at ease.
Though every morn they are wisdom's fount
In matters which nowadays hardly count,

Each afternoon each neophyte
Gets totally mixed between left and right
(And a don at maths. and a logic don
Turn each to each and are pounced upon).
At the terrible voice of the tu—the sergeant
Their gills go gules and their locks more argent.
And still as the breath comes short, and the knees
Wobble in places, and many a wheeze
Is torn from the depth of complaining tums,
Down the weak line the whisper comes:
"Memento Louvain!" or "Rheims, memenesthe!"
"Oxford," they cry, "shall beer-swillers fleece thee?"
And still—though their breath comes yet more short—
They drill like mad to preserve her port.

III.

See, in the foremost rank,
His brow with *sudor* dank,
His gown unpipeclayed in his loyal hurry,
Private Professor Gilbert Murray!—
Hear, oh, hear,
With almost swooning ear,
The sergeant (Chiron in disguise),
With how sarcastic drawl he
Damneth the eyes
Of Private Prof. Eng. Lit. Sir Walter Raleigh!
See yet again
With uncontrolled pleasure
There, marking time amain
As with such feet as make a lyric measure,
Like Aeschylus upon the Marathon day,—
Next to that nice ex-proctor,
Private and Poet Laureate Dr.
Bridges, M.A.!—
And see—but let your eyes with pride be dim!—
Him who professes Art and Archaeology
Standing as rear-rank man to him
Of Anthropology.
(Well knows the latter how to dodge,
That bullets in no deadly place may lodge!)—
Him of Eng. Law behold,
Not overbold
To reason why when sergeants bid him charge:
Him of Greek History, him of Geography,
All very fine and large,
This, swift to seize advantage of typography,
That, to announce how ne'er a corps did train
So well since Sparta went upon the wane.
And there be others:
A publisher and sundry heads of houses,
Spurred by North Oxford spouses,
Bidden go forth by yet more aged mothers;
And, standing desperately at attention
(But looking forward to their tea and scones),
Innumerable dons
And parsons beyond mention.

The Censor was going through his bunch of soldiers' letters. Finally he came to one where a Canadian Tommy was replying to a girl who had evidently asked him what the rows of crosses at the end of his last letter had meant. And Tommy had replied.—"entanglements."

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of Paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely "rat."
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat, too,
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the Zoo.
And when she walked abroad, I ween,
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see,
She had all Nature "skinned."
—*National Humane Review.*

"A man and a great oration,
A gown to give it the air,
The deep sweet sleep of the back bench,
And a front bench filled by the fair;
And yearning for knowledge or medals
Is the restless soul of a swot;
Some of us call it a lecture,
And others call it rot."
—Ex.

Of course, I'm for progress and such,
But I'll tell you this:
I never could care very much
For a sterilized kiss.

TRANSFERRED.

He told the shy maid of his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.
—*Cornell Widow.*

"As She is Spoke."—Somewhere in France a British Tommy and a French Poilu were parting after a couple of happy hours spent together and each desired to take leave of the other and each desired to make use of the other's language. "Au reservoir," said Tommy awkwardly. "Tanks, tanks," replied the polite poilu.—*The Dug-Out Gazette.*

Woodstock College

Editor: G. E. Reaman, M.A.

EXTREME cold weather keeps us confined pretty closely to the College buildings. However, it is splendid weather for outdoor rinks, and our rink is flourishing—generally with snow shovels.

Our Junior O.H.A. team were defeated here by Ingersoll Juniors with a score of 1-0. The game was hard fought from start to finish, the only score being made at the beginning of the game by a shot from behind the goal which hit the goalkeeper's skate, bounding in. Our boys fought hard. Snow playing an especially aggressive game. King was by far the fastest man on the ice, but all were in poor shooting form. Shields, the other College man, was suffering from a sore knee, yet played a plucky, useful game.

A City League for hockeyists under 18 years of age has been formed. We have entered a team, which was defeated by the Collegiate the first game and tied them for the honors the second.

The basket ball season is ended, the final game being lost to London Y.M.C.A.

Recent speakers at the different College organizations have been Dr. Gibson, who gave a very illuminating address on the Irish question; Dr. Crews and Rev. Owen Rutledge, who addressed the Thursday evening prayer meeting.

It is rumored that those members of the Faculty and students who went up to London to hear the New York Symphony Orchestra returned home in good time for chapel service the following morning.

We are glad to welcome to our staff and to the College, Mr. Knox, a returned soldier, who will have charge of the physical and military drill. Mr. Knox spent some two years with the first contingent but was shell-shocked and discharged from further service.

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Fifty-Ninth Annual Calendar sent on request

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WILLIAM JOHN DONALD, B.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology.

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JOHN GILBERT BROWN, B.A., D.D., Special Lecturer on Missions.

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HENRI CARO-DELVAILLE

The Lady with the Hydrangea.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXVI. MARCH, 1917 No. 6

A CHAT ON PICTURES.

With reproductions of paintings exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1916.

ONE of our largest debts to the Canadian National Exhibition is for the annual glimpse into the art world which it affords us. Last September the showing of Canadian work was supplemented by a representative collection of French and Belgian painting and sculpture. By the courtesy of the Council of the Department of Fine Arts THE MONTHLY is enabled to reproduce herewith four of the paintings then shown, two by French and two by Canadian artists. The Editor has asked me to provide two or three pages of chatter to accompany these pictures.

In the whole exhibit one of the most satisfying items was Henri Caró-Delvaille's "Lady with the Hydrangea." The spectator's interest in this portrait is hardly more due to the delightfulness of the subject than it is to the finished mastery with which the whole is depicted. The face, as it should be, is the focus of attention, but the arrangement of the background, the chair, the treatment of the dress, and the whole attitude of the figure even to the tapering finger tips, all contribute with a calculated inevitableness to the impression one receives of this modern woman, sophisticated and self-sufficient, and thoroughly capable of adorning beautiful surroundings. Caro-Delvaille is an adept at the painting of elegant interiors and the portrayal of the being who best fits them, this species of modern female which a Frenchman once characterized as the *poupée sublime* or sublime doll. In the "Lady with the Hydran-

PAUL MADELINE
River in Brittany.

gea'' the painter not only shows a delicate insight into his subject, but reveals a mastery of line and a keen and original sense of composition.

The landscape by Paul Madeline, ''A River in Britanny,'' shows a design that is picturesquely irregular. Formal design, especially in landscape, went somewhat out of fashion as a result of the nineteenth century movement towards impressionism, which may be defined as the effort to depict objects as they actually appear to the eye wrapped in air and played upon by sunlight. The old obvious style of composition had often hinted more of the studio than of nature. Now, working in the open air, many artists grew careless of arrangement, excusing themselves on the plea that they preferred to take nature as they found her. On top of the new first-hand acquaintance

with out-door nature, however, came an introduction to the pictorial art of the Far East, especially of Japan, with its wonderful instinct for design. Study of this older art furnished a needed corrective and revealed to western artists new decorative possibilities in pictorial art, especially in landscape. To many Europeans and Americans pictorial decoration had meant the balanced and rhythmical distribution of human figures upon a wall or ceiling. The Japanese showed us how well adapted landscape was for decorative treatment. So painters of the outdoors are now more generally giving attention to securing a fine quality of pure design as well as to presenting a true rendition of nature. Madeline's "River in Britanny" is not, of course, primarily a piece of decoration, but its decorative treatment is a strong element in its charm. The river is an attractive bit of water set in a pleasant land, but our pleasure in looking at it is greatly enhanced by the rhythmical balance of the foreground of boulder and peasant women and picturesque arch of pine-trees, the whole forming a decorative screen through which the eye wanders with an Arcadian carelessness until by and by, passing into the distance beyond the wooded point, it rests upon the solitary sail near the farther shore.

Homer Watson's "October Day" is a characteristic example of the work of this Ontario artist. There is nothing sensational about his pictures. They are marked by restraint and by a broad simplicity. Details interest him only as they help to make plain the big general truths. His taste in landscape was formed in the valley of the Grand River, and he has retained a preference for subjects that are simple, almost, in themselves, commonplace. As Katherine Hale one said of him, he "deliberately turned his back on the enticements of the picturesque to seek nature lodged in an unexciting wilderness." To say that his subjects are unexciting detracts nothing, however, from his art. What higher task can the artist perform than to help us ordinary mortals perceive the beauties of the commonplace? And the task is no easy one, for most of us have hardly learned to open our eyes. Homer Watson picks out and emphasizes for us the beauties of sunlight and shadow as they

HOMER WATSON, R.C.A.
October Day.

stand out in sharp contrast in a country of trees. He knows trees as few men know the faces of their best friends. That is, not only can he recognize them when he sees them but he so understands their structure that he easily seizes upon its significant features and presents them simply for the better acquaintance of the beholder. There are trees and trees: the oak and the aspen have little in common. Some artists have preferred the delicate type, but Watson's trees are seldom slender, feathery things; he likes best to paint them massy and vigorous, firmly rooted in a solid earth.

There was a time when Canadians were not eager to spread before the world the qualities of their winter, but the present

generation has learned to enjoy the good things winter brings. Now we not only admit that we have a long winter and a cold winter, but we are almost as proud of this feature of our country's climate as if we were responsible for its existence. Yet, so far, too few Canadian painters have made a specialty of depicting this distinctive and important element in our landscape. One of the exceptions is Maurice Cullen of Montreal, born in Newfoundland and trained in France, but above all a lover of real winter such as he finds in Canada. He does not confine himself to the painting of mild scenes when the snow is melting in the fields and the ice is breaking on the river, such scenes as are the favorites of the best snow-painters of the United States, men like Gardner Symons and Edward Redfield. Many of Cullen's pictures suggest the icy tingle of twenty below. A favorite subject for his brush is the cutting of the ice-harvest. He deals with one phase of this industry in "The End of Day." The picture is more than a portrayal of ice and snow and wintry air. The long procession that comes plodding over the ice under the setting sun speaks of a big day's work nearly completed. Notice the heavy-footed gait of the horses in the foreground and the weary slouch of the driver standing on the leading sled. One feels as he looks at this picture that the gathering of the ice-harvest is no mean labor.

It is no mean labor, either, to paint real winter; for if the task is to be well done it necessitates constant sketching in the open. It is a commonplace that he who would paint the sea must devote his years to the study of its changing face, and it is likewise true that a knowledge of winter's real aspects can not be lightly gained. Let no one assume that a knowledge of the appearances of snow must be easy of acquisition because snow, forsooth, is merely white. Of course snow is no more always white than is the sky always blue or the sea always Homer's "wine-dark sea." Like water, snow is a wonderful reflector of color, and the man who would adequately paint the "whiteness" of drifted snow will find occasion to use all the tints of the rainbow. Hence the need of close study out of doors, sketch-box in hand. Perhaps in the necessity for this

MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.
The End of Day.

study, not only keen-eyed but prolonged, lies an explanation of the comparative scarcity of good painters of snow. May we hope that, as our natural art develops, more men will venture to hazard numb fingers in the good cause of studying and painting our winter scenery? The thing can be done; a goodly share of the vigorous young art of Sweden is devoted to winter; and Maurice Cullen's work furnishes an excellent example of what can be accomplished in our own land.

—Reginald G. Trotter, Ex—'09.

Trees, of course, are the most beautiful as well as, perhaps, the most useful of growing things, not because they are the largest, but because they attain often the finest symmetry and because they have the most decided and appealing personality.—*Walter Prichard Eaton.*

A TRIP UP THE YANGTSE KIANG.

IT is a beautiful, clear, starry night, with just a touch of frost in the air. The steamer Yoyang Maru is lying in mid-stream, ready to weigh anchor as soon as the tide turns. But the spirit of calm which nature suggests, does not seem to have pervaded the atmosphere on the steamer. The ship is crowded, every available corner is occupied; some are spreading their mattresses on the decks, some are even preparing to spend the night on the stairways; passengers are continually arriving, and the ship's officers are kept busy trying to find empty corners in which to put them. Everywhere is heard quarrelling and wrangling; for without making a great deal of noise, a Chinaman can do nothing worth while. The river itself is teeming with human life. Myriads of small craft can be distinguished in the darkness. One can hear the boatmen shouting to warn each other of their approach. Now and then, as some larger vessel sweeps past, the peculiar sing-song of the oarsmen is heard. But listen a minute! From across the water is faintly heard the sound of a different kind of singing. Those are certainly not Chinese voices, and that tune is strangely familiar.

Gradually the singing becomes more and more distinct as a little boat draws nearer. Ah! Now you can distinguish the tune and the words. The tune—"Way down upon the Swanee River," with slight variations as to the words.

"All the school is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
There's not a single, single class-room
Like the old coal-house at home."

Presently the little boat draws alongside of the steamer, and in a few minutes there come scrambling up the gangway a dozen or more "foreign" children all laughing and talking in perfectly plain English. Does this phenomenon need explanation? Well, we children are on our way home for the Christmas holidays. We all hasten towards the front of the ship until we reach the door which leads into the saloon into which we all

flock. There seems to be no room here for this merry crowd. Every square inch of floor space is covered with someone's bedding. Every chair is occupied. The entrance of the foreigners causes mild excitement.

One woman turns to her companion and says: "Just look at their skin: it is as white as snow. Do you see that one with blue eyes? People with that kind of eyes can see right through the earth."

Presently the cabin-boy hurries in, and shows us the rooms which have been reserved for us. For the next few minutes all is excitement, getting ready for the night. The cabin-boy, who claims to be in the confidence of the captain, assures us that the ship will not be leaving port until two or three o'clock in the morning. We therefore decide that it will be wisest to go to bed at once.

The whole of the next day we are steaming up the Yangtse. The scenery is quite monotonous, the banks of the river being flat, and the districts beyond consisting almost entirely of rice-fields. The same evening we call at the first port of interest along this route. Again, an influx of passengers! Where will they put them all? But they all get stowed away somewhere. The minute the ship draws in at the hulk, there is a scramble to reach the deck. The people engaged in this rush are pedlars and vendors of small wares who do a thriving business on board the steamers. A few minutes after the vessel is tied, the decks are lined from bow to stern with these men.

Have you ever bought anything from a Chinaman? There is one inflexible rule in such transactions, and that is, never give him the price that he first asks. If you do not know what the article ought to cost, you should fix your price at one-third of the figure he asked. Of course he will not agree at first, but he will gradually bring his price down, and you will let your price rise, until finally the bargain is struck at about one-half of the price which the Chinaman originally named. This bargaining will take time, but as far as a Chinaman is concerned, time is of little importance in business transactions.

While the ship is in port, we children go in among the pedlars trying to make our broken Chinese understood, and driving what we consider to be hard bargains. The Chinese regard foreign children as quite harmless lunatics. To see the way they rush about chasing each other and shouting is sufficient proof of their lunacy; for Chinese children know very little about how to play.

On the afternoon of the next day we make another call. This port is everywhere famous for its beggars. A reason for this may be that the crops of the surrounding country are frequently destroyed by flood, and therefore farming is not a profitable industry. The ship's officers will not allow the beggars on board ship, so they must try other means of begging from the passengers. They therefore crowd around the ship in small boats. Many who have not been long in this lucrative trade use large, round tubs in the place of boats. These tubs are propelled by means of a paddle. To beg from passengers on the second and third decks, the beggars usually have a round basket attached to the end of a long pole with which they are able to reach up as high as it is necessary. And then the clamour and the noise! Most of the beggars have children with them who kneel at the bow of the little boat knocking their heads at intervals on the floor, and crying out pitiful tales of their misery. A heart-rending scene, is it not? But if you understand Oriental nature even a little bit, you will not waste your sympathies here. There may be many cases of extreme poverty and wretchedness to be found in China, but this is not where you will find them.

To us children, the business of filling the basket is most absorbing. We favour the beggars who have small children with them, and eye with disapproval those who come in the larger boats. They cannot be needing anything very badly. When you consider how numerous are the claimants, you will understand that our funds are limited. Anyone else might even call our contributions stingy should he see two peanuts go into one basket, and one plug of an orange into another, but these beg-

gars thank us profusely for whatever we give, and then ask for more.

Late in the afternoon of the following day the steamer reaches its terminus. Beyond this point the river is not deep enough for this size of steamer. Here our party is divided up into smaller groups, and we each go our ways, and after a time we reach our respective homes. Oh, what bliss to be home again! What tales we have to tell of the terrible sufferings inflicted upon us at school—the lessons they made us learn, the rules they forced us to keep, the things they gave us to eat! Well, it is all over now, and these horrors are quite forgotten, when, the first night at home, mother comes to tuck us in bed, and to give us our good-night kiss.

—Grace Taylor, '18.

THE WHITE PINE BLISTER RUST IN ONTARIO.

N the fall of 1914 a new disease was discovered in Ontario which threatened the existence of our most valuable timber tree, the White Pine. It was new to Ontario, but, like many other plant diseases, had been prevalent and proved disastrous in other parts of the world before its advent here. Europe had been ravaged by it for years until the culture of White Pine and other five needled species had been given up.

In the early days of the reforestation movement in America, practically all the seedlings were imported from Germany and France. These were obtained at less expense on account of the low cost of labor and because forestry had been longer a scientific study in these countries. It was not long until several outbreaks of the disease occurred in the United States and all cases of infection were traced to nursery stock imported from European firms. In order to encourage the reforestation of waste lands, it is the custom of the Provincial Government to furnish nursery stock to such men as are willing to care for it.

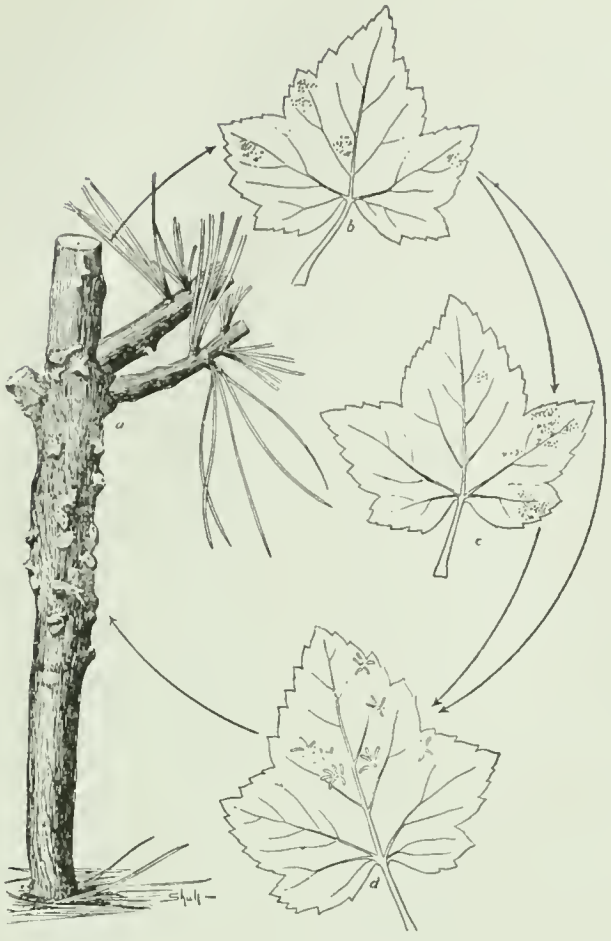

Diagram indicating the life circuit of the causal fungus of the white-pine blister rust. *a*, Blisters on pine in May and early June, from which the disease spreads to currant or gooseberry leaves and produces the early summer stage, *b*; thence it may spread to another currant leaf and produce there a second crop of the early summer stage, *c*, or it may produce the late summer stage, *d*; in this stage, in the fall, it infects neighboring white pines, which may or may not include the pine (*a*) which bore the blisters that started the outbreak the preceding spring.—*From U.S. Agricultural Bulletin.*

Thus several imported shipments had been distributed before the danger was realized. However, in 1909, measures were passed prohibiting the importation of such stock and the cultivation was started at our own Provincial Forestry Station in Norfolk County. In spite of this precaution the damage was done; and although careful watch was kept the infection was not discovered until 1914, when it was found to have attained considerable headway.

The disease is of the type known as rust—a type which frequently causes economic losses in agriculture. It is a fungus infection and displays a rust characteristic of existing upon two separate hosts. In this case the other hosts beside the five-needled pines are of the genus Ribes to which belong our currant and gooseberry bushes. Could a more favorable combination of

hosts for the spread of any infection be found? White pines are familiar and common in nearly all parts of Ontario but are not so numerous as the black currant bushes found in every housewife's garden. This same omnipresent species, so immune to "grubs," condescends to the best possible place of development for the Currant Felt Rust, as that stage of the Blister Rust is called.

The life history of the Rusts is very interesting, and this member is quite typical. Early in the spring a yellowish spindle-shaped swelling is noticed, generally on the lateral branches of the young White Pines. In April or May this breaks out into bright yellow blisters which contain the spores ready to be dispersed by the wind. These are carried considerable distances, and many are fortunate enough to alight on the unfolding leaves of the currant bushes. Development soon begins on the under side of the leaves and in about two weeks small yellow pustules form on the surface. From these areas spores are shed capable of infecting other current plants. Jumps from bush to bush of one-half mile are quite common, so that the area covered in a single season may be very great. Later in the season, from July to September, when the leaves fall, other spores of a different type are produced on the currant leaves. These are able to re-infect the pines. Here the infection remains over winter. Thus the circle is complete, from pines to currants in the spring, and from currants back to pines in the late summer.

In its early stages the disease usually displays itself on the small branches of the tree, girdling the part on which it occurs. The next season it progresses farther down the main stem of the plant, and finally the whole tree dies above the affected area. Small trees are generally attacked, as the bark seems more permeable, but large trees also may be affected, as has been the case in Europe. In the former respect, however, our great loss is likely to occur as we depend upon the seedlings for our future forests.

On the currants the loss is not so apparent, since the leaves only are affected. In extreme cases the plants are defoliated

early in the season, and thus their vitality is impaired. Spraying has been successful in some cases, but it is a difficult matter to reach the whole under-surface with the spray.

At present in Ontario there are several areas of infection. The principal one is located in the Niagara Peninsula and it presents the greatest difficulty, as pines and currants are everywhere numerous. It has been suggested that the whole area from Hamilton eastward be cut off by a belt free from pines and currants. But there still remains the possibility of it spreading to other parts of the province by spores transmitted on the large quantities of fruit that are sent out from that district. The outlying areas are comparatively smaller in extent and present less difficulty. The likely policy will be a systematic survey of a district and the eradication of all diseased pines when found. Thus the possibilities of it wintering over would be very slight.

The eradication of this disease seems to be only part of a general policy of conservation in which our forests play a large part. The public is just beginning to realize the tremendous value of our timber resources and should demand a systematic preservation of them for future use. In this respect reforestation is very important, yet the idea seems to be difficult to foster in Ontario. Any discouragement such as disease on white pine is likely to dishearten the farmer and prevent any further undertaking in this direction. Of course any effort to stamp out the infection will involve much time and money. Action should be taken at once, and any appropriate expenditure will not be out of place even at this time when great national economy should be practiced.

—J. A. Gunton, '16.

THE PORTRAITS IN OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL—IV.

Theodore Harding Rand.*

THEODORE Harding Rand was the first Chancellor of the University after the opening of the Arts Department in 1890. In that year he was made Chairman of the new Faculty of Arts, and in 1892 was appointed Chancellor, which position he held until his resignation in 1895. Thus he presided over the institution in its formative period and bore a major share in laying its foundations wisely and strongly, in conceiving and setting forth its ideals of Christian culture. It is simple justice to say that in no small measure McMaster is what she is to-day in virtue of the early impress of his commanding personality upon her life. The undergraduates of to-day may well desire to be informed as to his work and worth, to the end that, when they look upon his portrait in the Chapel, they may pay seemly homage to the memory of a great and good man.

Dr. Rand came to Toronto with an assured reputation as an educationist in the Maritime Provinces. A graduate of Acadia, he assisted Sir Charles (then Dr.) Tupper in framing the bill to create a system of free public schools in Nova Scotia, and was chosen by that statesman as the first Superintendent of Education under the new Act. His administration overcame much bitter opposition and so established the new system in popular favour that in its main outlines it remains to-day what it was when he left it in 1870. Later he performed a similar service for New Brunswick. After two years as Professor of Education in Acadia, he came in 1885 to Toronto Baptist College as Professor of Didactics and Apologetics, and gave the remaining fifteen years of his life to the cause of Baptist Education in this Province.

In 1886, in response to the solicitations of our educational leaders, he accepted the Principalship of Woodstock College, which at that time was an institution for somewhat mature stu-

*Portrait on east wall, second from gallery.

dents of both sexes. Candour compels the present writer, who was a student there at the time, to admit that Dr. Rand's tenure of office, though marked by some solid achievements, was not wholly a success. It was during his occupancy of that position that the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec took the decision to establish McMaster University as an independent institution of learning. Assuredly Dr. Rand's forward-looking vision and strong convictions contributed not a little to that courageous resolution.

Returning to Toronto in 1888 to resume his professorship, he was appointed in 1889 Professor of Ethics and Education in the prospective Arts Department. After a year's leave of absence in Great Britain and Europe, he became in succession, as stated above, Chairman of the Arts Faculty and Chancellor of the University. Concerning these five years, from 1890 to 1895, the following estimate by Dr. Trotter may be advantageously quoted and pondered: "In my view they were sacrificial years. Other men there were both on the Faculty and on the Board who wrought nobly in those initial times, but the chief burdens necessarily fell upon him. There was a curriculum to be framed, a student patronage to be created, a divided denomination to be conciliated, a cynical public to be borne with and won. There were problems of organization which must occupy years and could only be solved by slow and patient processes. There was the elaboration of ideals for the manifold life of the University, and the demand for sustained constructive effort that the ideals might be firmly established. To these tasks Dr. Rand gave himself with all the intensity of his nature, all the alertness and grasp of his thought, all the breadth and reach of his vision, all the practical wisdom of his planning, all the steadiness and resoluteness of his purpose, all the faith and courage of his spirit, all the many-sidedness of his being, literally pouring out his life in streams that the foundations of the University might be laid deep, broad, immovable. No wonder if this intense and constant forth-putting of energy sometimes wore the nerves to sensitiveness and made the tireless worker impatient of opposition, real

or fancied. No wonder if those who saw him but occasionally and encountered him spent with exhausting toil, sometimes misjudged the man. No wonder if while yet in the midst of his days the physical machinery began to fail, and the more wearing duties had to be resigned. Never did a man serve in the Vineyard of the Lord more worthy to be called a "laborer" than he during those years, and the fruits of his toil will be unto all future generations."

After his resignation of the Chancellorship in 1895 he remained as Professor-Emeritus of English and Lecturer in Education till his passing in 1900. These last five years were full of peaceful joy and gracious ministry, a fruitful autumn at the close of a strenuous life. Freed from administrative cares he had leisure to disclose the hitherto partially hidden gentler aspects of his nature and to unfold the abounding treasures of his mind and heart. As an interpreter of poetry, and especially of the spiritual beauty of his much-loved Tennyson, he laid a spell on his students, making them lovers of good literature and calling forth their own powers of self-expression in verse. G. Herbert Clarke, B. W. N. Grigg, S. R. Tarr, and the late Miss Wells—these and other graduates of McMaster gratefully acknowledged their debt to him for stirring their poetic fountains with the breath of his spirit. He found time, too, to collect his fugitive poems into a volume entitled, "At Minas Basin," which was warmly commended by the critics, notably by Edmund Clarence Stedman, the author of "Victorian Poets" and at that time the dean of American critics. The sale of this was sufficient to justify a second and enlarged edition within a year. This was followed by another volume entitled, "Song Waves," from which only last year, as recorded in THE MONTHLY, the Professor of Poetry at Oxford quoted in illustration of the quality of Canadian poetry. Finally he edited a volume of selections from Canadian poets entitled "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," which still remains a standard anthology.

The foregoing epitome of Dr. Rand's varied activities will, it is hoped, enlighten the present generation of undergraduates

as to what they, the inheritors of the past, owe to the far-seeing Chancellor, the capable administrator, the inspiring teacher, the genuine poet, the cultivated gentleman, the sturdy Baptist, and the devout Christian, who gave so much of himself to their Alma Mater.

—M.

THE DRAGONFLY.

I.

Winged wonder of motion
In splendour of sheen,
Cruising the shining blue
Waters all day,
Smit with hunger of heart
And seized of a quest
Which nor beauty of flower
Nor promise of rest
Has charm to appease
Or slacken or stay,—
What is it you seek,
Unopen, unseen?

II.

Are you blind to the sight
Of the heavens of blue,
Or the wind-fretted clouds
On their white, airy wings,
Or the emeriled grass
That velvets the lawn,
Or glory of meadows
Aflame like the dawn?
Are you deaf to the note
In the woodland that rings
With the song of the white
throat,
As crystal as dew?

III.

Winged wonder of motion
In splendour of sheen,
Stay, a brief moment

Thy hither and thither
Quick-beating wings,
Thy flashes of flight;
And tell me thy heart,
Is it sad, is it light,
Is it pulsing with fears
Which scorch it and wither,
  Or joys that up-well
  In a gurgle of green?

IV.

"O breather of words
And poet of life,
I tremble with joy,
I flutter with fear!
Ages it seemeth,
Yet only to-day
Into this world of
Gold sunbeams at play,
I came from the deeps.
  O crystaline sphere!
  O beautious light!
  O glory of life!

V.

"On the watery floor
Of this sibilant lake,
I lived in the twilight dim.
'There's a world of Day,'
Some pled, 'a world
Of ether and wings athrob
Close over our head.'
'It's a dream, it's a whim,
A whisper of reeds,' they said,—
And anon the waters would sob.
And ever the going
Went on to the dead
Without a glint of a ray,
  And the watchers watched
  In their vanishing wake.

VI.

"The passing
Passed for aye,
And the waiting

Waited in vain!
Some power seemed to enfold
The tremulous waters around.
Yet never in heat
Nor in shrivelling cold,
Nor darkness deep or grey,—
Came token of sound or touch,—
A clear unquestioned 'Yea!'
And the scoffers scoffed,
In swelling refrain,
'Let us eat and drink,
For to-morrow we die.'

VII.

"But, O, in a trance of bliss,
With gauzy wings I awoke!
An ecstasy bore me away
O'er field and meadow and plain.
I thought not of recent pain,
But revelled, as splendours broke
From sun and cloud and air,
In the eye of golden Day.

VIII.

"I'm yearning to break
To my fellows below
The secret of ages hoar;
In the quick-flashing light
I dart up and down,
Forth and back, everywhere,
But the waters are sealed
Like a pavement of glass,—
Sealed that I may not pass.
O waters of air!
Or the wing of an eagle's might
To cleave a pathway below!"

IX.

And the Dragonfly in splendour
Cruises ever o'er the lake,
Holding in his heart a secret
Which in vain he seeks to break.

—*Theodore Harding Rand.*
from At Mina's Basin and other Poems

PANSY.

I.

THERE was a new girl on the playground. She was an untidy little thing of about twelve years of age, and was surrounded by a wondering audience. "Yes," she was saying in her shrill voice, "I'm an American, and so's Sylvie and Eric," pointing to two tow-haired children, "and my mother's a real show actress, and so's Sylvie and me." The audience took in an awestruck breath. "What do you do at the show," queried an unbeliever. "Oh, we dance and sing. Come along, Sylvie, or you'll catch it." Sylvie had no desire to catch it, and the two soon disappeared.

With the passing days Pansy became a well-known figure on the grounds. Her hair screwed up rakishly behind, and her dress looped up in front, gave her a grotesque appearance. No matter how dirty her dress, she always bedaubed it with tawdry finery, a torn lace collar, or a ragged bow.

Jewelry seemed indispensable to the daughter of "a real show actress." Around her neck was a chain, guiltless of ornament or clasp. On either hand were rings, without doubt procured at the five-cent store. After some of the more jealous had viewed this daily display, they demanded of Pansy: "Are those real?" "Well, I like that," she answered unblinkingly. "What else do you think I'd wear?"

But the attack was renewed next day. At the folk dancing class, in connection with the playground, Pansy had taken her place hopefully enough, but in the very first dance had gone hopelessly astray. The older girls gloated over her discomfort. They poked one another and remarked in stage whispers: "Looks like some actress, don't it!" Pansy stopped in the middle of the floor. She grabbed Sylvie's hand and pushing her before her faced her taunters. "Yuh think yer some dancers, don't yuh, but just wait till me and Sylvie gets running shoes—," but the teacher cut her remarks short, and Pansy was banished in disgrace.

Pansy and Sylvie became more and more untidy. Their food bespattered frocks, their begrimed hands and dirty faces were openly commented upon. Even Pansy's partisans began to slacken in their enthusiasm. Finally the none too quiet criticism reached Pansy's ears, and the supervisor found her and Sylvie one day, a woebegone pair who refused to be comforted.

When the supervisor had appeased the glowering Pansy, and quieted the sobbing Sylvie, she learned something of their circumstances. The story was sad enough. The mother had gone back to the stage, leaving her three little children in the care of an aged grandmother, and their father. The father had recently enlisted, and now Pansy was chief housekeeper.

As she finished her recital the child said: "Do you think I look awful, teacher? We ain't got none but these dresses, but I done my best to fix 'em up," and she sighed.

The teacher suggested, in answer, that Pansy wash the dresses early some morning. In addition, she consoled her by saying that if she were clean she would look very attractive. Eager to try the experiment the children ran off hand in hand.

Eric, the sturdy little brother, appeared first next morning. His face shone with soap. Sylvie came next. Her still damp locks were plastered down by a circular comb, and her dress had been washed. She cuddled up against the supervisor and confided, "Pansy's working awful hard. Gee! I wish you wuz my mother!"

When Pansy came she was radiant. Her hair was neat and clean, her dress was nearly clean, and her face was clean. But her arms and neck! The supervisor whispered, before her playmates noticed it, to run home and wash her arms and neck thoroughly. The child answered with a shocked: "I must of clean forgot," and dashed home. In a short time she was back. "Now look, teacher," she boasted, kin yuh see any dirt *now*?" The teacher looked. "Pansy," she said, "did you wash your neck?" "Near skinned it, what's wrong?" "It looks rather dirty, but —" catching sight of the tight brass chain she wore—"maybe you left your chain on while you did it?" "Of course," answered the child, "I've wore that for five years; it won't come

off." "May I try," asked the woman. The knot was firm. "Pansy," she asked finally, "may I break it?" "Be glad if yuh did," cheerfully replied the owner. The supervisor picked up her scissors. A clip, and the chain fell off, revealing a greenish-black mark, the accumulation of five years.

It was nearly an hour before Pansy reappeared. She came with head uplifted, followed by her dearest admirers, importance radiating from her wiry little body. She knocked boldly at the office door. The supervisor looked up and gasped. Pansy was white at last, snow white. Her face and neck were powdered to suffocation.

The child beamed. "It's awful good fer yer skin," she explained. "Mother left it behind, so I thought I'd use it, and," assuming an attitude of importance, "my grandma says she's like to meet you some day. She says you must be *some* teacher."

II.

Pansy did not forget the importance of personal appearance. About the same time she received her first allowance from the patriotic fund, and she immediately invested it in new clothes, and a piece of fancy work.

The child brought her fancy work to the teacher, and asked for help. She had tried to begin it, but every time the thread became hoplessly tangled. The supervisor advised Pansy to put it away till winter, but the child shook her head, and blissfully continued to jab her needle in the wrong place.

It was about a week before the supervisor received a clue as to the cause of Pansy's new industry. She was making the round of the grounds, breaking up quarrelsome groups, and sending little children home, when she arrived at a quieter portion of the park. As she approached a bench, half hidden in the shadow of a tree, she noticed two small figures, one at either end.

"It's a nice park, ain't it?" said one voice. "We just got as good in the State I come from," answered Pansy's voice. "The States is some swell place, ain't it?" replied the first voice. Pansy was conversing with the corner grocer's message boy.

The interruption of the supervisor did not discourage the grocer's message boy, for Pansy came three days later clutching a grimy envelope. "Teacher, will you keep this fur me? Don't let any of the girls see it." "Why, Pansy," said the supervisor, "isn't it a nice letter?" "Oh, it's swell," sighed Pansy, "but them girls ain't going to say things about me." The teacher was a little troubled and asked: "Would you mind if I read your letter?" "Sure yuh kin if yuh like," answered Pansy graciously, and pulled out the contents of the envelope. There was a postcard photograph of the grocer's message boy holding a huge bunch of wild flowers, and wearing a seraphic smile. "I 'preciate having a picture of my friend," she simpered. Then she handed over the letter.

It was written in large, round writing, on a piece of scribbling paper, and read as follows:

Dear Friend,—I hope you are well. I am well only I got a sore knee and I hope it will be better by Sunday. It hurts when I walk mutch. I hope I will see you Sunday and it don't rain how do you like this hot wether. Say, Pansy, there ain't another girl as nice as you on the playground and I hope you like me. I ain't going to talk to eny of them other girls eny more. I think their cheap.

Your Friend,

Willie Heinesman.

Excuse bad writing.

From that day on Pansy lived above the commonplace. She ceased to boast of bygone glories. She gave up screaming names at her opponents. When later she appeared on the playground reeking with cheap perfume, her triumph seemed complete.

"Mind yuh," she confided to the supervisor, "pa had just come back from Camp Borden when the door bell rung. He went to the door, and there wuz a pareel for me with my name on it. Pa says, "What's this?" and I saw him wink at grandma, and I opened it, and there was the swellest bottle of scent, and it didn't say who from, but I guess I know," she chuckled. "Grandma said: 'You just take that right back,' but I says:

'How can I, it don't say where it came from?' and pa says: 'Aha! I guess we're all young once,' so I kep it. Don't it smell swell?''

III.

''Do you know,'' Pansy confided to the supervisor one day, ''I ain't seen my mother fur more'n a year now. But I guess I'll see her soon. Pa and grandma both wrote to her before he went overseas, and pa said me and Sylvie and Eric were going to the States soon. I'll be glad. You know it's awful funny,'' she continued, ''but pa says I'll have another father in the States. I remember the night before she went away. Sylvie and me wuz was in bed and there was an awful bang. Sylvie's always scared of the dark now. Pa told us mother'd gone to the States next day to be an actress again.''

With the passing days Pansy spent less time on the playground. When she did come she had always one favorite topic of conversation with the girls, what she had had for dinner. ''Beefsteak and new potatoes, corn and bananas and jelly roll and two kinds of pie.'' She would smack her lips as she enumerated each article. Sylvie never mentioned the subject, however, and when a child with ''a piece'' offered her a bite she always gladly accepted.

Then one morning some neighbor children excitedly reported: ''Mother says the bailiff's at Pansy's house, and he's taken every stick of furniture away, even the stove.'' When Pansy came, looking for Sylvie, a chorus of questions greeted her: ''Haven't you any furniture? Is the bailiff in your place?'' The child answered by a shrill laugh. ''Listen to them,'' she jeered, ''we'd look nice without furniture, wouldn't we? How'd we cook our dinner? We're going to have beefsteak, new potatoes—'' reciting her favorite list. There was a threatening look in the child's eyes as she did so, and Sylvie squirmed uneasily.

Early the following morning Pansy reappeared, clean and breathless. ''We've moved,'' she announced. ''The lady next door wanted us fur a visit. She's swell. Grandma's sick, but

I guess she'll get well now, and we got a letter from mother this morning. We're going to the States soon."

Additional excitement came when two policemen arrived on the grounds in search of Pansy. Her friends gathered in terrified groups, and her enemies boasted loudly that "she wuz going to get pinched for telling lies." But the policemen patted her kindly on the head when they departed.

"We're going to the States to-morrow," she announced in high glee that afternoon. "Them policemen sent a telegram because pa's a soldier. I'll see yuh to-morrow."

Pansy did not get away though to say good-bye to the playground. Most of its frequenters watched her departure, however, from afar. At four o'clock a cab drove up and the little family drove off in high spirits accompanied by the cheers of the neighborhood.

The following day, when the supervisor was making her tour of inspecting, thinking and wondering about Pansy and Sylvie, she came upon a group of children. They were so absorbed that they did not notice her approach. A boy of fourteen was reading a letter aloud, "It gives me a pain when I think what a good time I have been having, and my children have been starving.

"Your loving mother, Dollie."

"What are you reading?" asked the supervisor. The boy reddened. "It's just a letter we found in the sand box, to Pansy from her mother. Here, do you want it?" The supervisor declined to receive it, but all day long the words rang in her ears: "While my children have been starving. Your loving mother, Dollie."

—Elsie Wilkins, '17.

We can not look around us without being struck by the surprising variety and multiplicity of the sources of Beauty of Creation produced by form or by color or by both united.—*MacCulloch.*

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EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL. XXVI. MARCH, 1917 NO. 6

Editorial Notes

Since the publishing of "Thy Praises, McMaster" in the January number of THE MONTHLY, information about our most frequently used college song has come to hand. The song, easily recognizable, appears anonymously in Brown University Song Book under the title, "Thy Praises, Brunonia." A member of the first graduating class in arts at McMaster, who had taken part of his course at Brown, introduced it for the commencement exercises at the time of his graduation, in the same way as songs are used now-a-days for debating purposes. He had no intention of introducing a McMaster song. Its appropriation was purely accidental. The students liked it; they sang it; and students ever since have followed them. When first used, the only change was the substituting of McMaster for Brunonia, but in the course of twenty-three odd years, during which the words

were passed on orally, slight changes have crept in unconsciously. The original words are as follows (Italics show words which have changed):

"Thy praises, Brunonia, we sing with joyful hearts
Thy sons *defend* thy honoured name,
Until we end life's journey
And *death* our friendship *parts*
May all our deeds increase thy fame."

We take this opportunity of expressing our indebtedness to Brown University for a song which is loved by hundreds of McMaster students, and to point out how its use was begun. Also, by way of consolation to our students, if needful, let it be said, that unless old custom has changed, Brown uses this song only on special and rare occasions.

The fire which broke out in the science building a few weeks ago has occasioned serious conjectures from men living in McMaster Hall. The question has been asked, "What would we do if the building should take fire during the night?" The walls of the residence are brick and stone, but the partitions, floors and main staircase are wood. There are two single fire escape ladders for the entire building. A rickety rusty one at the west end of the hall is approached from the main corridors. A stronger one at the east end is approached through a student's room. No lights or signs indicate their position; not a single line of hose or fire protection is found anywhere except a few mouldering buckets submerged in bilge-water.

What would happen in case of fire in McMaster Hall is terrifying to imagine. *The students in residence should demand proper fire protection.*

Five McMaster students were employed last summer by the Provincial Forestry Department, as inspectors for the White Pine Blister Rust which has been developing in the Province. We have pleasure in giving our readers, elsewhere in this number, information about this disease.

On Military Service.

"God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town."

—*W. M. Letts.*

We publish herewith the McMaster University Honor Roll to date. Any information about men whose names appear thereon will be given gladly by the Registrar of the University.

GRADUATES.

Allen, B. R., '03.
Allen, H. H., '15 (obit. June, 1916).
Anderson, W. K., '14.
Black, E. G., '13.
Brocklebank, S. H., '14.
Cameron, W. A., '06.
Campbell, E. D., '12.
Clarke, E. H., '12.
Clendennan, D. G., '15.
Craig, J. D., '07.
Cutler, L. S., '14.
Davies, J. H., '14.
Davies, G., '15.
Ellis, G. H., '13.
Farmer, C. V., '15.
Fitch, I. F., '12.
Foulds, F. E., '16.
Fraser, R. M., '13.
Freeman, R. E., '14.
Grant, C. A., '02.
Grimshaw, J. B., '03.
Guyatt, R. E., '01.
Harkness, L. C., '08.
Hope, C. P., '15.
Howes, J. E., '12.
Innis, H. A., '16.
Jamieson, E., '13.
Jones, C. D., '06.
Jury, G. S., '09.
Kingdon, K. H., '14.
Lauchland, L. C., '00.
Lester, A. J., '15.
Lewis, E. P., '09.
McAlpine, W. S., '95.
McCrimmon, B. V., '13.
Macintosh, D. C., '03.
McLarty, H. R., '16.
McLay, S. M., '03.
McWilliams, T. F., '14.
Mallory, W. S., '16.
Morrison, J. D., '14.
Moyle, H. B., '06.
Moyle, R. D., '08.
Mullowney, H. S., '09.
Newcombe, H. C., '00.
Nobles H. R., '06.
Oliver, E. H., '06.
Philpott, G. M., '15.
Poole, F. W., '12.
Price, V. W., '11.
Raithby, W., '08.
Riddiford, W. C., Theol., '04.
Smith, R. E., '00.
Sorton, R., Theol., '14.
Spencer, W. G., '14.
Steckley, R., '14.
Thomas, G. H., '12.
Trotter, B. F., '15.
Ware, N. J., '08.

Waters, F. W., '11.
Willcock, R. E., '12.
Williams, R. E., '13.
Young, R. W., '07.

FACULTY.

Gilmour, J. L., '99.
Wallace, W. S., '10.

UNDERGRADUATES.

(At time of enlistment).

Atkinson, R. G., '16.
Bates, J. E., '16.
Brownlee, H. M., '17.
Campbell, R. D., '16.
Chisholm, A. W., '16.
Chisholm, W.A., '17 (obit. March, 1917).
Christie, R. W. E., '18.
Clarke, G. A., '15.
Davis, J. W., '14.
Dearborn, L. E., '18.
Duncombe, K. L., '19.
Eaton, J. W., '19.
Eberle, I. H., '18.
Elder, J. A. D., '17.
Farmer, G. W., '18.
Field, F. W., '17.
Foster, R. L., '17.
Fox, J. H., '16.
Gilbert, B. E., '16.
Guiou, G. W., '18.
Gunton, G. E., '19.
Hicks, W. L., '18.
Houlding, L. M., '15.
Hughes, D., '19.
Ives, C. L., Theol.
Jones, W. J., '18.
Kent, J. P., '18.
Kenyon, W. A., '15.
Knott, J. E., '14.
Long, J. A., '15.
McBain, D. G., '18.
McCoy, F. G., '18.
McDonald, D. G., '19.
McGregor, R. R., '16.
McIntyre, C. M., '17.
McKay, W. L., Theol.
Mackenzie, C., '18.
McKissock, W. E., '16.
Masson, H. G., '19.
Millions, A. O., '17.
Newton, L. P., '18.
Orsborn, V. E. Theol.
Orth, C. C., '18.
Pinnock, H., '18.
Price, S. L., '16.
Price, W. D., '16.
Rice, W. S., '16, (obit. March 4, 1916).
Rosser, G. L., Theol.
Smith, M. A., '19.
Sparks, H. S., Theol.
Steven, W. T., Theol., '15.
VanSlyke, J. G., '18.
Veals, H. J., '16.
Vining, C. A., '19.
Warren, C., '19.
Wilkins, S. R., '18.
Wilson, A. P., '16.

FORMER STUDENTS.

Barclay, R.
Bartlett, R. D.
Biggar, E. L.
Dales, L. W.
Dunn, C.
Fairchild, J. H., (killed in action Nov. 7, 1916).
Hindson, W. E.
Jamieson, J. D.
Lorymer, W. T.
McCormack, H. A.
Moyle, W. D.
Nobles, C.
Pyke, E. W.
Rutherford, A. S.
Ryrie, J. G.
Sanderson, M. A.
Wright, W. J.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. McDONALD, '19.

Far off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise;
March!

—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE Kerr Shield goes to St. Michael's this year. This is the result of the final Intercollegiate Debate between St. Michael's and McMaster, held on February 16th in Castle Memorial Hall. The trophy was valiantly fought for, and by no means was the debating of this year behind that of previous years. Although we did not win the shield, yet we are fully as proud of our men as if they had been victorious, of so high an order was their work, and so ably did they uphold McMaster's reputation. The resolution was as follows: "That all public revenues should be raised by a single tax system." In supporting the negative side for McMaster, A. C. Riley, B.A., and E. Watson argued for the inexpediency of the system and the impossibility of raising all public revenues by a single tax. St. Michael's was repreesnted on the affirmative by J. A. McDonagh and J. B. Morrissey. Their arguments that the single tax was a tax on land and not on prosperity and production, were advanced with such splendid style that the judges were persuaded to decide in their favor.

The St. Michael's men are to be congratulated, for the fact that they defeated McMaster is a worthy proof of their merit in debating. We wish them joy in their possession of the shield, —may they guard it well, for we confidently hope to bring it back to McMaster next year.

Dr. Pidgeon, of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, addressed the Theological Society on February 21st on "The Fight for the Ideal." Ideals have their place to-day as never before. New ideals of nationhood and national responsibility, new conceptions of freedom have risen before us. A new value is being set upon human life, there are new desires for social justice. There are new interpretations of moral obligations; the nation and the individual should be judged by the same standard. There is new

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hope in the fight for these ideals, and Canada must do her part to attain them.

Half a column under the glaring headline "Blaze at McMaster" occupied the news page of the noonday paper. "Chemical laboratory gutted," said the news item, "forty students rushed from breakfast" (and we never yet saw forty students at breakfast!)—"called by the frantic cries of an excited maid" (imagine a maid excited!)—"bucket brigade formed" (and here many of us haven't been at enough drills to form fours yet, let alone a brigade!)—"handkerchiefs used as smoke protectors" (we did see an excited senior with a handkerchief around his neck)—"traffic stopped" (yes, it was a pleasure to see the cars stop so conveniently at the front door)—"students bravely attacked the flames" (those who didn't sleep through the confusion)—"fire brigade arrived just in time to check what might have been a serious loss" (thanks to a lusty theolog who helped pull the hose in the front door).

We think our readers should know the circumstances which called forth the somewhat exaggerated report of the fire of Feb-

ruary 23rd. Shortly after breakfast a faint odor of smoke was detected in the science building, and when investigation was made by the steward and a couple of the students, fire was discovered in the room known as the senior chemistry laboratory. Evidently some combustible material left in one of the lockers or the refuse pan had burst into flames, destroying half of one of the laboratory benches. Owing to the smoke and inadequate fire protection, it was necessary to send in an alarm to the fire brigade, which quickly extinguished the blaze. As the science building is fireproof in structure, the fire was confined to the one room, and outside of the damaged lab. bench, and the effects of smoke and water on the contents of the room, no other damage was done. The loss was entirely covered by insurance.

Peerless Eighteen has once again made merry! This time it was a party at the home of the Vice-President, Miss Latimer. The celebration took place on the evening of Thursday, March 1st, the depleted ranks of the year's masculinity being fittingly supplemented from theology and elsewhere. From first to last there was not a dull moment in the proceedings. Games novel and ingenious in character and interest made the hands of the clock fairly spin—and as for comestibles, old Epicurus would have been right in his element. One " 'logue" expressed the sentiments of all in his quotation, "It has been good for us to be here." The happy memories of such a delightful evening will remain when the heavy eyelids of the morning after have been long forgotten.

Year Nineteen closed the winter season with two very happy parties. On February 22nd Miss Hettie Wilkins entertained the class at her home. After a most delicious lunch, games were indulged in until eight o'clock. Then, adjourning to the 'Varsity rink, the remainder of the evening was spent on the ice. Again on February 27th there was another pleasant evening at the home of Miss Alba Robertson. A tramp up the Don was to have taken place had not the weather man provided such a warm, slushy day. However, the sophs spent a merry evening indoors, with a splendid program of games, music and eats, brought to a close with "Thy Praises, McMaster." The happy memories of these two parties are still quite vivid, even through the atmosphere of "cramming," which is now enveloping us all.

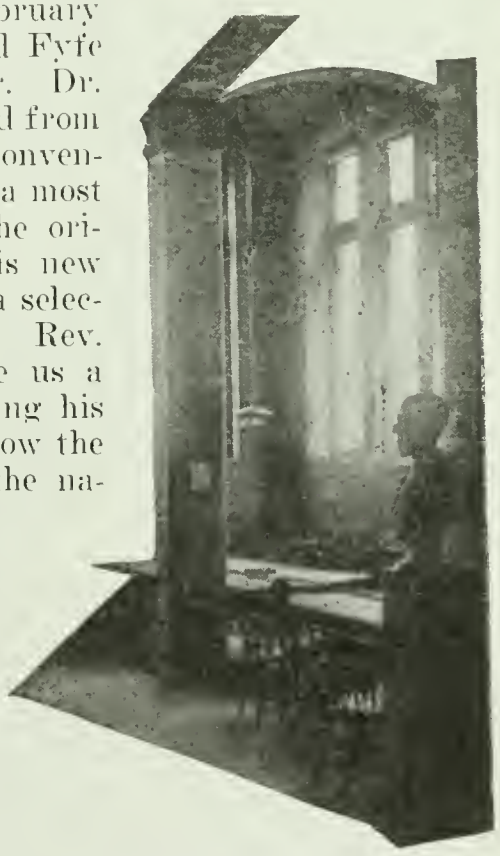
The Seniors are intent on keeping up their "social education" to the end. A very delightful party took place on Thursday, March 8th, with Miss Elsie Mulholland as hostess.

Prof. Dadson, as chaperone, proved to be the life of the gathering. A very enjoyable evening was spent—and there are still more good times coming, we are told.

Oratorical Contest.—Noteworthy excellence was displayed by all the speakers at the annual Oratorical Contest held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, March 9th. The contestants and topics chosen were as follows: C. J. Wilkins, '20, on "Alcuin"; A. S. McGrath, '19, on "The Investment of Life"; M. C. Hooper, '18, on "Britain's Little Giant"; F. W. Rayfield, '17, on "The Great French Heroine"; and A. C. Riley, B.A., of Theology, on "Service." Judge Coatsworth, who with Mr. Frank Denton, K.C., and Rev. A. N. Marshall judged the contest, spoke words of encouragement and praise for the high standard of excellence shown, and gave the decision that M. C. Hooper, representing year '18, had won the highest honors, with F.W. Rayfield, of year '17, as second. The prizes were presented by Prof. Trotter, the first prize being a gold medal awarded by Mr. Harry Ryrie, and the second prize a silver medal awarded by the Debating Union.

Fyfe Day.—The morning of February 16th was set apart for the second Fyfe Day assembly of the college year. Dr. J.G. Brown, who had just returned from the Baptist Student Missionary Convention, held in Louisville, Ky., gave a most interesting address, explaining the origin, aims and importance of this new movement. This was followed by a selection by the McMaster quartette. Rev. Clarke Timpany, '06, then gave us a very instructive address concerning his work in India. He pointed out how the missionary reaches the lives of the natives in various ways — through social activities, medical and educational work, along with the distinctively religious efforts in the evangelization of the people.

Chapel Visitors.—It was our pleasure on March 1st to listen to Dr. J. C. Massé, of Dayton, Ohio, and on March 2nd, to Dr. C. A. Eaton, of New York.



A FAVORITE SPOT THESE DAYS —A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

Women's Department

Snare the winds in a golden tether,
Chase the clouds from the gipsy's weather
And follow, O follow, the white Spring home.
—*Marjorie Pickthall.*

THRIFT is the present day slogan. Everywhere in the city thrift centres are being established. These aim to embrace every aspect of thrift, elimination or utilizing of waste, food problems, gardening and so forth. The women students, with advancing spring, are forming their plans for the summer. Why not definitely plan to include a thrift program in one's summer activities? Information is easily obtained, and the organizers would be eager to co-operate with you, advising you how best to commence your work, whether it be in town, on prairie or on the farm. Women students ought not to underrate their power of leadership. Why not lead in this patriotic service? You may not be anxious or able to join the munition or farm brigade, but every McMaster woman is in a position to help in the thrift campaign. Remember, work of this kind doubly repays your effort.

Hockey. February 15. This day is memorable in the history of '20. The freshettes and sophettes met, each with a view to winning the game. The girls of '19 played a sportsmanlike game, but they showed lack of practice in team work. Miss Starr and Miss Mallagh did some good combination work, carrying consternation into the sophette camp. However, the stubborn defence of '19 kept the score down to 2-1 in favor of '20.

February 17. Score 2-0 in favor of Moulton College. Enough said!

February 24—'17 versus '18. Each team had decided previously to play desperately, and the game proceeded at a merry pace. The ice was constantly strewn with fallen, who regained their feet with alarming alacrity. The game was well played, but '17's defence was too weak to withstand the repeated onslaughts of triumphant juniorettes. The final score was 3-2 in favor of '18.

March 3rd, 10 a.m.—A good turnout witnessed the final inter-year women's hockey match. Year '20, with two veteran hockey players, anticipated an easy victory, but '18 changed their views by making them play well for it. At the close of the second quarter neither side had scored a goal. When the teams entered the cushion for the third quarter, excitement ran high. '18, however, began to show the strain, and when time was called the score stood 1-0 in favor of the freshettes.

W.L.S., February 23.—The meeting took the form of an oratorical contest, an orator having been previously chosen to represent each year. Miss Grace Kenyon presented a pithy and comprehensive aspect of the subject, "Germans versus Britons." Miss Grace Taylor gave a descriptive sketch of a trip on the Yangtse, followed by Miss Gladys White, who spoke on "Kitchener." Miss Marion Stillwell gave a biographical sketch on Florence Nightingale. All present agreed that Miss White won first place, both in matter and manner. This is the second time that '19 girls have won in the oratorical contest.

March 9. The program was in the hands of year '20 girls. A skit, entitled "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," was successfully presented by them. The role of Mrs. Oakley was filled by Miss Mallagh. Miss Helen Gilmour gave a realistic and delightful impersonation of Constance, and Miss Marion Stillwell capably represented Mary, the Irish help. But it remained for Miss Rita Moseley, as the demure little French maid, to captivate the audience with her shy anxiety over the health of her fiance who, not having telephoned since morning, must surely be "malade." Aftr a characteristically freshette current events paper by Miss Starr, five of the girls appeared in costume, illustrating five well-known songs. During the presentation the songs were sung behind the scenes. A considerable amount of the success of the program depended upon Miss Helen Mabee's skilful work as acompaniste.

This is the final year program for this year, and the judges decided in favor of '20's program.

Books and fountain pens have a strange way of disappearing. One Mac co-ed, who has frequently been heard lamenting various losses, finally grew exasperated over the absence of her Angell's Psychology. She immediately circulated the following notice: "Will the devil who stole my Angell's Psychology kindly return it?" Its return was speedy.

People of Prominence.
No. 6.

President of the W. A. A.—Athletics, until this year, have been more name than fact among the women students of McMaster. The W. A.A. has only been established two years, but Miss Bessie Cooke, as President, has already effected many changes. By persistent, business-like effort, she has created an enthusiasm for women's sports, and has made it possible for the women students to participate in tennis, swimming and hockey.

President of the W. L. S.—Miss Elsie Mulholland has proved a capable leader for this Society. She has engineered the Women's Lit. safely past picnic, reception and intercollegiate debate. This year she hopes to re-establish the dramatic prestige of the Society by having it present a Shakespearian drama sometime in March.

President of McMaster Red Cross Society.—To Miss Marion Grimshaw belongs the honor of being first president of our Red Cross Society. She has filled her position cum magna laude, proving a most efficient organizer and leader, and cheerfully executing the many duties connected with her office. She also is second vice-president of Big Lit.

Y.W.—A new feature of the Y.W. activities this year is a series of social service investigation trips. Through the kindness of Dr. Franklin Johnson four or five McMaster girls are permitted to join his students on these trips.

February 16. Misses Christine Farmer and Etta Brooks reported their visit to the Alexandra School for girls, and the St. John's Industrial School for boys. The former is a Government institution, receiving girls from 8 to 21 years of age; the latter is a Roman Catholic institution for lesser crimes. Both are helping by kindness and a practical education to give these unfortunates a new start in life. The McMaster representatives who went on this trip give a glowing account of their reception, and the bountiful supper which was served at St. John's.

February 21. Misses Bessie Cooke and Lily McLarty accompanied Dr. Johnson's social service class to inspect the Mimico Boys' Industrial School. The interest in the trip was quite justified by the enlightening facts thus pleasantly learned.

March 7. Five McMaster girls made an inspection of the Technical School to-day. The whole institution was a revelation of industrial posibilities, and under the benign smile of Ex-Chancellor McKay the trip assumed a very happy and profitable aspect.

A VISIT TO SERANUS.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, one of the foremost of Canada's writers, known by her pseudonym "Seranus," was kind enough to spend some time from her busy afternoon to receive myself and another Mac girl.

Mrs. Harrison began her writings when very young, and is still engaged in her literary work. She has written many songs and has harmonized the music of the French Canadians into such a form that everyone who hears it is fascinated by it. She is particularly interested in the French Canadian, and most of her poems are written about them. Forty-five of these Habitant poems are collected, with others, into book form under the title of "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis." She has been a contributor to many magazines, the first of which was Prof. Goldwin Smith's literary paper entitled "The Week." Among the novels she has written are "The Forest of Bourg-Marie" and "Ringfield." She has also compiled a Canadian birthday book, an anthology of French and English descriptive verse.

The pictures on the walls of the room in which she received us, and the statuettes here and there, revealed the artistic taste

of the owner. In the centre of the room was a grand piano, no doubt one of Mrs. Harrison's cherished possessions. Books were very much in evidence about the rooms, showing the important part which literature plays in her life. All this presented a true background for the charming little lady, whose vivacious manner and youthful appearance belie her long years of strenuous activity.

Mrs. Harrison lived in Ottawa for many years and formed an intimate acquaintanceship with "Jean and his cabbage soup." In her Villanelle poems she reproduces the warm, emotional character of the habitant, not merely presenting the sunny character of our French neighbors, as does Drummond, but also picturing the superstitions and drabber aspects of French Canadian life. Nevertheless, the quiet humor as well as the sympathy of the author is apparent, for example in "Catharine Plouffe"—

"Will they ever marry? Just ask her.
She would like you to know she's not lost her wits—
This grey-haired spinster, Catharine Plouffe
At her spinning wheel, in her room in the roof."

She shows a deep love of nature, and this is illustrated in her little book of verse entitled. "Under Northern Skies." Quoting from her poem entitled, "In March"—

"There doth not fly
Low under sky
One king-fisher—dipping and darting
From reedy shallows where reeds are starting."

She also deals with deeper human problems in the same poem:

"Had I not met her, great had been my loss,
Had I not loved her, pain I had been spared.
So this life goes, and lovers bear the cross,
Burden borne willingly, if only it be shared.

Had I not met her, song had passed me by,
Had I not loved her, fame had been more sure.
So this life goes, we laugh and then we sigh,
While we believe 'tis blessed to endure."

When we left our hostess presented us each with two little volumes of her works, one "Crowded Out,"—a volume of French Canadian sketches, and the other, "Under Northern Skies."

—J. W.

Athletics

Editor: John F. Twiss, '17.

ONE of the ambitions of every McMaster student interested in athletics is to become the possessor of the emblem and shield which the association offers. The emblem is given to men who play on teams of inter-collegiate standing representing the University, which play in final championship games, and to the winners of the individual championship on Field Day.

Many students have attended McMaster and have faithfully supported certain athletic activities, such as hockey and rugby, and have gone away with nothing to show for their ability. In many cases these men have been as good athletics in their own line of sport as those who have secured their emblems for playing soccer. In order to reward such men, and to fill what they believed was a long felt need, the Athletic Association last year introduced the Athletic Senior Team Shield, to be awarded to every man who secures a place on a senior team of the university.

Theology 0, Nineteen 7.—

With heavy thump a lifeless lump
They dropped down one by one.

A queer bunch returned from the second game of the inter-year hockey series on February 10th. 'Tis said only one theologue came back from the battle. One of the Sophs suggested to him that it had been a rather one-sided game. "One sided," he replied. "I thought it was all sided; moreover, think of the offsides."

Twenty 5, Theology 0.—Some of the Theology men recovered, however, from the attack of February 10th, and being reinforced, met Year Twenty, three days later. The game was similar to baseball at times. Parker took some spectacular slides, and although Lang and Reeds deserve credit for their fruitless rushes, "Zie's" overcoat couldn't prevent the freshmen from scoring five goals, two being scored in the first period and three in the latter.

Seventeen 15, Nineteen 0.—It would be a difficult matter to say how those fifteen goals were shot, or who did the work,

ATHLETIC EMBLEM WINNERS. 1916-1917.

SOCCER

Robb
Twiss
Way
Ziemann
White
Jamieson
Fawthrop

Dodge
Richardson
Linton
Lepofsky
Robertson

FIELD DAY CHAMPION

Richardson

SENIOR TEAM SHIELD WINNERS, 1916-1917.

SOCCER

Robb
Twiss
Way
Ziemann
White
Jamieson
Fawthrop
Lepofsky
Robertson
Richardson
Dodge
Linton

TENNIS

Baker

HOCKEY

Kitchen
Mallory
Webb

Massé
Fawthrop
Robb
Pearce
Froom

TRACK.

Campbell
Quirk
Richardson
Robertson
Robb
Veals
Ziemann

but as near as can be determined, it was somewhat like this: Four goals were scored by "Mel." and George in the first five minutes of play, each getting two. Robb soon scored again, and then Sam thought he'd repeat the operation. Captain Fawthrop began the second period by scoring three in a row. Then Massé, playing defence, put one in. This he did only to be followed by "Mel." putting in a couple more. Sammy scored the thirteenth, George the fourteenth and Sam another just for luck. For some unknown reason the third period was withdrawn.

Nineteen 1, Twenty 10.—The last game of the series was played on February 24th between year '19 and '20. It was expected by many to be the best game of the series, but it proved otherwise, as the score indicates. Jamieson played well, and was responsible for six goals. Pearce scored two, while Dodge and Webb accounted for the remaining two for the freshmen. W. Dodge scored the only goal for '19.

Since each game won counted two points, the final standing of the years is as follows:

'17, 6; '18, 0; '19, 2; '20, 4; Theology, 0.

Knox 1, McMaster 10.—On March 3rd, McMaster played an exhibition game with Knox. McMaster seemed to have the game always in hand, as the score indicates.

The Freshmen, although defeated by the Seniors once, still had hope. Accordingly on March 1st a challenge game was played. It would not do to print all the remarks from the freshmen, but their report in part is as follows:

"By 10.30 a good crowd of anxious spectators had assembled to see the notorious game, and at 10.45 the curtain was raised. For ten minutes no score was made. Then Robb, getting uneasy, thought he'd better poke one in, and sure enough he did. The second period was more interesting for the freshmen. "Jamie" made a wild rush and scored. The cheer from year twenty's ranks was terrific; but was somewhat relieved when H. H., to his utter surprise, slipped one in. Before the second period was finished, Dodge distinguished himself by making the score two all. During the ten minutes overtime Pearce scored twice for the freshmen, making a decisive victory for year '20."

Naturally the Seniors challenged the Freshmen to another game. Year '20's version is somewhat as follows: "The rubber between year '17 and '20 was by far the most interesting of the hockey games. Both teams went in to do or die, the losers agreeing to provide a supper for the winners. The Seniors scored first, Robb doing the trick after ten minutes of play. Three minutes later the Freshies' hearts were brought back to normal when Pearce tallied. The second half opened furiously. Fawthrop succeeded in approaching the net repeatedly, but failed to get by "Si" Kitchen. Some neat stick handling on Pearce's part resulted in another goal for '20, making the score 2-2.

"The overtime play resulted in Jamie scoring a nice one after a brilliant rush, while the Seniors failed to score. Robb and Fawthrop starred for '17, while Pearce, "Jamie" and Kitchen played stellar games for the Freshmen."

Our Graduates

Editor: E. J. Bengough, B.A.

A geographical classification of our graduates has recently been undertaken in the office, and we believe the readers of this column will be interested in knowing something of the results. There are approximately 900 living graduates, of whom 559 are in Canada, 151 in the United States, and 43 in other parts of the world, besides nearly 100 on war service. There are about fifty concerning whose whereabouts definite information is not at present available. Of the graduates in Canada we find that 330 are in Ontario; Toronto has the largest number, 184; Ottawa follows with 31, and then come Woodstock with 11, Hamilton with 10 and London with 9. There are 23 graduates in Quebec and 10 in the Maritime Provinces. 196 have their homes in the West, 64 being in Manitoba, 32 in Saskatchewan, 54 in Alberta and 46 in British Columbia. The largest numbers in single localities are Brandon with 26, Calgary with 20, Winnipeg and Vancouver each with 19, and Edmonton with 15. Turning to the United States we find that in New York State there are 30 graduates, in Illinois there are 26; there are 13 in each of Massachussetts and Michigan, and 27 other states each have representatives of McMaster in smaller numbers. There are 11 states in each of which there is only one representative to uphold the McMaster traditions. Turning to other continents, we find graduates living in the British Isles in France, in India, in South America, in Africa, China, New Zealand and the West Indies.

The above figures indicate that it would be quite feasible to have branch Alumni Associations in a number of cities. These already exist in several places, though some are lying dormant during the war. We have heard of some others which are likely soon to be organized. Where there are more than ten graduates living in one locality it should be of advantage to form an association with regular meetings, even if these were only at infrequent intervals. Such associations might include ex-students, whose presence would materially swell the numbers given above.

Items concerning the movements of graduates have not been so numerous during the past month as on previous occa-

sions; such as have come to hand are set out below. If there are other items which you know of which should be included, the editor would be glad to hear from you.

'86.—Rev. H. G. Fraser, Theol., is Financial Agent for Ottawa University, a Baptist University in Ottawa, Kansas. He reports that at present he is busy raising a fund of $400,000 for the institution.

'86.—Rev. W.M. Walker, Theol., recently completed twenty-six years as pastor of the London South Baptist Church. The event was fittingly celebrated with special meetings which extended for a week.

'94.—We reported in November that Rev. B. D. Davidson had been forced on account of serious illness to resign his pastorate in Lyons, Mich. Word is now received that Mr. Davidson died within the past month, and we record the fact with regret.

'94.—Many old students of Woodstock College are acquainted with Roger Clarke, son of Mr. D. K. Clarke (ad eundem '94), who was for so many years upon the staff of the college. We are glad to learn that Roger has now won the Military Cross. He has been at the war for over two years, having been a student at Queen's University at the time he enlisted.

'95.—The Citizens' League of Winnipeg has now changed its name to the Citizens' Research League, in order to make more clear its line of work. Two matters which will receive special attention this year will be the proposed consolidated city charter, and the broad subject of taxation methods. S. R. Tarr, '95, is the newly-elected President of the League. S. R. is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Social Welfare Association which handles Winnipeg charity relief work.

'97.—H. B. Tapscott, of the staff of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto, was one of three Toronto teachers sent for by the Government to go to Halifax to act as interpreters in connection with the examination of the ship carrying Count Bernstorff from Washington back to Germany. The notice given was very short, and we understand that the other two teachers were not able to get away promptly enough, with the result that Mr. Tapscott was the only Toronto representative at Halifax. He spent about a week there, and while, of course, he can give no details, he reports that a most thorough search was made of all reading matter, etc., on board the boat. He remarks that the Count was quite an agreeable, friendly man, in

contrast with the stilted dignity usually found in German officers.

'99.—Rev. Geo. Venn Daniels, Theol., recently celebrated his 5th anniversary as pastor of Wayland Memorial Church, Philadelphia.

'03.—The Province of Manitoba has now a Law Enforcement Board, vested with power to administer the Manitoba Temperance Act, the Juvenile Offenders' Act, the Criminal Code of Canada, and the School Attendance Act. The Board is composed of three members, one of these being J. N. McLean, '03, who has hitherto been chief Inspector under the Temperance Act. McMaster graduates in Manitoba feel that the provincial morals are now safe.

'06.—J. Bradford Pengelly, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Flint, Mich., is the author of an attractive little book entitled "A New Christmas Legend," a copy of which we have just had the privilege of seeing.

'06.—Word has just been received of the death at Vancouver of Mrs. E. J. Chave. Mr. Chave will have the sympathy of all our readers in his bereavement. Mrs. Chave was Miss Frances Orth, of Islington. Her brother was at McMaster when the war broke out, and is now at the front.

'07.—Rev. Norman McNaughton has recently become pastor of the Baptist Church in New Westminster, B.C. For some time he was pastor at Summerland.

'08.—Dr. F. W. Weston, who has recently been practising in Alberta, has now settled in Toronto.

'09.—Rev. J. E. Pettit has resigned the pastorate of the churches at Listowel and Atwood.

'10.—Miss V. I. Dickens is now studying Art in the Central Technical School, Toronto.

'13.—M. R. Hartley has been spending the winter at Rochester Theological Institution. He has applied to the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society for appointment, and if his application is accepted he will probably proceed to India in October next. Mrs. Hartley (nee Miss Alice Darey) was also a student at McMaster for some time.

'13.—Miss M. M. McDonald had a serious illness in the early part of the winter and is now recuperating in Los Angeles, California.

'15.—We have just received a copy of "The Bell," a monthly publication of the Second Baptist Church, Toledo, O., of which Mr. Murdo Macleod is now the pastor. It is quite evident that the church is a wide-awake institution.

Here and There

EDITOR: ROY HARRIS, '18.

"Poetry, the queen of arts."
—*Sprat.*

"But, alas!
Poets are few, and poets that are wise
Are—well, where *are* they? Sleeping in their graves.'
—*Alfred Austin.*

THE latest innovation in poetry, namely, vers libre, has been rather coldly received by the established critics. Many regard it as only a passing fad, and as such, unworthy of serious notice in reputable literary circles. Others, however, feel that vers libristes, with their French motto, "Individualism in literature, liberty of art, abandonment of existing forms," should at least be given a fair hearing. It must be acknowledged that their verse is not entirely lawless. Vers libristes protest against the accusation that they are anarchic. They claim only to have revolted from the traditional bondage of metre; the new law they conform to is cadence.

Personally, we have not been particularly attracted by such specimens of vers libre as we have read. Yet, if vers libristes can convince the public that they have something to say worth attention, no doubt we shall come in time to overlook their way of saying it.

We give below a few selections gathered from various sources.

This, by Helen Hoyt, appeals to us as possessing genuine poetic beauty:

FROM A HIGH WINDOW.

Roof after roof,
Gables and turrets and chimneys,—
Dingy,
Angular,—
Yet softened now by the twilight
These lofty places
Quiet and unencumbered and apart,
Are full of shadows
And shadowy restfulness.

O darkening sky,
Is it like this our city looks to you
Uncrowded and dim?
And you never guess the turmoil
Under this calm of roofs.

This fragment from Carl Sandburg's Chicago Poems, is apt to be charming because of its very oddity:

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

OLD HOUSES.

By Eugene C. Dolson.

Along this road
Are old houses
Tenanted all the years
Of a lifetime,
But now utterly abandoned—
Silent forever.

Back and forth
The crows fly over them
Or perch, unafraid,
On their sagging ridgeboards.
Their blinds are shut—
Like the eyes of a dead man.

IMAGISTE LOVE LINES.

I love my lady with a deep purple love;
She fascinates me like a fly
Struggling in a pot of glue.
Her eyes are gray, like twin ash-cans,
Just emptied, about which still hovers
A dusty mist
Her disposition is as bright as a ten cent shine,
Yet her kisses are tender and goulashy.
I love my lady with a deep purple love.

—*Columbia Jester.*

I love anything ostentatious;
Simpler things I despise.
I like to hear a nose blown with a bang,
See teeth picked with a flourish,
Watch a fat lady wabble her cargo of flesh
As though it were worth a thousand dollars an ounce.
I think ostentation of any sort
Is just *grand.*

—*Robert Carlton Brown.*

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WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, POET.

MY first glimpse of the man was at an afternoon concert given by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra the other day. His pictures had appeared in different American and English magazines, and as he came into Mandel Hall, the identification proved easy. The slender build, sloping shoulders, shy manner, and indescribable "English" air announced him in tones more precise than the clearest-voiced herald. The following day, Wednesday, February 21st, he was scheduled to read from his poems in the same building, and a half-dozen of us, Chicago students of British birth or sympathies, busied ourselves with the distribution of cards bringing that fact to the notice of the magnificent music-loving audience. The presence of a gratifying gathering of professors, students, and friends of the University, at the hall to listen to Mr. Gibson, gave an emphatic negative to any suggestions as to the destruction of poetry and its appreciation by the so-called "Chicago scientific spirit." Even Professor J. M. P. Smith, able and sympathetic exponent of the most advanced scientific methods in the interpretation of the Hebrew language and literature, left his laboratory long enough to sit at the feet of the English poet and take delight in the new songs from over the sea.

Mr. Gibson is the poet of the workingman. For this reason, I should judge, American publications such as *The Survey* have been led into the use of highly laudatory—not to say extravagant—language in writing of his poetry. In *The Survey* of January 6th, the Rev. John Holmes, who had visited the poet in 1913, gives us an intimate glimpse into the London home whence

issued the early poetry of toil. "A ride on a London bus to the far East End, a walk down a dirty slum street a-swarm with children, a three-flight climb up the stairs of a dingy tenement, entrance into a small back room, crowded with books, flooded with sunshine, adorned with a typical English tea-table, and picturesquely overlooking a wilderness of roofs and yards—it was thus . . . that I found Wilfrid Wilson Gibson." Commenting on the various poems written since that time, Mr. Holmes remarks: "In each there has been the same penetrating insight into the psychology of social misery, the same prophetic understanding of the wants and woes of submerged men, the same august revelation of the secrets of the heart that is robbed of its heritage of love."

For my part I felt that Mr. Gibson in all his contact with toil is not so much a sharer as an observer; keen, analytical, taking in the details of a situation with the almost meticulous fidelity of the modern realist, profoundly sympathetic; yet withal an observer, academic and apart. He read to us of the stark misery in the home of the miner, the girl-wife with the first-born, the miner's mother a proud midwife, and the wild news from the "pit" of entombed workers. Yet somehow one felt that the note of sadness sounded too insistently through that as through most of his poems. This bit of verse from Daily Bread, one of the first of Mr. Gibson's productions, is haunted by the mirthless melody:

> "All life moving to one measure—
> Daily bread, daily bread—
> Bread of life, and bread of labor,
> Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
> Hand-to-mouth, and no to-morrow,
> Dearth for housemate, death for neighbor . . .
> Yet, when all the babes are fed,
> Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"

He would see only crumbs for the treasuring in the life of the toiler. The scant crumb of comfort reappears time and time again throughout the poems in "Livelihood," published by the McMillan Company in January of this year, one of which, "Between the Lines," Mr. Gibson read to his University of Chicago audience.

"Dick took his luck. And, life or death, 'twas luck
From first to last; and you'd just got to trust
Your luck and grin. It wasn't so much pluck
As knowing that you'd got to, when needs must,
And better to die grinning . . . . ."

In almost every one of these "dramatic reveries," tender, wistful, terrible at times, the philosophy of life does not appear to reach higher than cheerful acceptance of the inevitable of one's "luck." I think it is Angela Morgan who wrote something like this:

"The soul can cleave the skies in two
And let the face of God shine through."

It is just this clutching at the seemingly impossible, this breaking of "birth's invidious bar," this reaching out after a heaven even though it be beyond one's grasp—integral as it is to all human life irrespective of mere occupation—that one misses in the poetry of Mr. Gibson.

Not so very long ago Captain Beith, the "Ian Hay" whose "The First Hundred Thousand" and "Getting Together" are amongst the most popular of war books in this city, addressed a large and representative gathering on this campus. He had come from the trenches and had, before the actual fighting in France, gone through many weary months in the training of "Kitchener's Army," yet his conversation and his public utterance breathed the spirit of irrepressible humor and quiet optimism. There was no suggestion of the abject horror which stalks grimly through the lines of Mr. Gibson's war lyrics. I understand that Mr. Gibson had not visited the trenches in person. This knowledge came to me with a distinct and illuminating shock, confirming my opinion concerning the aloofness of his attitude toward human situations, economic and military alike. Not that the poet lacks sympathy. On four different occasions he has endeavored to enter the Army, but the result of the physical examination has set him aside. It may be that the same reason lies behind the academic attitude with respect to manual labor. Such knowledge, of course, cleanses criticism of the least grain of censure, and leaves only amazement at the results which, with these limitations, have been achieved.

In a not unpleasing monotone with a slight rise and fall, with a clear penetrating voice, and a charming Northumbrian suggestion in his English accent, Mr. Gibson read the following lyrics from "Battle and other Poems," and horror gripped his hearers, holding them in uncanny silence for a second or so before the outbreak of applause at the end of each deliverance.

"I do not fear to die
'Neath the open sky,
To meet death in the fight
Face to face, upright.

"But when at last to creep
In a hole to sleep,
I tremble, cold with dread,
Lest I wake up dead."

"That was his sort,
It didn't matter
What we were at,
But he must chatter
Of this and that
His little son
Had said and done:
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year-old
Prattled a rhyme,
They got the range
And cut him short."

Realism is ghoulishily regnant in this:

"This bloody steel
Has killed a man,
I heard him squeal
As on I ran.

"He watched me come
With wagging head,
I pressed it home,
And he was dead.

"Though clean and clear
I've wiped the steel,
I still can hear
That dying squeal."

The misery of the broken human earthenware carted from the trenches to the field hospitals finds eloquent expression in the last lyric read by Mr. Gibson that afternoon.

"'I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me . . .'
Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,
Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a broken knee.
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly—

"'I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me.

"'Their friends are waiting, wondering how they thrive,
Waiting a word in silence patiently . . .
But what they said, or who their friends may be

"'I cannot quite remember . . . There were five
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three
Whispered their dying messages to me . . . '"

The list of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's publications to date, as accurately as I can discover, is as follows: "Stonefolds," 1907; "Akra the Slave," 1910; "Daily Bread," 1910; "Fires," 1912; "Womenkind," 1912; "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," 1914; "Battle and other Poems," 1915; "Friends," 1916, and "Livelihood," 1917.

Just before the outbreak of the war, Mr. Gibson became associated with three other poets of the English realist school in the production of a quarterly magazine of verse by the name of "New Numbers," and published in England by subscription. Only three issues appeared before Rupert Brooke, the leading spirit of the group, enlisted, went to the Dardanelles, and yielded the glorious promise of his young life as a sacrifice for the England he had immortalised in his unforgettable lyrics. Fragrant indeed is the memory of him who wrote:

"If I should die, think only this of me—
That there's some corner of a foreign field,
That is forever England."

In an interview this last week Mr. Gibson revealed the close comradeship of the group in connection with the magazine of their art. "We had," he said, "almost a thousand subscribers, and from the very first everyone seemed to welcome it. It had a large circulation in Canada where Rupert had made many friends. We would have kept it up for a few years, but the war

came, and, of course, we didn't care to go on without Rupert. We could have gone into three or four editions after his death, but a volume of his collected poems was being brought out and that would have interfered with its sale. Before he died Rupert wrote a letter to his mother telling her that he would like all of the royalties from his writings to go to three poets whose work he respected and whom he loved. They were Lascelles Abercrombie, Walter de la Mare and myself. John Drinkwater is the manager of a theatre and has an income, so he was not included among the heirs. That is the reason for Walter de la Mare's visit to this country. He came as the eldest of Rupert's heirs to get the Henry Howland Memorial prize, which Yale University had conferred upon him. The prize is $1,500, which is awarded every second year to 'the citizen of any country for marked distinction in literature, fine arts, or the science of government.' ''

The dainty, pathetic, swallow-song of the poet at the loss of his friend, Rupert Brooke, strikes a true Gibsonian note.

"He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone."

In the British Who's Who, 1917, the curious and interesting address of the poet is given as ''The Old Nail Shop, The Greenway, Ledbury.'' It is the ''little old house by the crossways'' of the Borderlands and Thoroughfares volume. The dedicatory poem in ''Livelihood,'' his most recent book, gives evidence that the bachelor ways of the London East End tenement have been laid aside, and that the poet has given hostages to fortune. It bears the title, ''To Audrey,'' and the first verse runs thus:

"Audrey, these men and women I have known
I have brought together in a book for you,
So that my child some day when she is grown
May know the friendly folk her father knew."

In this volume also the home of the poet is represented in the prelude called "The Nail Shop." Here we see him in front of his own fireside, his face all aglow with the dancing lights of wistful imagining.

"I dreamt of wings—and waked to hear
Through the low-sloping ceiling clear
The nestling starlings flutter and scratch
Among the rafters of the thatch,
Not twenty inches from my head;
And lay, half-dreaming in my bed,
Watching the far elms bolt-upright
Black towers of silence in a night.
Of stars, between the window-sill
And the low-hung eaves, square-framed, until
I drowsed, and must have slept a wink . . .
And wakened to a ceaseless clink
Of hammers ringing on the air . . .
And, somehow, only half-aware.
I'd risen and crept down the stair
Bewildered by strange smoky gloom,
Until I'd reached the living-room
That once had been a nail-shop shed.
And where my hearth had blazed, instead
I saw the nail-forge glowing red;
And, through the stife and smoky glare,
Three dreaming women standing there
With hammers beating red-hot wire
On tinkling anvils by the fire,
To ten-a-penny nails; and heard—
Though none looked up nor breathed a word—
The song each heart sang to the tune
Of hammers, through a summer's noon,
When they had wrought in that red glow,
Alive, a hundred years ago—
The song of girl and wife and crone,
Sung in the heart of each alone . . .

"The dim-eyed crone with nodding head—
'He's dead; and I'll, too, soon be dead.'

"The grave-eyed mother, gaunt with need—
'Another little mouth to feed!'

"The black-eyed girl, with eyes alight—
'I'll wear the yellow beads to-night.'"

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, with over a decade of poetical publication behind him, is still a long way from the meridian of life. Those who have seen and heard him will agree with the writer who recently said: "I never met more of a quiet, open-

eyed, clean, fresh little boy than this poet of the clay-grayness of life.'' He, in strict fact, was born in 1878. His present achievements in the realm of poetry give promise of a literary heritage that our Anglo-Saxon world ''will not willingly let die.''

—Thomas Wearing, '09.

THE PEASANT SERB.

IN the midst of the sudden and awful consequences which followed so closely upon the dread deed of June 28th, 1914, when the continent of Europe was plunged into the most frightful conflict of history, the world was so confused and disturbed that it almost entirely forgot the little nation which is said, by her enemies at least, to have been the cause of it all. Yet Servia, though comparatively small, is possessed by a remarkable race, and the character and customs of its people make an exceedingly interesting study.

The fundamental characteristic of the Serb is his love of liberty and country. His patriotism is developed to a very high degree. Servia is a democratic country, and the Serb is exceedingly jealous of these democratic institutions. Nobody except the king has a title. Property is equally divided among the sons. Education is free from the elementary school up to the university. Corporal punishment is prohibited. Every grown man can claim five acres of land from the government. This goes into the family plot; and, while other land can be lost by the owner, neither these five acres nor their yield can be claimed for debt.

Next to the love of country in the Serb mind comes love of woman. The theme of all his extemporaneous song is either the glories of war or the charms of some fair maiden. The Serb places woman upon a high pedestal—until he marries her. Then, she who was his divinity, becomes his drudge. For instance, the introductory formula used by a man who is forced

to present his wife to a stranger, is "And this, God forgive me, is my wife." However, this attitude is gradually disappearing, and the Serb's love for the rest of his family is very marked indeed.

One of the most striking evidences of Servian patriotism and sentiment is found in their poetry and song. Their poetic and musical spirit has never been crushed. It is as natural for the Serb to sing queer little spontaneous melodies as it is for him to breathe. But they are especially proud of their national poetry, and they still have their bards who make it their business to compose song.

Their ancient poetry is strikingly original. Some of it is tender, spiritual or melancholy, relating to domestic affairs, dialogues of love, etc. Others are veritable epics which commemorate great events of Servian independence with a dignity which attains without effort even to the sublime. Two of these are most worthy of note. One deals with the death of Marco, a great Servian hero, who, according to the legend, slew three hundred Turks single-handed at the battle of Kossovo and lived nearly two hundred years after. The other poem deals with the departure of King Lazarus for the field of Kossovo and with the great battle itself. It has been said that these two works by unknown authors compare with the Iliad itself in grandeur, simplicity and sentiment.

The Serb is very superstitious. Many peculiar customs and beliefs display this fact. For example, on the twenty-fourth day of April, which is dedicated to their patron saint,—who, by the way, is St. George,—small crosses of a special kind of wood, are placed on vineyards and fields as a protection against hail storms.

Servia is an agricultural country. Its soil is good and the yield is abundant. The Serb never considers manufacturing, because that is the road to losing money. Moreover, the idea of employer and employed is particularly repugnant to his conception of freedom and equality. One writer has said that the chief products of the Servian farm are prunes, pigs and peppers: prunes for whiskey, pigs for trade, and peppers as a popular

dish. Pig breeding may be called the one trade of Servia. For the Servian pig is "the gentleman who pays the rent." The growing of pigs and their exportation to Austria is the staple industry. The well-to-do Serb has usually made his money from pigs.

The Servian religion is a branch of the Greek Catholic faith. But the average peasant is not strikingly devout except on feast days. Then he puts on his best attire and gathers with his neighbors for a grand picnic. His tastes are simple, and this is his chief amusement. By this means he is conscious not only of doing good to his soul but of meeting his friends and having a real good time with them.

They have been called a brave, poetic, careless, frivolous race. Merry, heedless of mechanical progress—or he would find other means of threshing corn than letting horses run through it on a patch of beaten ground—independent, not mindful of much education, proud of his old customs, delighting to wear the clothes he makes himself and despising the flimsy fabrics of western countries, jealous of Bulgaria, afraid of Austria, the Serb is really a relic of past ages. He loves to hear of London, Paris and Rome, but with no envy; rather with the interest of a child, in a fairy story.

To-day we are confronted with the spectacle of the brave Servian peasants fighting to the last drop of blood to regain their homes, lost only after a mighty struggle against overwhelming odds. But, you say, Servia didn't need to fight at all. Why didn't she bow to the demands made upon her in the summer of 1914 by Austria-Hungary and thus save her land and her people?

Hark! on the hill-winds ringing
O'er the thunderous drone of war,
From the snowy heights of Kara Dogh
To the Valley of Vardar,
The splendid Serb has answered
From a patriot's soul of flame,
"Better to die in honor
Than to live in shame!"

—Harold W. Lang, '19.

OUR NEW SEAL.

The Senate and Board of Governors have adopted a new seal for the University, a reproduction of which appears above. A casual glance at this may leave the impression that a radical change has been made, but a close look will disclose the fact that the essential marks of the old—motto, the open Bible and the maple leaves—have not only been retained but also thrown into relief. The somewhat ornate details of the old have been eliminated, and to give space for one new feature—the shield—a simple circle has been substituted for the original form. The Greek lettering of the motto has been kept, but capitals take the place of the small letters, in consequence of which the iota in *Christoi* ceases to be subscript. To reduce the blank space in the outer circle to an agreeable minimum, the word *Canada* has been added.

The chief change consists in the insertion of a shield. This

is not so much of an innovation as at first thought it may seem to be; on the contrary it is a real link with the past. Not only is a shield a common property of University and college seals, but the particular shield employed is that formerly used by Toronto Baptist College and is copied from the one in beautiful stained glass above the front entrance to McMaster Hall. To many it has seemed a defect that, whereas both our academic institutions, Woodstock College and Moulton College, should have the traditional shield in their seals, the University should be without it. This defect has now been supplied, much to the satisfaction of many graduates and, we trust, of all members and friends of the University. Furthermore, the presence of the shield has one substantial advantage in that it permits the display of the University colours when the seal, either in whole or in part, is employed as a decorative device, as is often the case. In heraldry, a plain white surface on a shield engraved in black and white represents what in technical language is called the metal *argent*, or silver, and the perpendicular lines denote the colour *gules*, or red. The maple leaves will, of course, be *vert*, or green, and the Bible *proper*, that is, as it appears normally. When, therefore, it is desirable to use the University colours—silver-grey and maroon—for the sake of adornment, the silver-grey will emblazon the upper part of the shield and the maroon the lower. This was not possible in the case of the old seal. We regret that owing to financial stringency THE MONTHLY is unable to reproduce the new seal with the shield in colours. It is only just to say that, though the new design is the result of the thought of various members of the Senate, the one who contributed most to its shaping was Professor Glenn H. Campbell, who placed his artistic taste and knowledge of heraldry at the disposal of the Committee. The final execution was the work of Messrs. Ryrie Bros.

It is hoped that in its plain, chaste beauty the new seal will meet with the approval of the graduates and undergraduates, and that, even more frequently than the old, it will be employed as a decoration.

—M.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AND NATIONAL EFFICIENCY.

TWO years and a half of the Great War have brought home to the public consciousness of the people of Canada to a degree that a decade of progress under ordinary conditions might not have accomplished, a realization of the need for more systematic study, development and conservation of our national resources; and while Government Commissions have been studying the possibilities of development and conservation of mineral and agricultural wealth, thoughtful men and women have not been blind to the fact that forests, mines, fields, and fisheries have value at all only by virtue of the presence of the people of the country, and that the greatest of all the resources of this Dominion is the children of to-day who will be the citizens of to-morrow.

One immediate result of this newly aroused interest in the problem of the development of the Dominion's human resources has been along the lines of technical education. The big volumes of the Report of the Royal Commission appointed by the Dominion Government in 1912 to study technical education have been brought out and studied. Dr. Seath, of the Ontario Department of Education, subsequently brought out a report on Technical Education for the Provincial Government, and a few months ago appeared the report of the Commission on Unemployment appointed by the Ontario Government, in which again the subjects of Technical and Vocational Education received, as might be expected, a good deal of attention.

The more educational institutions aim to fit the student for usefulness in some specialized line of service in society, the more apparent becomes the necessity of adopting some effective means of guiding each pupil toward some vocation for which he or she has a reasonable degree of natural aptitude, for in spite of all fine spun theories of heredity to the contrary, it is a fact that children differ as much in the facility with which they acquire skill in various physical and mental operations as

they do in physical build, form of features, or color of hair and eyes. That well known apostle of efficiency, Harrington Emerson, says that the average man is only twenty-five per cent. efficient, and this largely because he is at the wrong job, and every unprejudiced observer must agree that a very large share of the failures in life are due to people drifting or being forced by circumstances into occupations for which they are by nature unfitted, while considerable talents in other directions remain undeveloped. One is therefore not surprised to find in the report of the Commission on Unemployment repeated emphasis laid on the necessity for Vocational Guidance.

The problem of relating the boy or girl to a suitable vocation is not exactly a problem of fitting a square peg into a square hole or a round peg into a round hole, for both jobs and people are plastic, almost every job in the industrial world being capable of some modification to suit the person who has to fill it, and every person being capable of some modification, both physical and mental, in the way of adaptation to the job. Yet there are limits to the possibilities of modification of both people and jobs. A Willard by dieting and training can reduce his weight, but he can never hope to qualify for the Bantam class. Equally great are the variations in the requirements for the various fields of human service, and the great task of the Vocational Advisor is to save people from attempting what, with all due respect to human improveability, cannot be accomplished in one lifetime, when something of equal advantage in human service might be accomplished with a reasonable amount of effort.

Practical efforts to direct boys and girls into vocations for which they are to some extent fitted have been along two lines. In several places in the Old Country, arrangements are made for addresses to the pupils in the public schools by men engaged in the various industries and professions, and also for visits to the industries so that the pupils may get some idea at first hand of the work and the surroundings. This is done in the belief that in many cases the pupil's own preferences will prove a fairly safe guide when the information regarding the vocations is available, and in a great many cases this is true. Unfortun-

ately it is not always true, for many a boy in his teens has a great love for machinery, and by this plan would enter the mechanical field, whose real abilities lie along artistic or financial lines. Other efforts have been made, chiefly in an individual way, by giving counsel based on a close study of the boy or girl with a view to determining natural capacity, that which is still latent as well as that which has already developed. Unfortunately much prejudice has been aroused against work of this kind by the quackery of uneducated charlatans, but in my judgment, we will not fully solve the problem of vocational guidance until the two plans ar combined.

Last Spring, at the Memorial Institute, a beginning was made in the organization of a Vocational Clinic. As Superintendent Brown expressed the need, a good many of those people will find it difficult enough to make a decent living at the best, and when they drift into work for which they are badly fitted, their case is almost hopeless. So I arranged to give my Saturday afternoons to the examination of all and sundry whom he might see fit to bring for my opinion, and prepare him a report. With my report on the natural aptitude of each subject in his hands, Mr. Brown was in a position to suggest classes at the Institute, and often to find a suitable opening for employment.

At the Institute Clinic we follow the practice I have used in private work for a number of years. Usually I am assisted in the detail work by some of the business men who attend my classes in Character Analysis at the West End Y.M.C.A. We make a careful physical examination of each subject, recording height, weight, stretch across the arms, and a few simple measurements of the head and face. Yes, I am a believer in Phrenology, and would strongly recommend every doubter to read and re-read Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's article on the subject in his book "The Wonderful Century." If it is not in the McMaster Library, you will find it in the Reference Library on College Street. We classify the subject and rate him according to his physical development with regard to proportions of bone, muscle, circulation, lungs, digestive and eliminative organs, for these factors are important in the choice of a vocation. We

study the condition of health, and for this purpose I have found the Diagnosis from the Iris, a comparatively new and little known art (the first publication on the subject appeared in 1880) very convenient and of great value. We study the subject's disposition, and mental capacities and limitations. Frequently, just to make sure the mental machinery is running properly, we use a few of Dr. Knox's tests. In the case of the more mature subjects, an examination of the handwriting often throws a valuable side light on the character. The subject's own ideas are discussed in the light of the examination, and finally the typewritten report is prepared covering the findings regarding the subject's physical constitution and condition, disposition, mentality, and suggesting desirable occupations and in some cases pointing out occupations to be avoided.

A volume might be written on the different cases that have already come before the Clinic in the few months it has been in operation, not the least interesting of which have been some more suited to a Pathological than a Vocational Clinic. I might tell of the little three-year-old, brought to us because unable to talk or walk. An examination of the head and eyes gave no indication of any fault of the brain centres. Suspecting that possibly spinal misadjustment was the seat of the difficulty I turned the child over to my friend and co-worker, Dr. Baird, a chiropractor. He quickly located the trouble, made a few slight adjustments, and within six weeks the child was talking and walking. Then there was the case of a man on whom Mr. Brown asked me to write an opinion from his handwriting alone. As I usually do in such cases, I gave first a description in detail of what a man of the character indicated by the writing should look like. The following Saturday, without any intimation to me, the same man was introduced as a subject at the clinic, and when my report was completed, Mr. Brown brought out my description and opinion deduced a few days before from the man's handwriting. The description of the man's appearance was correct in nine points out of ten, and the descriptions of his characteristics and abilities were similar to the same extent.

At the present time the problem of vocational guidance for boys is receiving the attention of the Y.M.C.A., especially of those connected with the Boys' Department. At the National Training School for Boys' Work at Geneva Park, more than forty boys' secretaries and boys' workers were present, and Vocational Guidance held a prominent place on the program. The time seems to be ripe for a big forward step in this direction, and I for one believe that there is a wonderful field for usefulness opening up for college trained men of the right type who have the patience, the perseverance, and the vision, to properly fit themselves for service in the work of Vocational Guidance.

—A. B. Farmer, '06.

THE PORTRAITS IN OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL—V.

JOHN CRAWFORD, D.D.*

URING the first eight years in the history of the Canadian Literary Institute (later Woodstock College), the sole teacher in Theology was Dr. Fyfe, the principal of the institution. In 1868 a coadjutor was appointed in the person of the Rev. John Crawford, who in 1875 received the degree of D.D. from Acadia University, and was thereafter styled "Doctor Crawford."

The writer of this sketch went to Woodstock as a student three years after the new teacher in theology had been installed, and among the vivid impressions retained of that time are the impressions of Doctor Crawford, and of the way the students regarded him. Later, having completed the literary work of the institution, it was the writer's privilege to cover the first year of the theological course provided at Woodstock, with Fyfe, Crawford and Torrance, as the teachers in that department.

Dr. Crawford had a reputation as a widely read man in philosophy, languages, literature and theology. His educational advantages had been of a superior sort. Early schooling in the best academies of Belfast, Ireland, had been followed by

*Portrait on west wall, second from gallery.

two years of training under the direction of the famous Dr. Carson, of Tubbermore, Ireland, two years at the University of Edinburgh, and two years at Stepney College, London. He had come to Canada at thirty-nine years of age, and before being called to teach at Woodstock had served for ten years as pastor at Cheltenham and Georgetown. He had accumulated an extensive library, and during his pastorate at Cheltenham had been an assiduous student and a prolific writer. Coupled with the generous breadth of learning, was a deeply religious life and character, rooted in an evangelical interpretation of the Gospel. On this double basis he was sincerely esteemed, beloved, and trusted by the students of those early days.

As a teacher he inspired a love for books, and set the example of their thorough mastery. He was a vigorous reasoner. His reasoning, however, followed, almost exclusively, the deductive method, the modern scientific method of approach and procedure being yet but little in vogue. One remembers vividly the vigor of some of his reasonings, and the fine scorn with which he flayed and dismissed the "Neologians" who were beginning to make themselves heard. Coupled with this logical vigor, was an inexhaustible fund of Irish wit and kindness, which made his classroom a genial as well as a stimulating place.

Aside from his work in the College, he won a good deal of fame as a public controversialist on—Baptism, the Errors of the Campbellites, Christadelphianism, the Mormons, and such subjects. His wealth of information, logical acumen, unfailing self-control, and ready wit made him no mean opponent for any man to encounter.

After twelve years at Woodstock he resigned his position, and devoted himself to the scheme of providing a school for the preparation of ministerial students in the North-West. He aroused a good deal of interest, and the school was opened at Rapid City, Man., in 1880. After a short, though useful career, however, it was again closed by force of adverse circumstances, greatly to the disappointment of its founder.

Thereafter, Dr. Crawford spent his working years in the pastorate, seven of them at St. Thomas, Dakota, with a brief

term at Wingham, Ont. In 1892, at the age of seventy-three, his life of devoted service reached its end, and at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. John Firstbrook, of Toronto, he passed to his reward.

—THOS. TROTTER.

DANIEL M. WELTON, PH.D., D.D.*

THE face of Dr. Welton, which looks out upon us from the walls of Castle Memorial Hall, tells its own unmistakable story. Its classical lines and radiating graciousness bear testimony in turn to high intellectuality and the beauty of character of the man behind the face.

For twenty years, immediately prior to his death in 1904, Dr. Welton served in Toronto Baptist College and McMaster University, as Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages and Old Testament Interpretation.

When Toronto Baptist College was founded in 1881, it was the ambition of Dr. Castle, Dr. McVicar, and others, to make it the Baptist Theological College for the whole of Canada. Negotiations were entered into with the authorities of Acadia University, and the Maritime Baptist Convention, looking to the abandonment of such theological work as was then in progress at Acadia, and the amalgamation of the theological interests east and west. The theme was effected to the extent of the elimination of theology at Acadia, the appointment of representatives from the east upon the Senate of Toronto Baptist College, and the transfer of Dr. Welton from Acadia to the Toronto institution. The eastern representatives, however, on account of distance and the expense of travel, never found it practicable to actualize their relations with the Toronto institution, and after a few years the constitutional nexus, which had been merely nominal, was dissolved. For the same reasons, it was only for a few years that the eastern students came to Toronto for theology. Soon they resumed their earlier wont of going

*Portrait on west wall, first from gallery.

to the nearer American institutions like Newton Theological Seminary, Mass. The one permanent memorial of the effort to join east and west was the presence of Dr. Welton on the staff of Toronto Baptist College.

His career in the east had already given him distinction there as pastor and educationist. After graduation in Arts at Acadia, and in theology at Newton, he had a notable pastorate at Windsor, Nova Scotia, extending over seventeen years. From this pastorate he was called to theological teaching at Acadia College. Before entering on his teaching, he enlarged his scholastic preparation by two years at Leipzig, Germany, where he obtained the Ph. D. degree in Oriental Languages. Returning to assume his teaching duties he spent several years as professor at Acadia. Thus he came to Toronto with a rich and varied preparation for the work of his new position.

One has only to turn up, as I have just done, the record, in The Monthly, of the funeral service, when the beloved professor had finished his earthly course, to realize anew how important and invaluable a service he rendered in his Toronto professoriate, and with what esteem and affection he came to be regarded. On the occasion of the funeral the Chancellor paid an affectionate tribute to his memory, and, dwelling upon his characteristics as a scholar and teacher, mentioned "in particular his industry, thoroughness, accuracy, and enthusiasm." His pastor said of him: "By the Bloor St. Church he was regarded as one of her sweetest saints. There was about him a conspicuous heavenly-mindedness." These, and other characteristics, which may easily be inferred from the refined face upon the chapel wall, make his name one not to be forgotten by those who knew him, and worthy to be cherished by succeeding generations.

—Thomas Trotter.

O. C. S. WALLACE, D.D.*

TO DR. WALLACE belongs the honor of the longest tenure of the Chancellorship since the founding of the University. For ten years (1895-1905) he discharged the manifold duties of that office with wisdom and dignity to the great satisfaction of his associates and the lasting blessing and inspiration of the hundreds of students who came under the moulding influences of his strong personality.

Like Dr. Rand he was a native of Nova Scotia, being born at Canaan in 1856. He was educated at Horton and Worcester Academies, Acadia University (Class of 1883) and Newton Theological Institution (1885). Meantime he had two and a half years' experience as teacher on a first-class certificate obtained when he was fourteen years old. Then at seventeen he began his first student pastorate, of which he held several in Canada and the States. After graduating in Theology he accepted the pastorate at Lawrence, Mass., whence he came to Bloor Street, Toronto, in 1890.

During his five years in Bloor Street he had won such a name as pastor, made such a profound impression as a teacher and administrator and so come to the front as a denominational leader that on the retirement of Dr. Rand he was heartily offered and, after some hesitation, accepted the headship of our educational institutions. To his task as Chancellor he brought a disciplined mind, moral vigor, Christian character and insight, capacity for work, executive ability, clear-cut ideals of Christian education, the bearing of a Christian gentleman and a commanding personality.

These qualities were constantly in evidence in his conduct of University affairs. He proved himself a true man, a born teacher and an able administrator. He was true to his Faculty and worked happily with them; they trusted him and rejoiced in him as their leader and spokesman. Happy, too, were his relations with the students. He was their friend and counsellor, stirred them to self-respect and confidence. His utter-

*Portrait on east wall, first from gallery.

ances in Chapel or more publicly were tactful, wise, dignified and impressive. McMaster prospered in his hands. The campus on Dupont Street and Castle Memorial Hall were visible signs of her growth; the growing lists of students and graduates testified to her progress. Her Chancellor became a national figure and honors flocked his way. Acadia, Mercer and Queen's conferred on him honorary degrees.

But the double burden of the Chancellorship and the Professorship of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology proved too great even for his strength and capacity. I marvel at the success with which he carried it so long—especially when I remember that he taught a New Testament class also and did considerable writing of books and for newspapers. His health at last gave way and to save his life he resigned. The loss to the University was serious; the gain to Lowell and Baltimore and Westmount and the cause of Christ generally has been great through his renewed vigor and the outstanding service which he is rendering.

—J. H. Farmer.

ALEXANDER CHARLES McKAY.*

SO fast is time in its flight that a generation of undergraduates has grown up that knows not Alexander Charles McKay and must be enlightened as to his abounding services to their Alma Mater. For twenty-one years he took so large a part in the developing life of McMaster—as Professor, Dean of Arts, and Chancellor—that to his colleagues of the Faculty it seems well-nigh incredible that his gracious personality and beneficent labours can ever become only a legend to the students.

Unlike all his predecessors in the Chancellorship, A. C. McKay was born in Ontario and was the product of the school system of this province. After a brilliant career at the Provincial University and successful experience as a teacher, he was appointed to the chair of Mathematics and Physics at the opening of the Arts Department in 1890. From then till his with-

*Portrait on west wall, fourth from gallery.

drawal in 1911 he was a tower of strength to the young institution. He had a rare gift of making a difficult subject fascinating to the brilliant and tolerably clear and easy to those with little or no turn for it. Dr. Buchanan at Queen's, Dr. Jordan at Kansas, and our own Dr. Findlay are three outstanding examples of his distinction as a preceptor of mathematics.

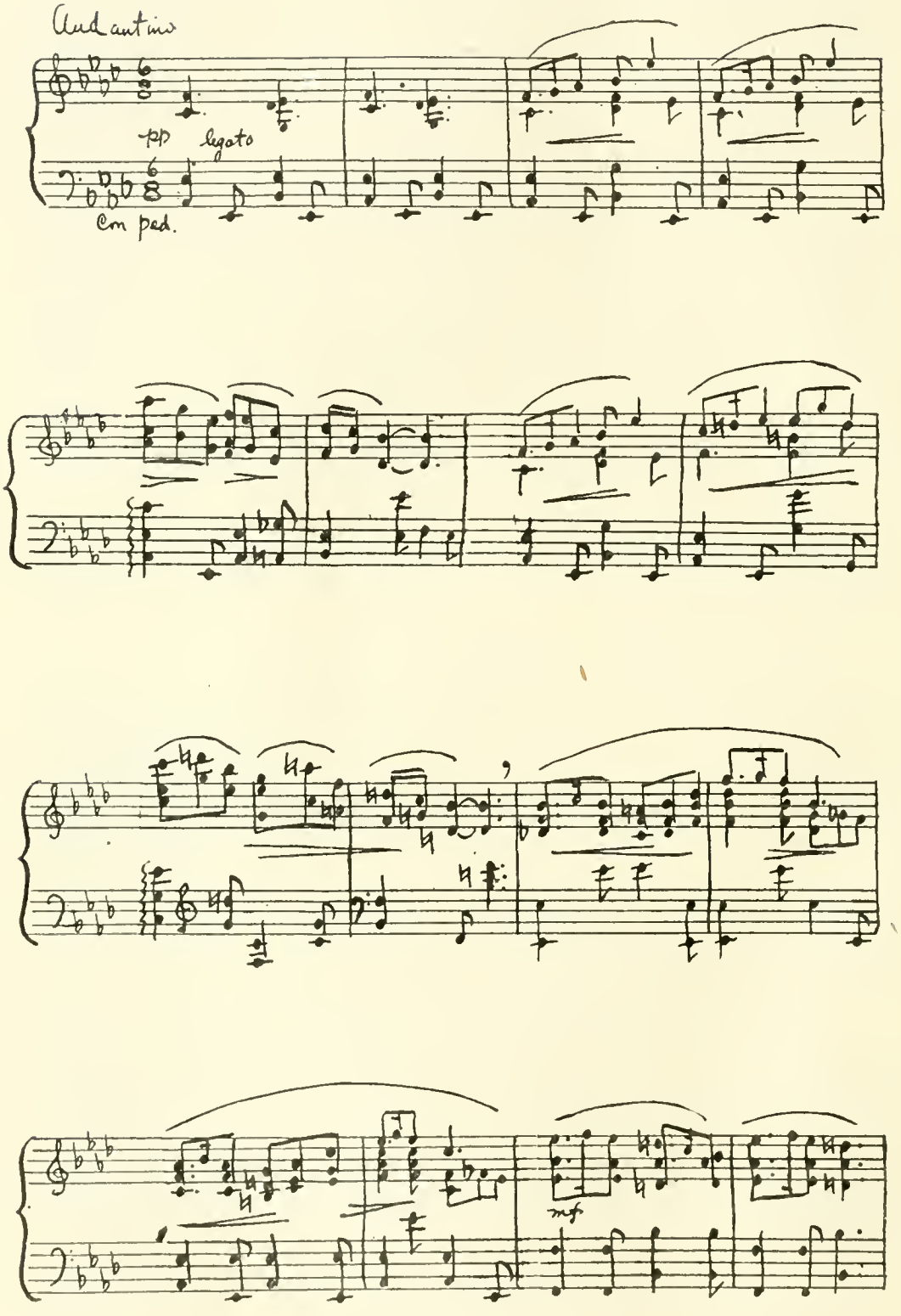
On the administrative side his intimate knowledge of our Ontario system of education made him indispensable to Chancellors Rand and Wallace, both of whom were comparative strangers to it. He foresaw the need of providing special courses for teachers, insisted on their establishment, and saw to it that they were recognized by the Department of Education. In the early days he acted as Registrar, and later on was the first Dean of Arts. In these capacities he came into close association with all the undergraduates and won their trust and affection by his wisdom as an advisor and his sincere interest in their welfare. His colleagues rejoiced in his popularity, for they, like the students, were bound to him by strong bands of affectionate admiration and friendship.

Upon the retirement of Chancellor Wallace in 1905, he was at once recognized as the logical successor, and was appointed Chancellor with unanimous approval. His tenure of office was marked by notable growth in attendance and considerable enlargement of the staff and in physical equipment. He collected funds for the erection of the Science Hall and secured the appointment of a professor of Physics and a lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy. Additions were also made in the language departments, and a high water mark reached in enrolment. He also secured a generous benefaction from Mr. Rockefeller.

After six years of unresting and prosperous toil, he resigned in order to become Principal of the Toronto Technical School. He had long been convinced of the value of technical education, and upon being offered the position he felt an irresistible call to building up a great institution in our midst. His success in that high task is a proof that he was the right man for the place. To McMaster his withdrawal was a great loss, and to the Board of Senate, to the Faculty, alumni and undergraduates, his going was a source of profound and lasting regret. —M.

BERCEUSE.

COLIN C. McPHEE, '20.



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SPRING SCENES.

Cloud-shadows floating across
Cool-carpeted lanes of greenery,
Where dandelion-showers sprinkled like gold-dust
Emblazon in seething sunshine.
On the drab roadway
Crookedly wandering into distant billows of trees,
A hungry cock-robin
Tugs at a rusty-coated angleworm
Which the night's shower
Tempted into the water-filled wheel-rut.
Mottled cow-herds lazily wander
Along the rich-scented roadside
And carelessly pick the pretty blossoms dancing in
the sunlight.

Tufts of snow-blown cherry boughs
When whiffs of wind fly past
Sputter petal showers among the drywood brush,
Like early Autumn flurries
Scaring the nesting sparrow at her work.

On the windy hilltop
A blue-bonneted mother
Studies her garden-plot
For first signs of seed buddings,
While behind her her baby
Spontaneously fills his little hands
With crumpling warm earth.

Over the tiny-pooled marshland
Checkered children garments
Flutter like scraps of lost paper.
The girls are gathering velvet-faced violets
And sprays of strawberry blossoms
For their pretty teacher.
The boys paddle in the brackish brook
Splashing like baby beavers at play.

—C. J. Thoms, '16.

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VOL. XXVI. APRIL, 1917 NO. 7

Editorial Notes

Colin C. McPhee, the composer of the piece of music in this issue, was born in Montreal, and had his first lessons in music from a Miss Froelich there. When he was twelve years old his family moved to Toronto, and he came to me for piano lessons. One day he brought me an original piece, which, coming from a boy who had never had a lesson in composition in his life, seemed too good to be possible; since then I quite undersand the mental attitude of the countryman who, on viewing a giraffe, declared, "There ain't no such animal." From that time he has done almost daily work in composition, and I am habituated to frequent surprises. In spite of no little praise, he has not yet developed that cockshure indolence which ruins many young artists: there is much hope

he never will. His first published work, four one-page piano sketches, appeared last August. They are remarkable examples of musical expressiveness in small space. His brilliant talent as a pianist will doubtless save him from the penury which is apt to cripple composers, especially those a little ahead of their time, and if all goes well we shall see him a Canadian born composer of real distinction.

—E. J. F., '03.

The new University seal should make it easy for us to solve the question of a University pin. Its chaste, well balanced and artistic design, lends itself admirably to this purpose.

It has been said that the spiritual life of the University is at low ebb. A few weeks ago we had the pleasure of accompanying Year '20 Evangelistic Band to a nearby church in the city. Our Alma Mater and her ideals were worthily represented. We hope the enthusiasm displayed may not wane. And we assure the friends of the University that with such an evangelistic spirit among the younger members of our college family, the spiritual life of the school is well assured.

We regret to announce the death of two McMaster men, Clarion J Baker, who died at his home in Peterborough, March 26th, and W. A. Chisholm, who died from wounds received while in action in France. Both were members of the present graduating class. Fuller particulars about these men will be given in the next issue. To the friends and relatives The Monthly extends sympathy.

Twelfth Night, the play presented by the Women's Literary Society this year, was a success. The appropriate innovation of using proper but decorous costumes, added greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. We heartily congratulate the women on their splendid presentation of a Shakespearean Drama.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome work and task:
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

—*Thackeray.*

The publishing of this number ends the regime of the present publication board. The May number, following the custom of former years, is in the hands of a special committee of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology.

The board of publication for the college year 1917-18 is as follows:—Managing Editor, J. R. Harris, '18; Business Manager, E. L. Quirk, '19; Advertising Manager, D. D. Hurst, '19; Around the Hall, H. W. Lang, '19; Women's Department, Miss Grace Taylor, '18; Here and There, O. H. McDonald, '19; Our Graduates, E. J. Bengough, B.A.; Athletics, L. C. Kitchen, '20; On Military Service, Frank McCoy, '20; Consulting Editors, Professor McLay and Professor Matthews; Reporters, P. P. Ziemann, B.A., Miss Mimms, '18; Miss H. Wilkins, '19; W. D. Hinman, '19; Miss M. Mallagh, '20; C. J. Wilkins, '20; Subscripion Manager, G. H. Mallory, '20.

Since the reading of the foregoing report, Mr. Harris has resigned the position of Managing Editor. The present Managing Editor has consented to carry on the work of The Monthly for the summer months at least.

On Military Service.

"A steed! a steed of matchless speed,
A sword of metal keene;
All else to noble hearts is drosse,
All else on earth is mean.
The neighynge of the war horse proud,
The rowlings of the drum,
The clanging of the trumpet lowde,
Be sounds from heaven that come."

LR. HILL, formerly a member of '13, is with the 35th battalion on active service. His name is being added to the Honor Roll, as this is the first word of his being in khaki.

Lieut. Acting Major S. H. Brocklebank, '14, is reported wounded.

W. D. Price has been seriously ill in England, but reports just received show that he is now recovering, and he hopes to go back to France in two or three months. He is now in a convalescent camp.

Pte. T. F. McWilliams, '14, who was reported some months ago as ill in England, returned to his home in Summerland, B. C., about Christmas. He writes that he is improving, and he hopes to recover his health fully in the course of a few months. He will probably receive his discharge.

C. A. Grant, '02, who was home on leave, has now returned to England, and expects to be back on duty in France shortly.

Capt. (Rev.) John MacNeill, who has been on leave of absence from Walmer Road Church, Toronto, since last autumn, working for the Y. M. C. A. in England, has been granted an extension of leave and will continue in his present military duties for a further period of six months.

By direction of the Senate, the Registrar is making a collection of photographs of McMaster men on active service. A number of these have been received; others will be welcomed. Photographs showing uniforms are preferred.

Capt. W. A. Cameron, who has been working in England and France for the Y. M. C. A., has arrived in Canada and will spend about a month on a tour raising funds for the military work of the Y. M. C. A.

We publish herewith reproductions of four editors of THE MONTHLY who are now on active service.

F. W. Waters, '11, was Editor of volumes XX and XXI. He resigned pastoral work in the province to enlist. "Bill" appears here as a sergeant of infantry, but we learn that since this photograph was taken, he has gone back into the ranks to insure his going to France.

B. F. Trotter, '15, whose many poems and prose articles have delighted readers of THE MONTHLY, edited volume XXIII. Bernard gave up M.A. work in English at Toronto University to accept an Imperial Commission. He is now a Lieutenant in France. After a course of training in England, during which he lived at Keble College, Oxford, he secured his commission.

J. D. Morrison, '14, was Managing Editor of volume XXIV. He came over from the Rochester Theological Seminary to be with the twenty odd McMaster men who enlisted last spring with the Divisional Signalling Company, Toronto. When last heard from "J. D." was training as a Lieutenant of Artillery at the Citadel, Quebec.

W. A. Kenyon, '15, was Editor of THE MONTHLY last year, and gave up theological work to enter the Divisional Signallers with the "McMaster Contingent. "Bill" is still training in England.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. MCDONALD, '19.

Came the spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers, and leaves, and grasses.
—*Longfellow, "Hiawatha."*

WITH April the college year comes to a close, and we present our final copy for THE MONTHLY. We have found the task of recording the events "Around the Hall" during these past months an enjoyable and helpful experience. Although an exceptional year, and our attendance smaller than usual, the college life and spirit have been well sustained. The school activities, the friendships and associations here have all had their part in broadening the outlook of each one of us, widening our interests and adding joy and happiness to our daily work.

And now we hand over our robe of office to our successor, Mr. Harold W. Lang. We are confident that Mr. Lang's splendid editorial ability will find ready expression in this column. May he have success and pleasure in his work. We wish to thank our readers for the indulgence and forbearance from criticism with which our efforts have been received. We would also thank the reportorial staff and other contributors, to whom is due to a great degree any merit or success this column may have achieved.

Fyfe Day. The last Fyfe Day of the College Year was held on the afternoon of March 22nd. Very interesting reports concerning the work of the Y.W.C.A. and the Student Volunteer Band were given by Miss Olive Clarke, and Mr. P. G. Buck. Mr. I. S. Reeds, President of the Y.M.C.A., then told of the work which had been carried on by the Bible Study Classes during the year. After a selection by the Quartette, the Rev. P. W. Philpott, of Hamilton, was introduced as the speaker of the day, and gave a most helpful address on "The Fully Surrendered Life." We were glad to welcome Mr. Philpott not only for his own sake but as the father of gallant Gordon Philpott, who is fighting for us at the front. The general meeting was followed by the class prayer meetings.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE—No. 7.

The subject for the final sketch for this series is our Managing Editor, Mr. Arthur Herbert Richardson. To him is preeminently due the marked success which has attended the publication of THE MONTHLY this year. Mr. Richardson has given his time and talents most unselfishly to this work. His originality and initiative have left their mark on every issue. He has maintained the editorial column as a centre of interest. The contributed articles have been zealously solicited and wisely selected for publication. The numerous illustrations and drawings which have appeared throughout the year are all due to the editor, and in many cases are his own handiwork.

There is a possibility that we may again have Mr. Richardson as our next year's editor. We hope that this may come to pass. It will be a sure guarantee of greater success for THE MONTHLY in the future.

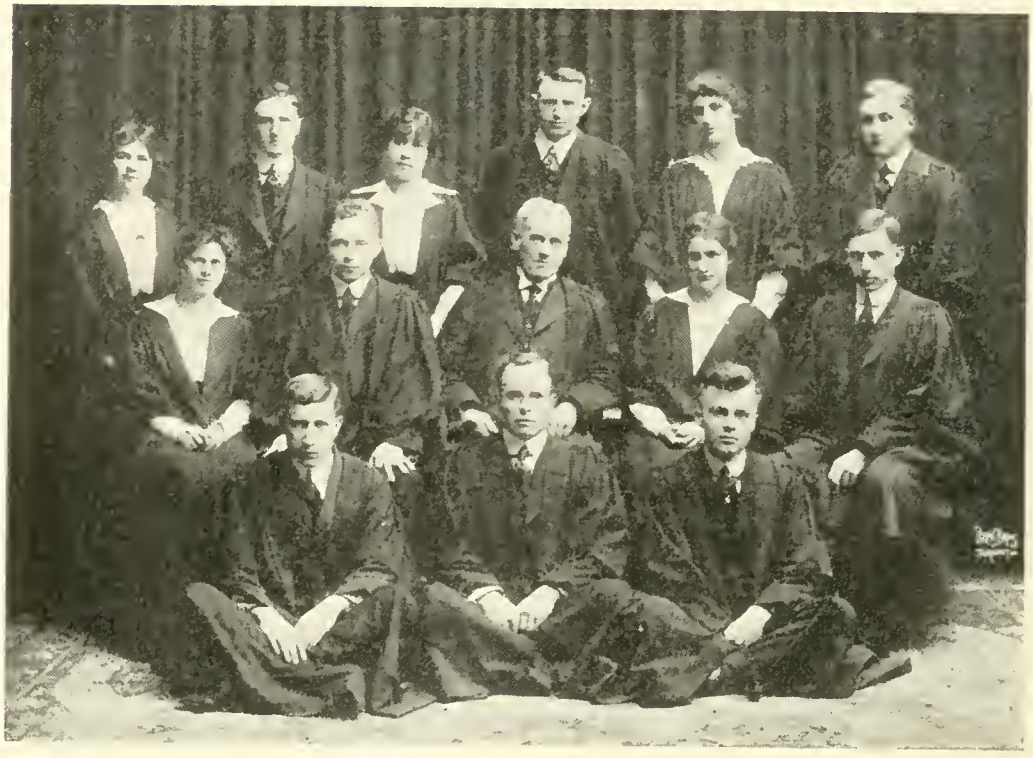
The Senior Chemistry Class, consisting of Misses Baker, Cooke, Grimshaw, Grindell, and Messrs. Conners, Demaray, Lepofsky and Lawrence, leave on April 23rd to take up positions in various munition plants. Under the direction of Professor Tingle, Mr. W. A. Lawrence, late of the Aetna Explosives Co., has been giving a series of lectures to the class on the analytical methods now being used in explosive laboratories. The employment of women as chemists is a new departure in Canada, but we feel sure that the McMaster ladies will make a good reputation for their sex.

Freshette (enquiring at the Library Desk)—"I want something on the prophets."

Librarian.—"All of them?"

Freshette.—"No, just the Old Testament Prophets."

The interyear debates of December 8th and February 9th, left the finals to be decided between Year '18 and Theology. But as the Juniors have but few men left, and felt unable to undertake another debate, they defaulted, leaving Theology as the winners again this year. At the Literary Society of March 23rd, the cup was presented by Dr. Kierstead, and received on behalf of Theology by Mr. J. S. Veals. Congratulations, Theology!



THE LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1916-1917.

The Literary Society held their final meeting on March 23rd. It was election night, and there were corrupt politicians at the door trying to bribe the ladies. The ladies needed the money to buy posters, and so were easily influenced. As a result the following officers were elected for the coming year:—Hon. President, Dr. Kierstead; President, M. C. Hooper, '18; 1st Vice-President, W. D. Hinman, '19; 2nd Vice-President Miss E. Haviland, '18; Treasurer H. W. Lang, '19; Recording Secretary, O. H. McDonald, '19; Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Mallory, '20; Secretary of Committees, W. O. White, '20.

The results of the poster contest were announced as follows: First prize, A. H. Richardson; second prize, O. H. McDonald; third prize, A. H. Richardson, and were presented by Dr. Bates. Then followed a scene of great commotion in which Mr. Harry Packham, Chaplain of the Nip and Tuck, succeeded in auctioning off all the posters in the contest.

Athletic Association Elections, March 26th: Hon. Pres., Prof. Dadson; President, S. G. Cole, B.A.; Vice-Pres., A. C. Sinclair, '19; Sec., T. J. Jamieson, '20; Treas., G. H. Mallory, '20; Bus. Mgr., F. C. Hartley, '18.

The Student Body Elections were held in the Chapel on Thursday, March 29th, the following being chosen as officers for 1917-18: President, A. H. Richardson; 1st Vice-Pres., O. D. Priddle, '17; 2nd Vice-Pres., H. E. Groom, '19; Secretary, J. B. Smart, '19.

The Y. M. C. A. has chosen the following officers for the coming year: Hon. Pres., Chancellor McCrimmon; Pres., P. G. Buck, B.A.; Vice-Pres., J. R. Harris, '18; Treas., Dr. Trotter; Rec.-Sec., H. S. Hillyer, '20; Cor.-Sec., H. Campbell, '20.

Debating Union Elections, March 22nd: Hon. Pres., Dr. Matthews; Pres., P. F. Ferguson, '18; Vice-Pres., E. L. Quirk, '19; Sec.-Treas., H. S. Hillyer, '20; Premier, J. R. Harris, '18; Leader of the Opposition, A. S. McGrath, '19.

Year '17 has elected their officers for the following five years years as follows: Pres., J. M. Fawthrop; Vice-Pres., Miss Bessie Cooke; Sec.-Treas., W. A. Robertson; Historian, Miss Elsie Wilkins.

Year '18: Hon. Pres., Prof. McLay; Pres., J. R. Harris; Vice-Pres., Miss J. D. Mimms; Sec., F. C. Hartley; Historian, Miss M. Eaton; Orator, J. R. Harris; Musician, Miss V. Latimer; Curator, M. C. Hooper; Ath. Rep., P. F. Ferguson; Deb. Rep., M. C. Hooper; Lit. Rep., Miss L. Dexter; Student Body Rep., F. C. Hartley.

Year 19 Elections, March 30th: Hon. Pres., Dr. Smith; Pres., H. E. Wintemute; Vice-Pres., Miss H. Wilkins; Sec.-Treas., N. F. Smith; Hist., Miss L. McLaurin; Orator, D. D. Hurst; Student Body Rep., W. D. Hinman; Y.M.C.A. Rep., H. E. Groom; Deb. Rep., O. H. McDonald; Ath. Rep., George Cowie; Lit. Rep., Miss E. Ramage; Track Capt., E. L. Quirk.

Freshman Elections took place on the afternoon of March 27th. Apparently the Freshmen enjoyed themselves immensely. They will become Sophomores under the following officers: Hon. Pres., Prof. G. H. Campbell; Pres., G. H. Mallory; Vice-Pres., Miss M. Stillwell; Sec., L. C. Kitchen; Orator, L. Zavitz; Track Capt., T. J. Jamieson; Rep. of Women's Student Body, Miss J. Wylie.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS ELSIE WILKINS, '17.

When April comes with tender smile and tear,
Dear dandelions will gild the common ways,
And at the break of morning we will hear
The piping of the robins crystal clear—
While bobolinks will whistle through the days,
When April comes!

—*Verna Sheard.*

A REVIVING gladness comes with springtime. You can not watch the green creeping over the grass, nor hear the jubilant song of newly returned birds, nor feel the melting warmth of the spring sun without experiencing a lightness of heart, a gladness for life. To be friendly is more spontaneous, too, in spring. Then be friendly. When you go back to your home town, conditions will not seem as homelike as they used to be. The people may seem different, too; but of course the change is in yourself. The folks you meet are probably thinking you have changed for the worse. They are ready to call you "proud" or "stuck up." Show them that a college education is not a heartfreezing process. Be friendly. These people have little in common with you? They have more in common with you than you probably will ever realize. Give them a chance to know that what you have been learning was not intended to isolate you from them, but to make you more fit to meet their needs, to understand—not collegians— but people whom one meets every hour of the day. You can hardly estimate the value of a friendly word or smile. And suppose, even if you had to wait till eternity to find it out, that your friendly word or deed lightened the dull pressure on a sorrow-stricken heart, that it helped to find the answer for a restless questioning soul, that it encouraged a disheartened fellow-creature, that it transformed another's fear into faith, would you not think it paid to use the loving kindness of friendliness every day of your life?

ELECTIONS. The last weeks of the term have been characterized by the feverish excitement of elections. The results which are of special interest to the women students are as follows:—

President of the W. S. B.—Muriel Brothers.

TWELFTH NIGHT: THE PLAYERS.

W. L. S.—Hon. President, Mrs. McNairn; President, Vera Latimer, '18; Vice-Pres., Lois McLaurin, '19; Secretary, Marion Stillwell, '20; Pianiste, Queenie Shields, '20.

Y. W.—Hon. Pres., Mrs. Smith; President, Aletha Hooker, '18; Vice-Pres., Etta Brooks, '19; Secretary, Jean Wylie, '20; Pianiste, Marion Robertson, '19.

W. A. A.—President, Evelyn Smith, '18; Vice-President, Hilda Berst, '19; Secretary, Marjorie Mallagh, '20.

W. L. S., March 23rd.—After a general installation of officers by the various women's organizations, a tea party was held in the Ladies' Room, in honor of Year '20. The arrival of the majority of girls of '16, just about the tea hour, caused an additional excitement, for they were all beaming with conscious magnaminity. The undergraduates were forced to believe that they "had something up their sleeve." The something, however, proved to be in a large square box. In due time, Miss Alice Gregory, the Vice-President of Year '16, presented to the Women's Student Body a handsome three-piece silver tea set. After the gift had been received and admired, the program became more informal. Year '20 were the most conspicuous contributors in song, characterization, and impromptu acting. Year '17 also contributed several numbers.

TWELFTH NIGHT: ACT II., SCENE III.

The rendering of class yells, and the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster," was the signal for dispersion.

Twelfth Night.—"The Play" has been the centre of attention among the women students for some time. The various committees in charge, as well as the caste, were gratified by the large attendance at the first performance, Friday evening, March 30th. The second performance was at 2.15 p.m. Saturday. The total sale of tickets approximated seven hundred, which bids well for the proceeds for the Red Cross Society.

The Caste was admirably adapted to the parts, thanks to Miss Adams, the instructress. Helen Gilmour made a stately but ardent Olivia. The sighs and melancholy of Orsino were effective because of their unusualness in Marion Stillwell; while Margaret Eaton made an inimitable Sir Toby Belch with boisterous voice and roystering laugh. Marjorie Starr played the part of Viola in a sympathetic and feeling manner, and Sebastian, Aletha Hooker, filled "his" rather serious rôle to perfection. Edna Haviland deserved Sir Toby's admiration of the pert and witty wench Maria. Evelyn Smith as the pompous and conceited Malvolio, and Alba Robertson, as the simpleton, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, won the approval of all for their adequate im-

personation. Winnifred Grindell, as Fabian, made good use of her happy laugh; and Florence McCullough and Margaret Edgar proved adequate sea captains. Altogether, twenty-four of the women students took part.

The W.L.S. is delighted with the success of the revival of the "Big Play," and feel that a great deal of credit is due to the capaple management of the whole by their president, Miss Elsie Mulholland.

Miss Emily Weaver.

Short accounts of personal interviews with Canadian women writers have appeared in this department each month. There are many authoresses of note living in Toronto. It is regrettable that time and space do not permit a more expansive list of these women. Our work, however, would be incomplete if the name of Miss Emily Weaver were omitted. She very kindly devoted part of an afternoon to talking over her work with us.

Miss Weaver is an Englishwoman, but she is more familiar with the land of her adoption than many Canadians. Since coming to Canada she has lived in several provinces, and has travelled considerably throughout the Dominion. This has made her well fitted for producing the book "Canada and the British Immigrant," which appeared in 1915 as an authority for prospective immigrants. She was largely responsible for the Canadian Women's Annual and Social Service Directory, a mine of information of special interest to Canadian women.

Miss Weaver is better known as a writer of fiction, stories for boys and girls, as well as the novel more adapted to the adult. It was as the author of the prize novel "My Lady Nell" that she first came into the eye of the public. Since then she has probably produced more books than any other woman writer in Toronto. "The Soldiers of Liberty," a tale of the Netherlands; "The Search for Molly Marling," an American story; "The Trouble Man," a picture of Canadian country life, are her work, and many others, in addition, bear her name. The book which should interest McMaster women most of all is entitled, "The story of the Counties of Ontario." It is a collection of stories circulating in and about the counties of Ontario, part of which first appeared in the *Weekly Globe*.

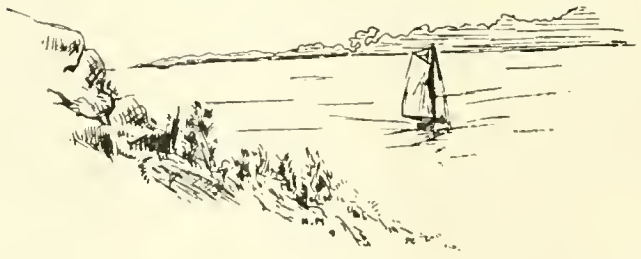
This capable authoress lives about ten minutes' walk from McMaster. One characteristic which was quite pronounced in her was that she preferred the privacy and work of her desk to the buzzing plaudits of a curious public.

One would hate to dangle one's feet from a school bench all a life time, and yet one hates to relinquish the work and joy of college life.

Now that the last chapter is being closed we pause to thank the twenty and more women students who have most willingly contributed to this department during the college year.

We frankly admit our regret on leaving this work, which has proved so absorbingly interesting; and we cannot help being a little wistful, in closing, over the unrealized ideals we cherished for this department. Nevertheless, we have experienced the thrill of endeavor.

We welcome our successor, Miss Grace Taylor, to the editorship of this department, and wish for her the pleasure which has been ours in our work for the McMaster Monthly.



Athletics

EDITOR: JOHN F. TWISS, '17.

THE McMaster Athletic Association for a number of years has held an Athletic Banquet in order to develop a keener interest in amateur University athletics. This banquet was held this year on Thursday evening, March 22nd. The toast list and first part of the programme was as follows:

"The King," G. W. Robb, President; "Athletics," J. A. Parker, B.A., S. H. Armstrong, B.A.; tenor solo, M. Tyndal, B.A.; "The Teams," A. H. Richardson, Dr. Kierstead; piano solo, J. Meldrum Fawthrop; selection, Henry Packham.

Mr. Armstrong, who is the Superintendent of the City Play Ground work, was the chief speaker of the evening. He pointed out the essential characteristics of the athlete and emphasized how one should specialize in a certain branch of athletics in order to ensure success, various requirements being necessary for various sports.

The presentation of the trophies and laurels was made as follows: —McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal won by A.H. Richardson, Theo., presented by Dr. McCrimmon; Matthews Inter-Year Cup won by Year '17, presented by Prof. McLay; Year Thirteen Rugby Cup won by Year '17, presented by Prof. Gilmour; Year '15 Field Day Cup won by Year '17, presented by I. S. Reeds, B.A.; Field Day Medals and Badges, presented by Dr. Donald; Emblems and Shields, presented by Rev. R. C. Benson, B.A.

The results of the tennis tournament which was held during the fall have been withheld owing to the fact that only the singles were completed. It was hoped that before the college year closed it would be possible to report also on the doubles. However, such is not the case. In the semi-finals W. S. Way defeated H. H. Wilson, and C. J. Baker defeated Twiss. The first set of the finals was won by Baker 6-3, the second by Way 6-4, and the third by Baker 6-2. Thus Baker became tennis champion in the singles.

As will be seen in another part of this issue of THE MONTHLY, Clarion J. Baker, '17, died at Peterboro on March 26th. All those interested in athletics will mourn his loss, for Clarion was interested in nearly every branch of sport, and was always ready to do whatever he could to uphold the honor of his year.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.

WITH this issue the editor of "Our Graduates," in common with other editors, lays down his quill for the season, and during the summer the Alumni will pursue their various ways without being prodded by the penpoint into the limelight of this column. "For this relief much thanks" we almost hear them exclaim. However, the October number will come in due time and the events of the summer will be caught up then as best may be, and the story will be continued. Some things are about to happen as we write, concerning which we should like to be able to report. The annual gathering of the Toronto Alumni is to be held in the near future, the nominations for the University Senate will be made shortly, and doubtless many other occurrences of great interest are lurking just around the corner. But we must not tarry; the omniverous printer calls and we must send him his copy. So below we spread the story of the month as it has come to our ears and herewith bid a fond adieu to the gentle reader.

'84.—Rev. E. F. Jordan, who has been entered in the calendar as at Sioux Salls, S.D., is, we learn, President of the Grand Island College, Nebraska. This is a Baptist Boys' School.

'89.—Rev. C. E. McLeod has resigned the pastorate of the Beamsville Church. We understand he will probably continue to reside in Beamsville for the present.

'92.—Rev. L. H. Steinhoff is District Missionary in Iowa. His work keeps him travelling most of the time, but his headquarters are at Harlan, Ia., where he may be addressed.

'94.—Rev. Edgar Russell has been farming for the past two years, looking after the estate of his deceased brother. We understand that he is now leaving for the West and will reside in British Columbia.

'95.—Professor George H. Clarke has secured leave of absence from duties at the University of Tennessee and is now driving a motor ambulance for the Red Cross in London, England.

'96.—Rev. A. N. Marshall, who has been acting pastor of Walmer Road Church, has accepted a call to the First Church, Ottawa, and begins his duties there next month.

'96.—Rev. A. G. Baker reached Toronto last month on furlough from La Paz, Bolivia, and is to be addressed at 35 St. Vincent Street. He has had a strenuous term, living at an altitude of two miles above the sea level, but he has lost none of his vigor an enthusiasm. Mr. Baker reports that Rev. C. N. Mitchell, '94, is still in a somewhat uncertain condition of health. He has been improving lately, and it is hoped that he will soon have a complete recovery. He has returned to Oruro from the Coast, where he was in a hospital.

'96.—Rev. C. E. Scott is at present pastor in Courtwright, Ontario. He left Fort William last autumn on account of his wife's health, and we regret to report that Mrs. Scott died last November.

'99.—Rev. James Chapman, Theol., has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Burlington and Bronte.

'99.—Francis J. Ingram is the Superintendent of the American Baptist Mission to the Kachins in the Bhamo District, Burma, and under his capable leadership the mission has reached a high state of efficiency. Recently Mr. Ingram has been doing a considerable amount of literary work for the Government. The first book ever published in the Kachin language treating of a secular subject, is a textbook of hygiene which he has recently translated for use in the schools. A series of readers is now going through the press under the same auspices. The Kachin hymnbook, which is in common use among the mission stations, contains a translation of the McMaster hymn, "Jesus, Wondrous Saviour," made by Mr. Ingram. Possibly this is the first time the hymn has been translated into a foreign tongue; if any of our readers know of another translation, the editor will be glad to be informed. Mr. Ingram has been a generous donor to the McMaster University Museum, and is continually collecting specimens for this purpose. He hopes soon to be represented at Alma Mater by his two sons who are now at school in Canada.

'00.—Rev. C. C. Anderson, Theol., has accepted a call to the church in Meaford.

'03.—Rev. Hugh McDiarmid has been supplying for a number of weeks at the Church in Quebec. He will spend the summer in Dundas supplying for Rev. Caleb Harris, '09, who has been forced by ill health to give up his duties for a time.

'05.—T. H. Peine, who has for some years been a member of the legal firm of Bisset & Peine, Toronto, has removed to Chicago, where he is attached to the legal department of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

'09.—Thomas Wearing is President of the British Empire Club in Chicago, which has been very active in different lines of service for the cause of the Allies. The McMaster graduates have, of course, been enthusiastic members of the Club. Last month the organization raised $1600 for an ambulance to be sent to France.

'09.—T. E. Layng is now research chemist with the American Tar Products Company, in charge of experimental coal distillation plant at Urbana, Ill.

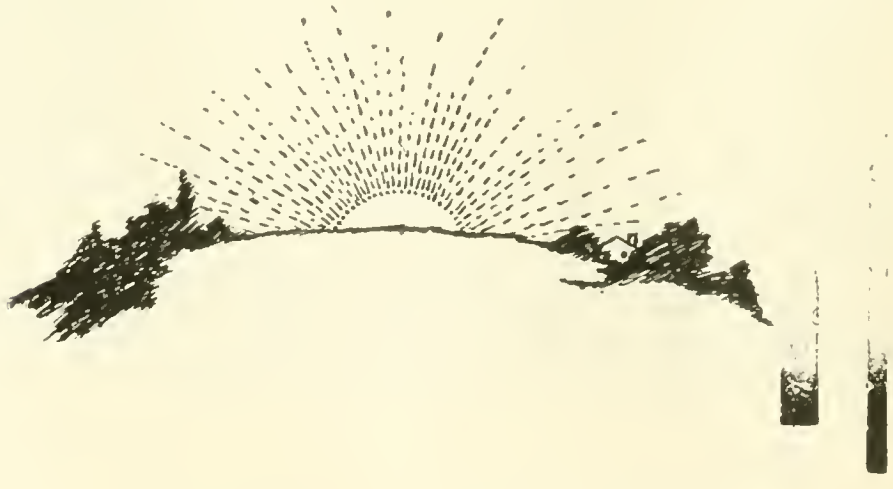
'09.—Rev. J. E. Pettit, Theol., was the recipient of a purse of gold upon leaving the Listowel Church recently.

'10.—Jos. Wearing is now Secretary of the local branch in Peterboro of the Ontario Organization of Resources Committee.

'10.—Rev. F. G. Burrell has resigned from the pastorate in Villa Nova.

'12.—The class of 1912 planned, when graduating, to hold a re-union in 1917, but it has now been decided to postpone this until after the war. A letter recently to hand from the President of the Year, Mr. R. J. Gould, shows that he is principal of the Consolidated School at Coaldale, Alberta. It is purely a rural school, but planned on new lines. The equipment includes accommodation for manual training and domestic science, an auditorium seating about 300 people, a teacher's residence, electric light plant, etc. We understand that the school is a real community centre, the auditorium being in use practically every night during the winter. We have reason to hope that next season THE MONTHLY may be able to present an article on this unique school from the pen of its Principal.

'12.—E. R. Ashall, formerly with the Imperial Life Company, is now studying law at Osgoode Hall.



Here and There

EDITOR: ROY HARRIS, '18.

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."
—*Pope.*

WE are tempted to believe that the above couplet admirably describes many a college student after he has successfully completed the laborious process—variously described as "plugging," "boning," "grinding," and "cramming"—in virtue whereof he is considered a fit candidate for the spring exams. We are also tempted at times to be somewhat sceptical as to the value of developing the ability to retain in one's mind for a period of three hours all the work of a heavy major. Obviously, the present system is apt to lead to the vicious practice of postponing all real work in minor subjects until the last few weeks of the College year. Unconsciously, we are inclined to develop the habit of studying a subject with the mental reservation that it must be promptly forgotten to make room for other "lumber." No wonder students just out of college have been humorously described as "returned empties."

Throughout the year, we have been interested—and often amused—in reading the literary effusions of our fellow Exchange Editors. Some declare our McMaster "creative genius is still lying dormant"; others commend THE MONTHLY for maintaining "a noteworthy literary excellence surpassed by none." In the midst of such conflicting opinions, what *are* we to believe? While we appreciate all constructive suggestions, we are inclined to believe that some so-called criticism is written merely to fill space.

The fact that it has never been the policy of THE MONTHLY to indulge in criticism has occasionally puzzled our contemporaries. A certain fair one of "the scribbling kind" was even led to infer that we had "gone on a trip for our health." We thank her for being so solicitous concerning our welfare, and beg to inform her that we are still here. To all who wonder at our silence, we answer that we are convinced

"'Tis best sometimes our censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain."

He left his college with a Ph.D.,
To teach on a cannibal isle,
The Chief, when he spied him, smacked his lips,
And served him up with style.

The dinner o'er, from the ashes rose,
A spectre, weird to relate—
"What is that?" cried the Chief; and a voice replied:
"'Tis the ghost of the grad-u-ate."

—*Cornell Widow.*

IN THE GOOD OLD WAY.

(One of Br'er Williams' Faith-Songs.)

Spite er all de a'rships
Dey riggin' up to-day
I gwine ter go ter glory
In de good ole way!

W'en the mo'ners is a-sighin'
At de partin' er de day,
I'll fix my wings fer flyin'
In de good ole way!

Halleluia story—
From de fur away,
Gwine ter go ter glory
In de good ole way!

—*Ex.*

The following terse lines suggest rather than elaborate some of the pathetic tragedies of life enacted among the members of the lower strata of modern society, as they "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" of human existence:

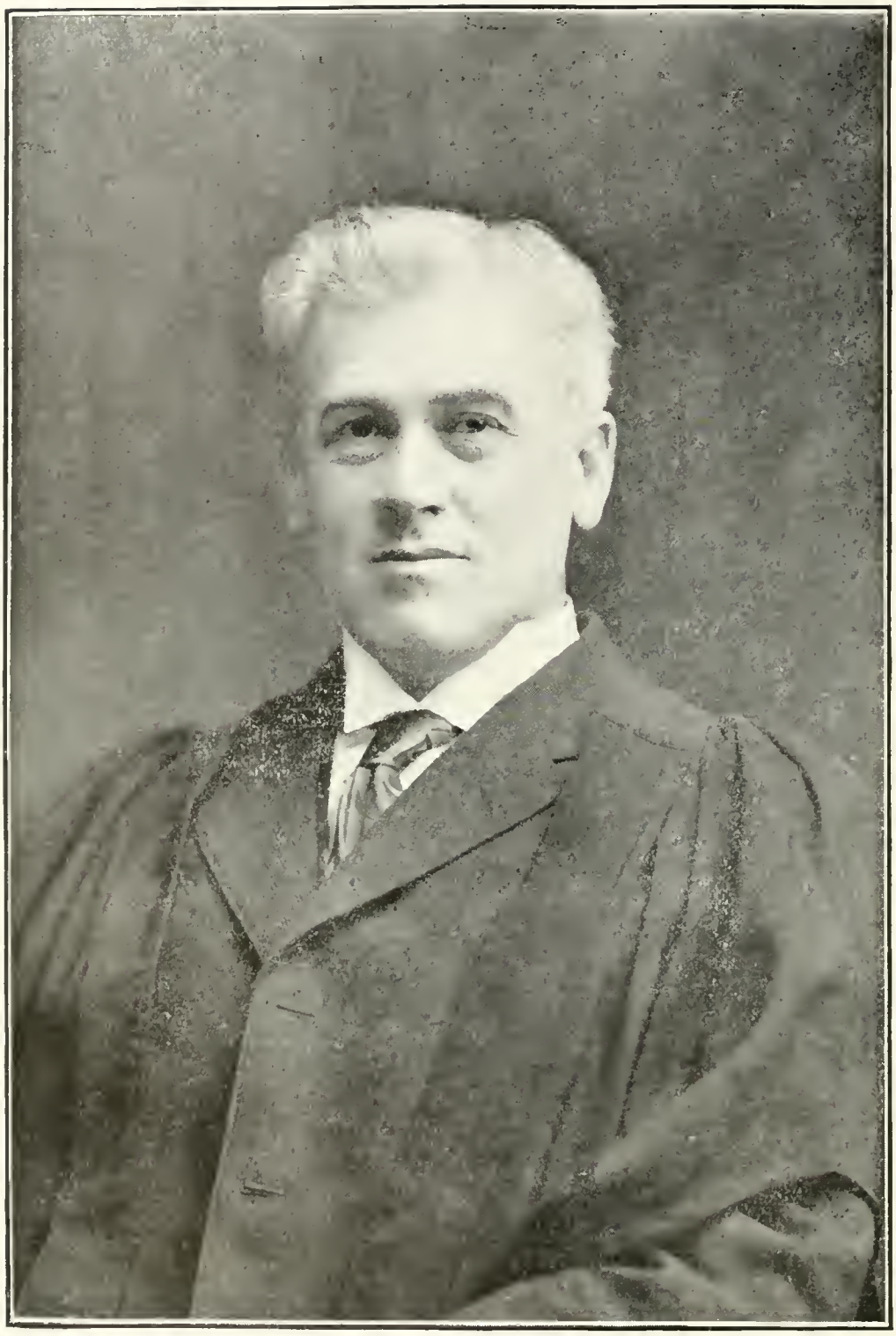
THE CASE IS CLOSED.

The case is closed—the lawyers leave,
The judge descends, the clerk skips out,
The jurors take a homeward route—
What did the learned men achieve?

Well, saving pardon or reprieve,
A man's to hang—no room for doubt,
The case is closed.

No work, no home, drank, tried to thieve,
Murdered a man in drunken bout—
Society looked on without,
Nobody's business, none to grieve.
The case is closed.

—*Howard M. Jones.*



A. L. M. Grimmon

CHANCELLOR.

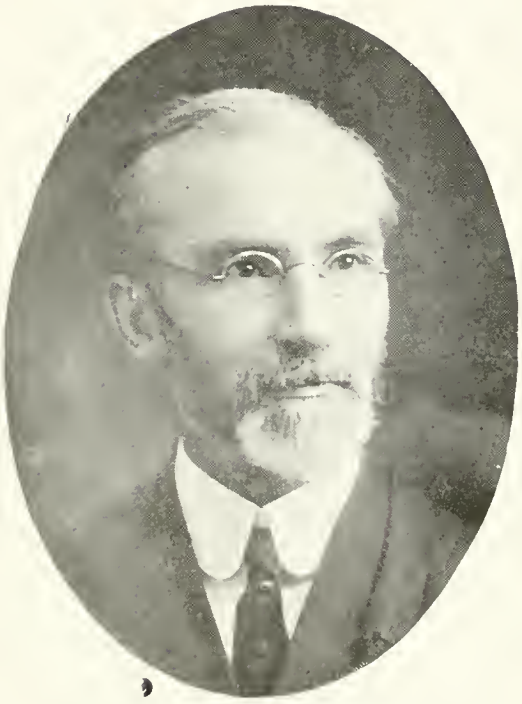
THE MESSAGE OF THE CHANCELLOR.

The years which the Graduating Classes of 1917 have spent in the historic halls of McMaster have proved to you that "the soul of improvement is the improvement of the soul." You have watched the gentle harmony of fostering peace give place to jarring discords of disruptive war. Your minds have weighed ideals of civilisation and analyzed ethical motives; your hearts have invested sympathy, fraternal affection and active participation in humanity's struggle for freedom and equal rights; your resolutions have been purified, elevated, consecrated,—purified by an increasing altruism, elevated to divine justice, consecrated to the cause of liberty and the perfection of the Kingdom of God. The soul of each individual, of each class, has been enlarged, enriched and empowered.

The stress of the age has refined the motivation of life. The cross of today has been conducive to the triumph of tomorrow. The crucible of distress and suffering has produced a finer spiritual product. Your Alma Mater confidently hopes that every member of these classes has participated in this soul heritage which has come to susceptible personalities. She sends you forth with her richest blessings on your heads. Think great thoughts, love pure motives, cherish high ideals, and fight valiantly life's battles.

Be assured of the deep and continuous interest with which your Alma Mater will follow your careers. Let your hearts untravelled fondly turn to her.

The Faculty



J. H. Farmer, B.A., LL.D.
Dean in Theology.

W. S. W. McLay, M.A.
Dean in Arts

PETER SINCLAIR CAMPBELL, M.A.
Professor of Greek

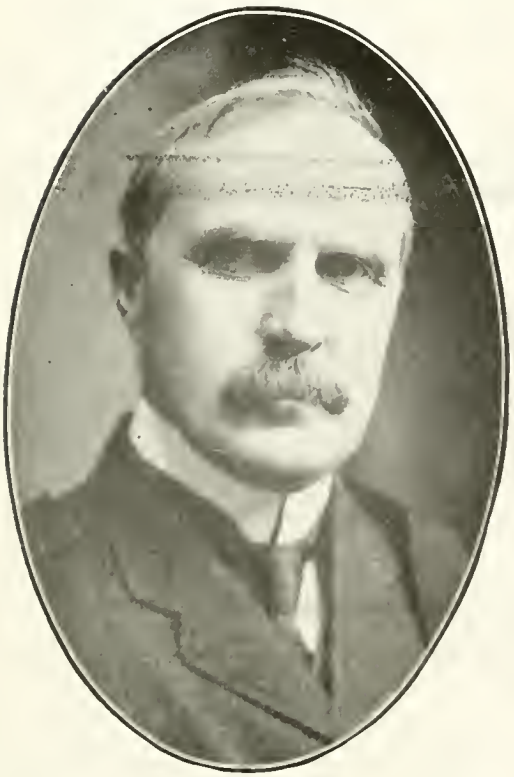
*MALCOLM SINCLAIR CLARK, M.A.
Professor of German
*Obit., Feb., 1916.

JAMES TENBROEKE, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics

ROBERT WILSON SMITH, B.A., PH.D.
Professor of Biology and Curator of Museum

ELIAS MILES KEIRSTEAD, M.A., D.D.
Professor of Systematic Theology
and Apologetics.

WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Mathematics

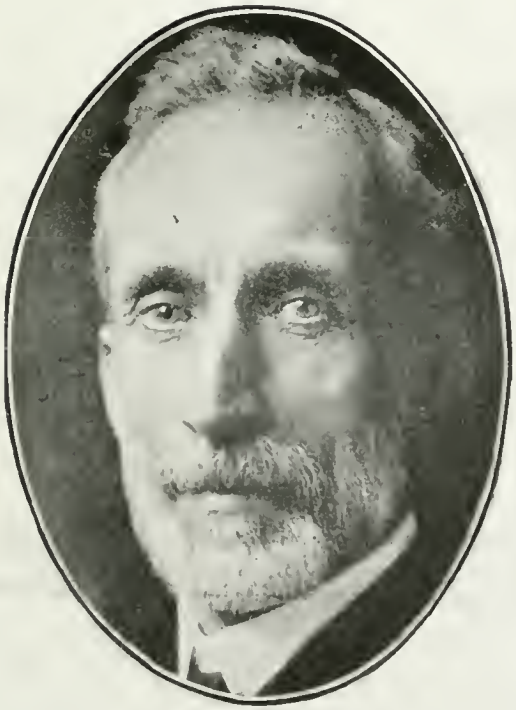


JOSEPH LEEMING GILMOUR, B.A., D.D.
Professor of Homiletics and
Pastoral Theology

J. BISHOP TINGLE, PH.D.
Professor of Chemistry

GLENN HOWARD CAMPBELL, M.A.
Professor of Latin

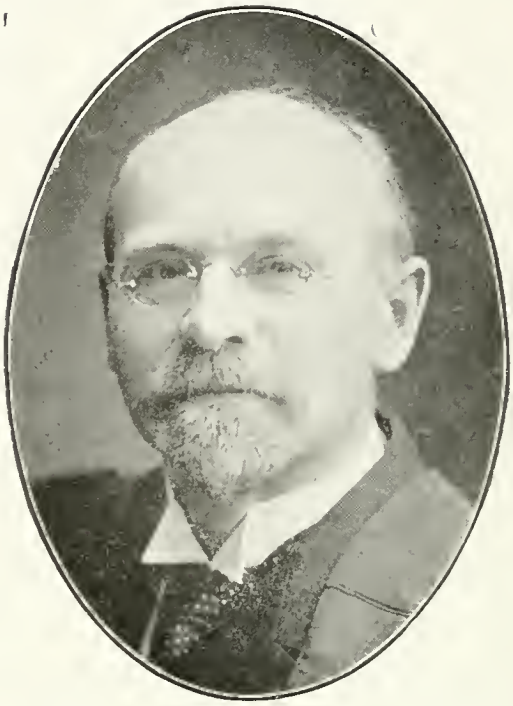
I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH., PH.D.
Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic and Old Testament Theology



THOMAS TROTTER, B.A., D.D., LL.D.
Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology.

HENRY FRANKLIN DAWES, M.A.
Professor of Physics

BERNARD FRANZEN-SWEDELIUS, PH.D.
Professor of French



PAUL WILHELM MUELLER, B.A.
Lecturer in German

WILLIAM STEWART WALLACE, M.A.
Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek
On Active Service.

WILLIAM H. MCNAIRN, M.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy

WILLIAM JOHN DONALD, B.A., PH.D.
Lecturer in Political Economy
and Sociology

W. G. GINGERY, M.A.
Lecturer in Mathematics, 1916-17.

THOS. MCCOSH DADSON, M.A., B.TH.
Lecturer in History, 1916-17.

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, PH.B.
Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking

WILLIAM ELI NORTON, D.D.*
Special Lecturer on Missions
*Obit., 1916.

JOHN GILBERT BROWN, B.A., D.D.
Special Lecturer on Missions.

ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.
Registrar

The
McMaster University Monthly
Graduation Number, 1917
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THE CLASS HISTORY OF SEVENTEEN.

"I wait for my story, the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but bright days, oh! bring it,
Such as I wish it to be."

"Fresh!" screamed a sparrow as he peered from among McMaster's ivy vines. "Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!" stormed an answering sparrow chorus. How could a freshman who had been trying to assume a this-is-a-habit-of-mine air avoid blushing at such a welcome? College life had been our lodestar for months and years. It had called us with mysterious alluring words. Now we were going to learn the meaning of the call.

The first days were spent registering impressions. The opening chapel service taught us what was meant by college spirit. We learned we were a part of McMaster University. McMaster had a motto and a hymn. These belonged to us. When the hymn was announced we searched for it in vain. Others were glibly singing from closed books. How intelligent they were! Would we be able to sing the McMaster hymn from a closed book in a year's time? After chapel we called on Mr. Bengough. But on the cards we left we were asked in addition

to the usual information to give a detailed history of our family, our intentions and—horribile dictu—our age.

At the close of the first day at college anxious relatives and acquaintances asked, "Is the work hard? Do you like going to college?" Yes, we liked going to college, and the work—why, there were only two or three things we did not know—the first day.

Before the newness of it had worn off, word was passed among us that there ought to be a class meeting of the Freshmen. The Sophomores had made solicitous inquiries and had almost hinted that we were slow. We had one immediately. What discretion was necessary in choosing leaders! Did a man have curly hair and poetic depths in his blue eyes? Our bard we named him. Did his slender fingers beat

SPECIAL MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS

a restless tattoo on the desk before him? That was our musician. Did he long and loudly urge his point? Who else would make a better debating representative? Was he modest enough to disclaim professional knowledge of athletics? He was chosen our leader in sports. Was a girl already distinguished by her good sense, sweetness and fun-loving nature? She, we felt, was the one to help lead us through our first year at college. The maiden with a literary air was asked to represent us in that society. Did the one in question savour of antiquity? That was the historian. Finally Mr. Hurst and Miss Smith were chosen our pilots. Succeeding class meetings never lacked excitement, for the sophomores thought we were just the usual kind of freshmen, traditionally bound to extravagance and folly. However,

we enjoyed their square-toed jocosity at all times—even initiation ceremonies could not dampen our spirits, though the water was cold.

Monday, October 13th! The day came for our first year picnic. We escaped the envious sophomores, reaching Scarboro' Bluffs in safety. We had our camp-fire blazing and supper prepared before we were called upon to welcome Professor and Mrs. Campbell with our president and vice-president and the spoons. On reaching McMaster's Halls again the Freshmen found their fair young faces had been sorely missed. The nocturnal host of sophomores was heard, and the answering notes:—

SPECIAL SCIENCE

"Oh where, oh where, has my little bed gone?
Sheets and blankets, where are they?
My pillows have wandered far down the hall,
How I long for the break of day."

The name Field Day recalls hasty errands and stealthily arranged plans, class yells painfully composed, only to be more painfully decomposed. Finally we got a yell, a masterpiece of convincing oratory. There is no need to describe it at length, because it has become a matter of history. In the sports of the day we got a point. Mr. Priddle was our point. For us the chief event of the afternoon was a separate game, given the honourable title of a Sophomore-Freshman football match. The Sophomores, jealous of our men, were trying to mutilate their good looks. But merciful darkness intervened and our youths

emerged victorious with their countenances only soiled. Then the Freshettes, released from grim fear, gave vent to:

"Haw! Haw! Waw! Waw!
Gala, dala, siskee,
17! 17! still alive and frisky."

The same evening was the time set for the Freshman-Sophomore banquet. To give all an equal footing the names were raffled. One had the pulled-out-of-a-grab-bag feeling, but variety is the spice of life. Rumor said the evening, the place, the partners were all that could be desired. The feast was partaken of, and speeches dispensed, with the customary zeal of McMaster's young sons and daughters.

On Founder's Night, November 18th, visitors could find no trace of autumn's sere blast in our summer scene. They beheld a terraced pine and palm garden where chrysanthemums and window pots of wisteria bloomed. Soft underfoot was the pine needle carpet. A marauder, a big black spider, has entered our garden—he's swinging there just where the soft light of Jap lanterns is most subdued. Toads are croaking merrily (when you squeeze them) 'neath bay and palm trees. Garlands of leaves swing round the Japanese wind bells. How the crowds surged in!

But perhaps as the true history of a nation deals with its people, not with its kings or conquests, so the true history of a group of college students should deal at least in part with their scholastic endeavors. We had early provided ourselves with gowns, and from their contagion the fever of renown surged wildly through our veins. Ever and anon came looming through the fogs surrounding knowledge, strange forms, gigantic, spectral. We were continually dazzling professors with our brilliance, and were beginning to admire ourselves for the ease with which we were able to handle mighty flails of thought.

But afraid lest we were jogging too unconsciously toward Utopia, our professors arranged an examination menu for the New Year. Easy now to spin long yarns about Scylla and Charybdis! We found it true that there is no regia via to knowledge; the way has been well harrowed and the seed watered plentifully and with tears. All Christmas holidays we bolted mental food in lumps—a process not at all conducive to digestion. By Pierian springs, by the glimmering light of a misty dictionary we set our tables to qualify—we never use 'plug' or 'cram' at McMaster—for exams. We feared the result might prove a "mens torta in corpore torto" but hoped ultimately to satisfy the omniscient Faculty. We did it, too! Have done it more than once! Twice a year we have met and overcome those special grievances called examinations. Those of us who had a special relish have dared the danger thrice.

Not wishing to tire our professors with vain repetitions in our answers, we displayed marked originality. One classics student, when asked for the salient features of the Pleistocene era, described

the great salt beds deposited at that time. Several of us who had been grooved laboriously into a permanent orthodoxy wished our English professor to share our faith. Accordingly when he quoted from "Richard II" "I'll read enough when I do see the very book indeed where all my sins are writ, which is myself," treacherously omitting the last three words and then basely asking "What book is meant?" we told him "The Book of Life" mentioned in Revelation. Who can justify the ways of professors to students?

To forget exams. "Little Vic." rink became our play ground. An English schoolmaster, in addressing words of guidance to his students about to leave for University said, "To spend an evening with a refined, intellectual and cultivated lady is for mental improvement equivalent to two books of the Aeneid or to a Greek play." (Query, Will McMaster professors ever consider an evening so spent as a

INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS IN SOCCER, 1914

minor?) Accordingly the Seventeeners and the Seventeenettes planned a skating party with entertainment afterwards at Mrs Hull's. After partaking of refreshments in an appreciative manner we felt strengthened to such a degree that we were able to give a public rendering of our very latest yell.

"Heckta Minicka Hanicka Heen!
McMaster's best is seventeen!
Are we in it? Well I should smile!
We'll beat the bunch by many a mile.
Kerbee, Kerbay, Kerbi—boo—bah!
Nineteen Seventeen! Rah! Rah! Rah!

The skating party had whetted our social cravings. The next event of very great importance was a sleighing party. There wasn't any snow, but we enjoyed the squeaky notes of the sleigh runners, and the refreshments at Mr. Firstbrook's home.

The skating season brought Seventeen a reputation for hockey. Under Captain Lepofsky we made a tie with the Seniors, beat the Juniors in one game, and the Sophomores in two.

In debating, too, the Theologues and Juniors learned to respect us. Dearborn and Foster achieved our first victory over the former, while Twiss and Smith relieved the latter from the work of a final struggle for the cup.

St. Patrick's Day resulted, Irish fashion, in a scrap with the Sophomores over our election. To work off our superfluous exuberance we closed the day in a social gathering at the home of Mrs. J. Wilkins.

Reveries of Freshmen Days! Hours all too fair to last, moments of raptures and unformed desires! Who having lived them can forget?

(September, 1914.) For five months we had been separated. Now

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY CHAMPIONS, 1914

on our return it seemed the sunsets had never been so golden or maples so gloriously yellow. As the tints of '17 banner faded from green to yellow the very trees and heavens blended in sympathy with the spirit of our year and added to the maze of glory surrounding that goodly company—the Sophomores.

In May we had left "Mac." mere Freshies, in September we came back full-fledged sophomores. Of the interval only vague rumors reached our official ears. The lads engaged in mildly exhilarating exercises, preaching, teaching, farming, camping, or business. Eighteen new members came to swell our numbers. With the infusion of "blue blood" we were able to instil a becoming humility in the new Freshmen class.

In August the European war had broken out, vitally affecting

all our land, and creeping into all our actions. Mr. Dearborn, '17, enlisted in the Ambulance Corps from England. On September 28th the first Canadian Contingent set sail for England.

Our Chancellor was at opening chapel to welcome us as we welcomed him again to McMaster after his year's absence. You should have heard him open that broadside on German despotism and Militarism at Autumn Convocation.

Class politics were for a while very unsettled. Mr. Davis was elected to the Presidency, but at Christmas handed over the reins of government to Mr. Fell, who managed to retain them till the end of the year. Miss Marjorie Trotter was chosen as our vice-president, but illness compelled her to leave our ranks, and Miss Elsie Wilkins was chosen as helpmate for Mr. Fell.

Youthful habit prompted '17 to plan and carry out their picnic quickly. On October 6, the barometer began to drop heavily. Opposition only increases Sophomorian enthusiasm. We decided:

SPECIAL ENGLISH, HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

"Whether the weather be cold,
Or whether the weather be hot,
Or whether the weather be wet,
Or whether the weather be not"

we'll have a good time. And we did. An afternoon shower changed the anticipated down-the-Humber-tramp into "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Charades" in Lambton Park Pavilion. To play "Pom, Pom pull away" and "Rachel and Jacob" by the flickering light quickly dispels Sophomorian sedateness. Juvenile frivolities however soon gave place to the time-honoured song and story, and darkness and drowsiness whispered "Homeward." "Thy Praises, McMaster," and "Heckta Minicka" bade the listening pines farewell. Farewells

were repeated from time to time until the stronger voices grew husky and the city noises interfered.

On Field Day, October 23, yellow shields and yellow chrysanthemums decorated every coat. Our banner hung proudly from the Freshies' enamelled silver-knobbed pole. We found we had improved 1200 per cent in our athletic ability, for we won twelve points. Of course we defeated the Freshmen in a scramble and then we decided we could feel as if we had conscientiously discharged all our duties if we familiarized them with some of the primary laws of social deportment. Accordingly we all gleefully repaired—two and two— a freshman and a maiden—to the Mission Tea Rooms. The table arrangement was admirable—three men to every lady; so no one had either to talk or think all the time. It does not appear that Mr. Davis or Mr. Foster opened up any new lines of thought in their toasts. Miss Wilkins very ably supplemented Mr. Field's remarks on the ladies.

SPECIAL MODERNS AND CLASSICS

After exams, we met at Mr. Foster's for a sleighing party. As only one of the sleighs fulfilled its engagement, three layers of students piled into a one-layered sleigh and enjoyed themselves as much as possible. At Mr. Fell's the gentlemen identified cold creams with marvellous facility. Shortly afterwards we organized a skating party and again at Mr. Hull's home our precocious appetites were appeased.

A clever sophomore compounded the following "statistics" of year '17.

39.9% are girls. The tallest man is 5 ft. 9¾-in. (?). The largest shoe is 9.

1.9% wear glasses through necessity, 23% wear them to improve their looks; 17.7% could be improved by wearing them.

(The Goggle Group is increasing with age and study and vanity).

11.3% intend to take theology.

9.1% attend chapel regularly.

85.6% attend chapel occasionally.

100% sometimes rise for an 8.15.

97.7% are good-looking.

In debating the reputation won as Freshmen was retained. Brownlee and Elder triumphed over Theology by proving that Russia was justified in interfering between Austria and Servia. Again Twiss and Wilson brought us to the finals for a test for the championship. Miss Clark's address on "Macbeth" carried off highest honors in the Women's Oratorical Contest, and in the evening Mr. Foster gave a splendid address on Canada.

Soccer! !
I would the sea were ink.
Then would I pluck from off the mountain top
The tallest pine,
And write across the pearly dome of heaven:
"Champions in Soccer!"

We were successful in hockey, too, against the Seniors. Inter-year champions in hockey! "The year that is different." Great con tests stir our deepest feelings. Great victories produce great poets. Our bard was inspired:

"Did you ever watch their faces
As they sallied forth?
Fawthrop, Robb and Davis,
Massé, Lepofsky, Orth.
But one name is missing,
For there are just twice three,
The seventh, if I err not
Was cognomened Brownlee.
With struggle and with courage
They met the learnéd foe,
They met, they fought, they conquered,
Oh! let the whole world know!
Bring them back in triumph, let cheer follow cheer!
Oh, shout again, with might and main,
"Hurrah for the winning year!"

For various reasons it was thought well to banish the old "Heckta Minica" yell, which for some time past had been footballed around and fallen into general disrepute. Several budding geniuses sub-mitted products of their imaginations during insane moments for the approval of the class. The couplet concocted by W. A. Robertson be-came the official yell of the year:

Zak-a-racka; Kak-a-racka! Kee-Ki-Kar!
Nineteen Seventeen! Mac-Mas-tar!
Boom-a-lacka Bah! Chic-a-lacka Chah!
1——9——1——7 Rah! Rah! Rah!

September, 1915. The class re-assembled under the blue banner of the Juniors, to be carried this year before Mr. J. F. Twiss and

Miss Winnifred Grindell. On October 16th we honored Long Branch by choosing it as the scene of our annual picnic. It was just as enjoyable as Seventeen's events always are. We found that our honorary president, Professor McLay, was an expert at stealing bases.

Field Day, October 29. It had been foreordained that Seventeen were not to be victors in the inter-year contest. Even so we played right manfully our losing game, winning more points than ever before.

"Hallowe'en" recalls Miss Wilkins' home, awful beckoning ghosts, courtiers and their fair ladies, two intruders, and pumpkin pie of the orthodox kind.

As Sappers W. A. Chisholm and F. W. Field were about to leave for Ottawa with the Divisional Signalling Corps, a farewell skating party was held at the Varsity Stadium Rink. At Hunt's lunch tables Spr. Chisholm was asked for a few words and gave a speech; Spr. Field was asked for a speech and gave a few words. At Christmas

OFFICIAL NIPPERS

"CHAPLAIN"

when Mr. Wallace took his captain's commission, we were left without a History lecturer.

Early in the New Year our lassies took advantage of the peculiar opportunities offered women kind only "once in four." With beating heart that would betray the look of sanguine expectation, they waylaid their victims and "requested the pleasure." Band cards were quickly filled. The gentlemen were safely returned to their anxious guardians at McMaster Hall.

January 24, rumours were heard that the Juniors were getting too jolly. Miss Farmer entertained the class at 750 Bathurst in a farewell party to Mr. Elder as he went to Owen Sound. Mr. Dearborn, who had borne his part in the fighting and suffering in Belgium, was again present. The ladies got their partners on a string, gentlemen stabbed peanuts with hatpins, and at an auction sale the Dean in Theology was purchased for two beans. A second party at

Mr. Farmer's, and the comment was, "We always have such a dandy time at Dr. Farmer's."

On the occasion of a skating party, January 31, the weather man provided us with a cold night, twinkling stars and hard ice, and Mrs. Gardner gave us shelter and a splendid lunch. A little later we gathered again at Mrs. Gardner's, before treating the citizens of Toronto and country lanes to the "forty-part cannon" of our "Zack-a-rack-a." At Professor McLay's home we had games and baked beans, seasoned with enjoyment.

On February 24, our University and our year suffered a great loss in the death of our much beloved Professor Clark.

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS, 1917

Our year has been working its way towards prominence in oratory, for in the oratorical contest Mr. H. Wilson rose to such heights of eloquence on "Imagination and Achievement" that the judges had to award him second place.

What reminiscences arise at mention of Junior Collation! Our soldier boys, the graduating class, "Daddy's" bountiful provision, the toasts—the faults of the ladies again reviewed, with instructions as to the size of socks to be knitted, prophecies of the glorious days when Yonge Street, Berlin, will be reached. Were we down-hearted?

Just as we were ceasing to be Sophomores Miss Wilkins gave the

Sophettes a party at her home, delightful in itself, but proving the precursor of several others. Every girl "resolved" something, and though McMaster women are strong-willed, it requires an extraordinary amount of determination to keep such rash promises as "never to go out with a 'Mac.' man again." Time would fail me to tell of the forfeits paid—expeditions to Hunt's, a sleighing party all the way out to Miss Elsie Mulholland's, dinners and afternoon teas. We were active.

September 26, 1916. H. H. Wilson and C. M. Farmer being consuls, the class rallied again, this time under the red banner. What

YEAR '17 TRACK TEAM

responsibilities devolved upon us! What duties were ours! How we were looked up to! We had to lay aside every sign of weakness and the tendency to mischief so easily besetting a college student, to fulfil the duties of grave seniors. We hardly needed the Chancellor's address on "The Hinterland of Character," to realize that we have a high mission to fulfil. We found that Mr. Gingery had his hands in where Dr. Findlay's used to be, and we tried to make our history essays judiciously short and reasonably long to please Mr. Dadson.

To set an example for our young friends, President Wilson plan-

ned our picnic at Long Branch. A co-baseball match, the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. McLay, the sprightliness of French tag, the conventional marsh mallows, weiners and "kisses" on the beach—and even Seniors could be merry.

Hallowe'en! The class ran an excursion to the Seventeenth Century—at least a spectator might have gained that impression from the costumes in the masquerade at Dr. Matthews' home. Grecian maidens, shy Puritan damsels, weird witches, and that prize-winning Indian lassie, Lily McLarty; shy Johns, little Napoleon, fierce Indian hunters, Mephistopheles & Co. are but a few of the spirits that reappeared on earth. Strange! but they enjoyed the gruesome ghost stories told by the Head Girl and Dr. Matthews.

The McMaster Re-union on December 1st took the place of Founder's Night. Lemonade for 800 people was made from two lemons —in the Chemistry "Lab." The last week before Christmas we

PICNIC AT LONG BRANCH, OCTOBER, 1916

survived two skating parties, farewells to our brothers-in-arms Mr. Foster and Mr. King. Mistletoe and its incidentals was the feature of an evening spent afterwards at Miss Grimshaw's. The last skating party, February 5th, claimed a full attendance. The men of the year were responsible for the refreshments, which were of an extravagant order, served amid the lovely surroundings of Bingham's Palm Room.

Miss Elsie Mulholland entertained her contemporaries at the home of the Misses Mulholland. The strong-breathed half of the year scared that nimble ball twice through their opponents' goal. Shyness in winking and clutching fingers were necessary for success in the next game.

In memory of St. Patrick we were again invited to 18 MacKenzie Avenue. Very serious tasks awaited us. Miss Wilkins had decided

that we should learn all that would be useful in later life, that had been omitted from the McMaster calendar. The bachelors worked with a will to compose flowery proposals, while the maidens faltering-ly framed the requisite monosyllabic answer, filling thereby a sheet of foolscap.

Mr. Rayfield's speech on Joan of Arc won second place in the Oratorical Contest. We won't mar the effect of his erudition by attempting to describe it.

The Year was saddened by the news of the death on March 9, in France, of a former classmate, Spr. W. A. Chisholm.

This has been a record year in Athletics for Seventeen. For the first time Fourth Year girls have been strong enough (numerically) to form a hockey team. The boys have won the Inter-Year Field Day Competition Cup, Year '13 Rugby Cup, and are champions in Hockey and Soccer. There are no more worlds to conquer.

Our talent has been available for all Literary programs. The girls have each year presented a program at Women's and "Big Lit." As Juniors our "Return of Letty" was criticized as above criticism, and won first place. As Seniors "The Good Old Days" and "The Passing Show of 1937" betoken originality, fun, and some histrionic ability. "Smiles," as a prunny proper old maiden aunt, nearly succeeded in making herself look horrid. On March 30th "Twelfth Night" was presented by McMaster girls. President Marion Grimshaw has supervised the manufacture of knitted accessories for McMaster men overseas, and has joined our forces to Toronto University Red Cross Society for provision of other comforts.

"Different" is the word used instinctively to describe Seventeen. The Senate paid its tribute to the discerning qualities of our younger brethren by choosing a different date for the close of the term; we will graduate a week earlier than had been planned.

Tuesday, May 1st. The goal of our four years' course has been reached. To-night we receive our reward. Each one of us stands upon our little Pisgah. Looking back we remember the many benign influences here that have moulded us to what we are,—the classroom, the athletic field, the daily chapel service, the inspiration of Fyfe Day exercises, the sweetness of class prayer meetings, the personality of beloved and Christian professors. Before us the future lies, its paths for each of us all different, all unknown. But whatever life may bring we are resolved we will be true to the ideals of our Alma Mater, we will be loyal sons and daughters of McMaster.

"Thou canst not in life's city,
Rule thy course as in a cell;
There are others, all my brothers,
Who have work to do as well.

"If thou doest one work only,
In that one work thou wilt fail.
Use thou many ropes if any
For the shifting of thy sail."

—*G. K.*

Year '17 Freshman Class.

Obituary

Clarion Joel Baker

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

Clarion was born at Bobcaygeon, Ontario, in October, 1895. He received his early education at Lakefield, being admitted to Aylmer Collegiate at the age of twelve. After obtaining Junior Matriculation there, and spending a year at Harbord Collegiate, Toronto, he entered McMaster with Year Seventeen. Last January, while preparing to leave college to serve as a munitions chemist, he took ill and was compelled to go to his home in Peterboro. Acute diabetes developed, and on March 26th he passed away.

Clarion's death is a distinct loss to the University. Unassuming and pertinacious, he has ever borne himself as a true Christian gentleman. A brilliant student, Clare was interested in every phase of college activity, but especially in sports, being a champion tennis player, and an enthusiastic canoeist. But most of all his happy smile and habitually sweet disposition endeared him to us. We assure his parents that they do not mourn alone; we shall not soon forget him.

Obituary

Sapper William Alexander Chisholm

DIED OF WOUNDS MARCH 9, 1917.

"Brief, brave and glorious was his young career."

W. A. Chisholm, commonly known as "Alec," was born near Grafton, Ontario, in 1888. After receiving his primary education at Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto, he entered McMaster in 1912. In December, 1915, he enlisted with the Fourth Canadian Divisional Signalling Company. On March 2nd, 1917, he was reported seriously wounded, and a week later the news of his death came. Although only with our class about a year and a half, his bright, sunny nature and true Christian spirit of helpfulness won for him many friends. To the bereaved relatives and friends, Year Seventeen extends heartfelt sympathy.

Honour Roll, Year '17

PTE. R. D. BARTLETT, P.P.C.L.I., Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Epsom England.

SPR. H. M. BROWNLEE, Despatch Rider, Can. Div. Sig. Company, Shorncliffe, England.

SPR. W. A. CHISHOLM, 4th Can. Div. Sig. Co. (Obit.).

PTE. L. E. DEARBORN, R.A.M.C. (Returned).

LIEUT. J. A. D. ELDER, Sig. Off., 147th Bn., Army P.O., London, England.

L.-CORP. F. W. FIELD, 4th Can. Div. Sig. Co., France.

LIEUT. R. L. FOSTER, Sig. Off., 208th Bn., Exhibition Camp, Toronto.

CADET R. H. KING, R.A. Cadet School, St. John's Wood, London N.W.

SPR. C. M. McINTYRE, Can. Div. Sig. Co., Crowborough, England.

PTE. A. O. MILLIONS, M.G.S., C. Co., 43rd Canadians, France.

GUNNER C. C. ORTH, 36th Batt., C.F.A., Army P. O., London, England.

Cora Ruth Baker

"Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare."

When fortune bestowed upon Ruth the name of "Baker," she sought in vain to keep her merits hidden. She is one of the many Bakers who live at Baker's Hill. She received her elementary education at Ringwood Public School and her secondary education at Stouffville High School. She then realized that only a science course at McMaster could satisfy the deepest longings of her heart. Accordingly she entered with Year '17 and has proved herself throughout a good sport in all the activities of the college. She was a member of the Y. W. cabinet, hockey player, and has served on various committees from time to time. In her fourth year she proved "a perfect clown" in the play "Twelfth Night," presented by the W. L. S. Ruth is one of the four girls who have volunteered for service in the munition factory at Nobel. We feel confident that all her efforts will be crowned by success.

Her Favorite Expression.—"Oh Jillyjosh."
Pastime—Whistling.
Her hobby.—Proclaiming the joys of rural life.

Archibald Duncan Campbell

"Work first and then rest."

"Ad" learned the value of silence on a Middlesex County farm, but McMaster taught him the art of making friends. He was first inspired to be a "Math. and Physics" specialist while working on home economics. The results drove him to seek a higher education. After leaving Parkhill High School, "Ad" attended the Faculty of Education, University of Toronto, and taught for some time in the Kinburn Continuation School. "Ad" enjoys life quietly; he pursues the even tenor of his way amidst the various distractions of college life. He has his eye on the goal.

The hard work and fresh air of an early outdoor life have given A. D. mental and physical endowments which insure his success. He is a worthy member of the Campbell clan.

Hobby.—Regularity.
Weakness.—Work.
Failing.—Silence.

Olive Lucille Clark

"The charms of the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw."

Olive is a Hamilton product, and the place of her birth and training has every cause to be proud of its daughter. She is a splendid student and, like a powerful magnet, she draws scholarships and medals toward her. Not wishing to appear too greedy, she contented herself with bringing only one scholarship and two medals along with her to McMaster. Here she entered the Second Year and was still pursued by scholastic honors, such as, General Proficiency Medal and Latin Prize in the the Second Year and the Greek prize in the Third Year. Let none, however, be under the impression that Olive is a bookworm buried fathoms deep in classic lore. She has been Class Orator and Historian and then President of the Y. W. C. A. Whatever she undertakes she does in a whole-hearted way that assures success. This busy girl has, by her character and true heart, won a large place in the affections of all her fellow-students.

Weakness.—Study.
Aversion.—Slang.

Ibra Lockwood Conners

"With eyes that looked into the very soul—
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal."

It was on a bright July morning in 1894 that our little "Eyebrows" first peeped at the sun. Ibra's curiosity led him to seek his primary education in many towns in Ontario until he landed in Harbord, from where he made his exit after capturing several scholarships. He joined year '17 as a Sophomore, and from then on the Special Sciences have claimed the exclusive attention of his large black orbits. I.L. has taken a keen interest in all the activities of the year, especially the social functions, where *he is a lion*. In his final years he was admitted as a full-fledged member of the boiler club. Regarding his future we can predict great achievements along botanical lines.

Ambition.—A "Bug" Specialist.
Weakness.—On time for breakfast.
Calling.—Le pâtissier au "jardin d'hiver."

Bessie Irene Cooke

"With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course."

This is not that Cooke who would have had us believe the top of our planet had been reached, but as a minister's daughter, Bessie's life has not lacked the nomadic elements. Fonthill is her birthplace, and shares with Scotland, Hespeler, Stayner and Galt the honor of supplying her early education. As these reservoirs of knowledge proved insufficient to slake her thirst, she tried the Heliconian Springs of McMaster, specializing in the course with all the 'ologies. In her capable hands, the Athletic Society has led the women students into new fields, even to intercollegiate hockey contests. She has not decided which vocation would be most benefited by her store of erudition. Education may claim her next autumn, or she may join the band of women workers in chemistry. Knowing "Cookie"— her sunny disposition, her readiness for work, her power of initiative—her classmates have no doubt of her success.

Well known as—"Cookie"; our best sport.
Pastime.—Chaperoning parties.
Athletic Notices.—Girls and hockey sticks out to-night.

John Franklin Demaray

"Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets."

The honor of rearing men for McMaster has fallen to many spots on earth, and not one of the least of these is Forest, Ont., which sent us John Demaray. Jack did not elect to be born there, but—well, one has to be born somewhere! Forest was prepared, however, and had a High School well started by the time he got beyond the reach of the Public School. Here Jack took a Teachers' Course and started in to remodel society at its foundations. This being finished in about a year and a half, he followed the setting sun as far as Milestone, Sask., where he took up the ancient art of farming. Two years, however, were enough to convince him that he needed more education to compete with the gophers and mosquitoes, and so he came on to "Mac." with Year '17 to take Special Science. He has shown himself a faithful student, not only of bugs, butterflies and birds, but of all subjects. He loves an argument as a means of wider knowledge and friendship. His many friends look forward to a useful and happy career for John.

Favorite Expression.—"Say, come here!"
Chief Occupation.—Hunting birds (chickens).
Failing.—Arguing.

Margaret Edgar

"There's a merry gleam
In Peg's eyes o' blue.
Beware! She'll be planning
A prank against you."

Margaret was born and educated in Stratford (-on Avon, Ont.), and hence her proclivity for certain Shakesperian idioms. After two years of "school-marming" Margaret came to college. She entered '17 with several other celebrities in the fall of 1914. A painful bashfulness of public honors has kept her busy dodging scholarships, but she intends to found one in Moderns some day. As a juniorette she was secretary of the W.S.B., and this year she has kept busy as social convenor for '17. Her determination to become a hockey player has been rewarded with signal success this year. "Peg" does work when it thaws. Her remaining time is passed at Varsity rink, rooting at hockey matches, or in doing things for other people.

Summer Occupation.—Teaching out West.
Winter Pastime.—Reading teacups.
Weakness.—Sending flowers to the sick.
Favorite Failing.—"Bettin'."

Christine May Farmer

"Lots of time for lots of things,
Tho' it's said that time has wings."

Those lassies with the soft Scotch accent hail from Perth. To this town Christine came some years ago as a herald of Christmas. (She still blushes over the disgrace of having stolen her father's dimples). The knowledge supplied in Perth's Public School and Collegiate, with the gloss added by a year's very practical course in Domestic Science, and by the summer's rusticating at Otty Lake, enabled her to join the jolly band of McMaster seventeenettes. Here in the classroom she has striven to repair the mischief wrought at Babel. But her energies have not been confined to language study; Y.W.C.A., W.L.S., W.A.S., W.S.B. and "Big Lit." executives, as well as the vice-presidentship of the year have all claimed her attentions. Among all the "fair and gentle" ladies of the "Place aux Dames" Christine is a general favorite. She will take up Education next autumn, and may impart some of her special knowledge of English and History to the younger Canada.

Notice.—Don't forget, girls! the meeting Mon. 1.30.
Pet exclamation.—"Ooo-h!"
Ambition.—To make people happy.

J. Meldrum Fawthrop

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."

Cornwall High School's sporting average must have fallen off at least 50% when "Mel" left the shores of the St. Lawrence to become manager of the "Winter Garden" at McMaster in the fall of 1913. As a true sportsman and devotee of every branch of the art, "Toad" has played on every '17 athletic team and captained the senior hockey in his final year, in addition to managing the business interests of the Athletic Association. By a maximum of "efficiency" in arranging his subjects and a minimum of work he has "got his own goat"-skin with special Political Economy. His knowledge he expects to use in becoming a captain of industry or a financial magnate. The constancy with which he sticks by his friends, and his sympathy for the underdog, as well as his generosity, are by-words around the school. During his spare time he patronizes the "boiler club" and fixes the tax-rate and supervises the collections of the Nip and Tuck. With these experiences he ought, soon, to become a plutocrat when he enters the commercial world.

Hobby.—Tickling the ivories with a fast "mel"-ody.
Weakness.—Girls! girls! girls!
Favorites.—Sporting Extra; "Salads."

Marion Louise Grimshaw

"From you, sweet maiden, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river,
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever."

Marion opened her brown eyes in surprise nineteen years ago when she discovered her natal village was Reaboro. When three months old she decided to broaden her culture by travel, and went hither and yon as is customary in pastor's families. Her earlier education achieved in Kingston and Petrolea, she matriculated from Harbord C. I., Toronto, joining year '17 as a freshette. Blessed with a contagious laugh and a sunny disposition, Marion has blithely smiled her way through college. As a freshette she won renown in dramatics. As a sophette she wrote a vivacious class history, and as a seniorette she has held the second vice-presidency of "Big Lit." To her also belongs the honor of being the first president of the McMaster Red Cross Society. Incidentally Marion has lent a helping hand now and then to MONTHLY editors and poster convenors.

Favorite Haunt.—The Chem. Lab.
Fear.—"I might miss something."
Future (immediate).—High explosives in a munition factory.

Winnifred Marguerite Grindell

"The years that try and make and mend
Have proved her worth the title friend."

Winnifred was born in Acton and received her early education there, but having a roaming disposition, Guelph, Fort William and Toronto schools were necessary to complete her higher education. She joined year '17 as a sophette and soon won her way into our hearts with her "smiles." Not being satisfied with ruling the year as vice-president of the third year, she donned the garb of Head Girl, when her authority ruled all the girls. Here she has won for herself the highest approbation of both students and faculty. Winnifred took a great interest in all branches of Athletics, especially hockey. She was captain of the Senior hockey team, and succeeded in arousing a great deal of enthusiasm for this sport. Although Winnifred worked in all activities around the college, her academic work did not suffer, and she graduates with a splendid record in Special Science, and the prospect of munition chemistry at Nobel.

Favorite Expression.—"O, he's just an Acton boy."
Pet Aversion.—Fear of outside criticism.
Pastime.—Interviewing the Chancellor.
Ambition.—To get a Ph.D.

Kate Erma Hammond

"Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles."

As soon as Kate could stand on the table alone she was saying pieces. When later her parents took her to Brantford she did not slacken in her concert accomplishments. It was natural when she joined '17 in the second term of their sophomore year that she was soon called upon to exercise her musical and dramatic talents. A disciplinarian instinct also developed early. Her favorite game was school, and her scholars, the kitchen chairs, were all banged, for at a tender age Kate loved to wield the strap. From High School she came to Faculty of Education, and then taught for two years. Since joining '17 she has been women's orator, has helped with an Inter-collegiate Women's debate, and this year acts as historian. She has also developed a college spirit, become skilled in skating, and won a good many first-class honors at examinations.

Antipathy.—8.15's or any morning lectures.
Common Expression.—"Don't you know."
Pastime.—Dodging work.

Grace Christine Kenyon

"Bashfully sportive, timorously gay."

Grace's happy disposition may be attributed to the fact that most of her life has been passed at Otty Lake —one of the most beautiful spots in the Otty Valley— and near that famous old town of Perth. Here, firm in her belief that the admonition "Little children should be seen and not heard," was of Pauline origin, she developed her quiet and thoughtful manner. When still young she wandered far enough from home to discover a school house; Perth Collegiate, home, "Education" at Queen's, and a year's teaching followed before she could be persuaded to join Year '17 as a sophette. Since then she has been a loyal supporter of the "year that is different" and yet has found time for Classics and mumps. Her sweet and gentle disposition, and her willingness to help in all phases of student life, have made her a favorite, and one that can always be depended upon to do her part.

Failing.—Skipping first term.
Favorite expression.—"Come, children."

Reginald Howard King

"My resolutions; fixed I am as marble."

"Reggie" commenced his career in Orangeville, Ont., but while still in swaddling clothes, migrated to St. John, New Brunswick, where he remained for a few years. He returned to his native town, graduated from Public School and entered High School, where he continued his studies for five years. While at High School, he served as Captain of the Cadet Corps and President of the Literary Society. "Reggie" entered McMaster as a Sophomore and was awarded the prize in Classics. In his Junior year he again distinguished himself by winning the R. E. Sinclair prize in Special Latin. He enlisted in the Officers' Training Corps, and is now in England in the service of the Imperial Army. After his return he intends to take postgraduate work in Classics and enter the Scholastic Profession.

Expression.—"Oh, I'm fat-i-gued."
Favorite Pastime.—Reading Omar Khayyàm.

Samuel R. Lepofsky

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl."

Sam was born in Toronto, but spent the first year of his life wandering by Lake Ontario. Brighton High School helped him "put one over" the matric. examiners and in the fall of 1913 he joined the "Winter Garden Crew" at McMaster. From the moment when he was elected as track team manager in Seventeen's first class meeting to the time when as Recording Secretary he and the minute-book occupied a place of honor in the "Lit." Sam's interest in current events and domestic politics has never waned. When anything was started he was there. He played upon the senior hockey and senior soccer teams as well as all the year "turn-outs", and could always be depended upon to support anything but the referee's decision. His sunny humor, his restless energy, and extreme generosity will be missed by all, for Sam is now a chemist with Canadian Explosives. As "outside nipper" he is one of the most valued members of the Nip and Tuck.

Office.—The corner by the door.
Business.—Boosting the "Boiler Club."
Ambition.—To sink the black ball.
Favorite Expression.—"The place is dead! Let's start something."

Emile Adolphe Masse

"La tempérance et le travail sont les deux vrais médicines de l'homme."

Emile Massé, as his name implies, was born at Grande Ligne, P. Q. There he lived until nine years ago, when his father gave up his work as Principal of Feller Institute and took charge of the church at Marieville, P. Q. At Feller Institute Emile received his primary as well as his secondary school training, and there, also, he formed the habit of putting such an earnest amount of "pep" to his work, that he completes his Arts work at "Mac." this year with practically all the scholarships that lay in his way dangling to his belt. Nor has he allowed his studies to interfere with his education. He has participated in all the famous year '17 hockey and soccer victories of which the bards sing; he has served on numerous executive committees, and whether it be skating with a fair co-ed or teaching a Bible Class, his winning smile and his grasp of the subject have made him eminently successful. After doing post-graduate work Emile will likely return to his native province to do educational work in connection with the Grande Ligne Mission.

Favorite Song.—"Old Tweedledum, bring me a dish of water."
His Misfortune.—The girls all like A Meal.
Ambition.—To be in the "pink."

Stuart McLean

"Science when well digested is nothing but good sense and reason."

"Mac." commenced his career in Manilla, Ontario. Here he learned the proverbial phrase: "Speech is silver, but silence is golden." He then accompanied his parents to Thornbury, Ontario. After a triumphant march through Public and Continuation School, where he won the gold medal, aspirations to something higher entered his mind. His mathematical tendency prompted him to enter McMaster with year seventeen. During his first three years he became recognized as one of the foremost students in special Mathematics and Physics. In his final year he became the assistant in the Department of Physics. He has loyally supported his year and Alma Mater. We prophesy for him a bright future in scientific work.

Ambition.—Demonstrating in Physics "Lab."
Failing.—Skating.
Pet Phrase.—"Oh! go on!" (with a grin!)

Elsie Mulholland

"In stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."

Anyone who has attended the meetings of the Women's Literary Society within the past year cannot soon forget the stately figure of its president. Elsie has most efficiently filled this position, giving the society one of the best years it has ever had. Our president's birthplace was a short distance north of Toronto.—"You know, just a few miles up Bathurst Street." In a rural school in that same district she received the education of her early years. Her High School days were spent at Humberside and North Toronto Collegiates. In the autumn of 1914 she was attracted to McMaster to enter Year '17 as a Sophette. Here she has been held in high esteem by all with whom she came into contact. Of no one can it be more truly said that there is "In every gesture, dignity and love."

Habitat.—Raspberry Hill.
Commonly Known as—Elsie Mul. or Mr. Elsie.
Ambition.—She isn't telling.

Lily McLarty

"And still to her charms she alone is a stranger."

Although "Lil." first opened those bright eyes of hers in Galt, Ontario, it was not long before the picturesque city farther down the Grand River, received her, and there in Brantford she first toddled off to school. Her mischievous tendencies caused the conduct marks on her report cards to be a minus quantity, but her studies ever kept up with the best in the class. Paris High School claimed a few years of her life, and she succeeded in winning a Carter scholarship on her departure. She entered McMaster in her Sophomore year and decided to take the course in Moderns, English and History. "Lil." has always taken the liveliest interest in the many McMaster activities, and has given them her hearty support, although her very retiring nature has kept her from taking any prominent part. Her bright and cheery air and never-failing kindness make a new girl feel truly welcome and endear her for all time to her older friends.

Specialty.—Midnight feeds!
Common Cry.—"Who swiped my book?"

Oamer Daniel Priddle

"Formed to rise, reach at, if not grasp all the good beyond him."

Sages come from the country and O. D. is no exception. He hails from Glen Meyer, Ontario. His first words "Cognito, ergo sum," astounded his parents. The oracles were consulted and reported that the speaker would become a great philosopher. For preparation he was sent to the village school and from thence to Woodstock College. Here O. D. made his mark by winning the S. J. Moore Scholarship. He decided to study philosophy and consequently came to McMaster. Besides a splendid record in philosophy, he has won the Wm. Craig Prize in New Testament History. O. D. has served as Second-Vice Kakiak in his senior year. His vacations have been spent as student pastor at Palmyra, Maxville and Hatley. He anticipates returning for theology.

Favorite Question.—"Oh yes, but what is that?"
Resort.—Hospital.
Expression.—"Going to see my sister."

Frederick William Rayfield

"What the child admired the youth endeavoured, and the man acquired."

Fred having landed on the strange shores of the sunny south, Orangeville, Ont., has been subjected to all those influences that mould a bright, noble sincere character. His primary schooling was completed and his secondary at Orangeville, but Fred responded to the alluring whispering voice of the muse as she sang, "Go west, young man, go west." Here he attended Clearwater Academy, later returning to and graduating from Orangeville High School with honors. His thirst for knowledge led him to enter McMaster with Year '17, yet the lure of the West induced him to instruct "wild westerners," but having completed his sophomore year at Brandon, where he became famous as a debater and actor, he rejoined "Mac" '17. Since then he has filled the position of vice-president of Debating Union, Rec.-Sec. of "Lit.", and as class orator won the Silver Medal. Fred has specialized in Political Economy, English and History. His plans for the future are shrouded in mystery.

Expression.—"Hector Jones! Say you're a philosopher——?"
Ambition.—To enter politics.
Pastime.—Advocating woman suffrage.

George Walter Robb

"For if he will, he will, you may depend on't
And if he won't, he won't, so there's an end on't."

"Geordie" hit this terrestrial sphere in the early nineties and was fortunate enough to find himself on fertile soil amidst the hens and the chickens near the far-famed village of Markham. In connection with his early outdoor life he developed that strong physique which has stood him so well in studies and athletics. At Markham High School he absorbed all the "Math" going and won the "all-round" on field day. A year at the Faculty of Education was followed by two years subsequent teaching in Toronto. He entered McMaster as a sophomore with Year '17. "Math. and Phys." became his specialty, and the scholarship in this fell to him that year. George made all the Senior Teams, and in his final year captured the 1st Association Medal on field day. To crown all, he was instituted head of the Athletic Association, which office he filled with great distinction. We understand George intends to teach. If he does, we predict that the students will get more than information.

Failing.—Knocking the Board of Governors.
Aversion.—English Theologues (married).
Ambition (thwarted).—To be appointed Mission Study Leader.

William Allan Robertson

"I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in music and the mathematics
To instruct one fully in those sciences."

Shortly after this little boy had been shorn of his long golden curls, his folks moved from Carleton Place, Ontario, to the auld town of Perth. Here he spent his boyhood days listening to the Salvation Army quartette and counting Scotch bonnets.

Al. finished his pre-university education at the Perth Collegiate; proceeded to the Faculty of Education, Toronto; became "Master of Harper's Academy" (near Perth) for one year and finally entered McMaster as a sophomore in time to join Year '17. He is a specialist in Mathematics and Physics.

Al. has played on all teams representing his year, has won many points on field day, coached the Ladies' Hockey Team and sung second bass in the college quartette. As a Junior he was chosen Track Captain of the University; as a senior was given the job of bossing the "Big Lit."

Favorite Tune.—My love, she's but a lassie yet.
Weakness.—Slinging sarcasm.
Ambition.—To grow 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre.

John Francis Twiss

"Whoever lives true life, will love true love."

Jack began this life at Tillsonburg. When the school books at that town could increase his intelligence no further, he "hit the trail" for "Mac." Year Seventeen secured in Jack a staunch supporter and all-around man. In studies, while yet only a glaucous freshman, he took unto himself the Mathematics prize. On field days he was always ready for the sprints; in soccer, tennis and hockey he was ever on the job. He has held such suggestive titles as Mission Study Leader, Student Body Secretary and Athletics Editor for The Monthly, not to mention Premier of our Commonwealth (in the third year). His policy was much amusement at the least expense. In short, his wise executive ability, good sportsmanship and cheerful disposition have made him well liked and a congenial companion.

Favorite Expressions.—"Outside!" "Believe me!"
Failing.—Going out evenings.
Ambition.—To elucidate mathematics.

William Stanley Way

"I must to the barber's, for methinks I am marvellously hairy about the face."

Bill inflicted himself upon this long-suffering world at Forest, Ontario. At this notable place he received his Public and High School training. While still a child he migrated to Woodstock, taking his people with him. During the time he spent at Woodstock College he was induced to enter "Mac." just in time to join Year '17 as a freshman. Even though Bill was taking the special courses in French, English and History, he found time to fill many important positions. As a Soph, Bill captained the famous '17 soccer team which won the inter-year championship in 1914. As a junior he was secretary of Social Science Club; as a senior, 1st vice-president of Student Body and assistant in French.

In all branches of school life, in athletics and social circles, he has shown real intellectual strength and true nobility of character.

Failing.—Sleeping in.
Favorite Occupation.—Visiting girls from "Home Town." (?)
Favorite Song (Monday Morning).—"Turn back the Universe and give me Yesterday."

Elsie Wilkins

"I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift."

Elsie, affectionately known as "Bill," or "Mrs." Elsie, was born in Toronto, and in time matriculated from Jarvis Collegiate. Her ready humor and artistic ability were ever manifest in programs and posters for Women's "Lit", with which she was associated in her second and third years. She also served on the Y.W. cabinet for three years, and was vice-president of '17 in her second year. As Freshman Class historian, Elsie began the literary career that she has continued on THE MONTHLY, till now she leads the checkered life of editor of the Women's Department. "Bill" impartially patronizes rink, swimming tank, and as a faithful rooter at all inter-year games her enthusiasm has reached poetic heights. Her chief regret is that she can't take all courses and attend all school parties. Elsie is loved by all who, during four years' companionship, have seen her genuineness of character, have felt her ready sympathy, and shared her spontaneous happiness.

Pastime.—Collecting coppers.
Expression.—"Well, I must go and see the Dean."
Ambition.—A middle initial.

Harry Hotson Wilson

"O love, love love!
Love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizziness."

"Can any good come out of Hamilton?" We claim to have settled this momentous question in the person of H².

Harry was born and received his public school training in Hagersville. But when he was a "mere child of thirteen" his parents moved to Hamilton. Here, after two years and a half vacation, he emerged from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute with his Honor Matric. Not being satisfied with Varsity, Harry entered the "Math. and Phys." section of the "year that is different," as a "fresh soph." While round Mac. he has maintained a comprehensive range of interests, from active participation in athletics to being the "Mathematician" par excellence. As Seniors, Seventeen recognized his social qualifications by making him their President. All who know his genial disposition, his unstinted liberality and his true manliness, predict for him a successful career in his chosen professon.

Favorite Saying (faithful and true).—"Night cometh when no man can work."
Favorite Occupation.—Semi-monthly trips "Home"?
Favorite Song.—"When the Sun Goes Down in Romany."

Harry Wilson

"He knew what's what and that's as high
As Metaphysic wit can fly."

In December, 18—, the city of Toronto, all unconscious of the greatness that had been thrust upon it, became the birthplace of this McMasterite. After public school training he found his way into the business world. Later he heard the call of the West and went to Ryerson, Sask., where he organized a Baptist Church. His next move was to Brandon College, from whence he matriculated. During his course in Brandon he filled student pastorates at Rivers and Russell, Man.

After exhausting the springs of secondary school education at Brandon, he sought McMaster, with thirst still unslaked. During his course Harry won the silver medal for oratory in his Junior year, and held the presidency of the Debating Union in his Senior year. He is at present student pastor at Eastern Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto. He looks forward to the ministry, and will undoubtedly fill a place of much usefulness.

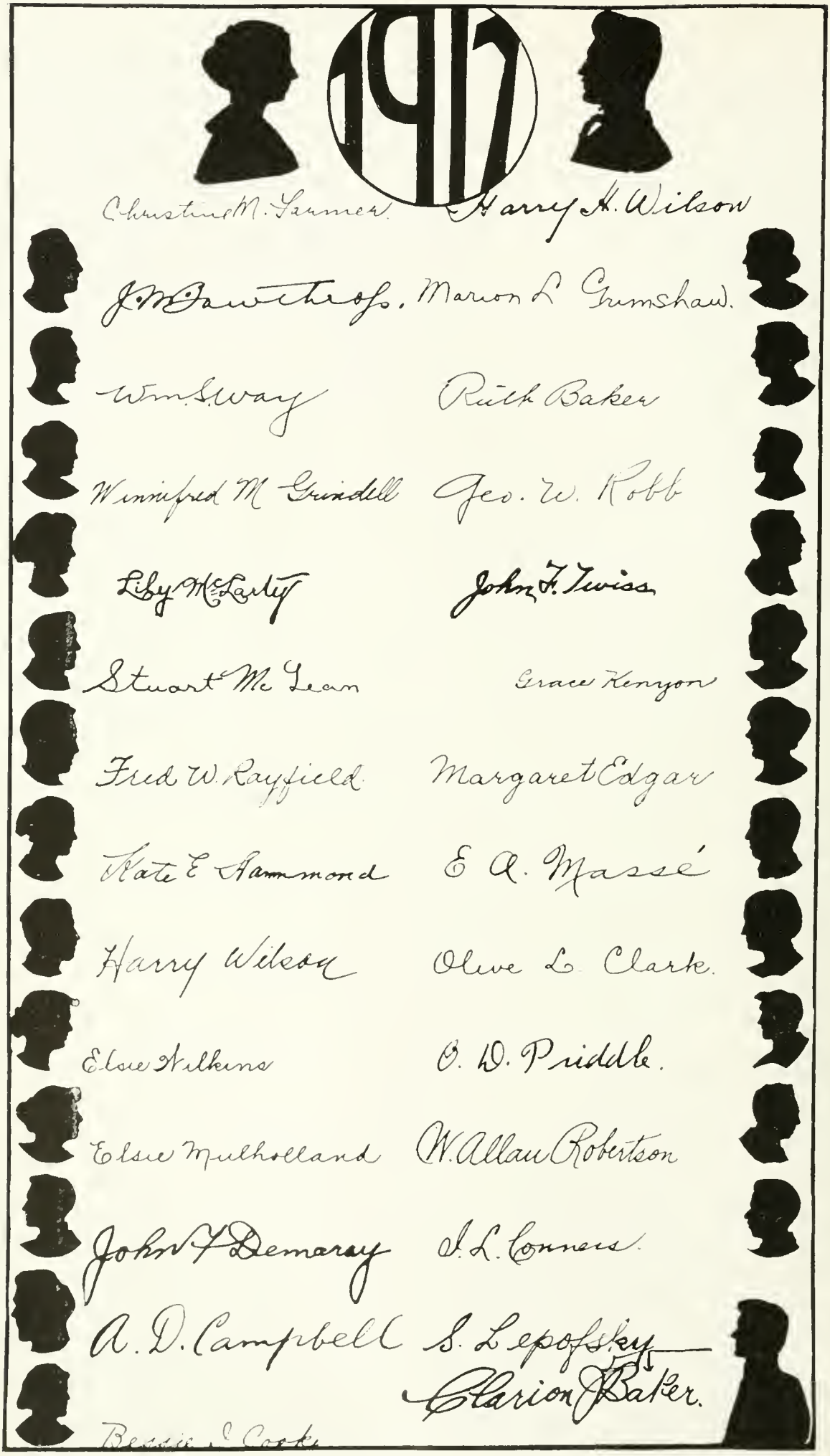
Favorite Haunt.—The "gym."
Favorite Expression.—"Well, try it, anyway."

Arthur Ost Millions

Arthur was born in 1894. His early education was secured at Carnduff, Sask. After obtaining his first-class certificate, he entered Brandon College in the Autumn of 1912. Remaining out a year he came to McMaster in 1914, and in 1915 was a member of Year '17. His special subject was Political Economy and his proficiency in it won him the Foster prize in Special Economics. In May, 1916, he enlisted with the Cameron Highlanders at Winnipeg, and is at present in France. A quiet, unassuming fellow, he was generally well liked.

Robert Leighton Foster

Leighton is a Toronto man. Graduating from the University Schools he entered Year '17 as a Freshman. Here he displayed a marked interest in all class activities. As Class Orator and winning Inter Year Debater, he has ably supported his year. Leighton's scholastic attainments were evidenced by his capture of four prizes and scholarships. At the end of his Junior year the call of the Empire reached him, and he took out a commission as Signalling Officer in the 208th Battalion. He is at present stationed at Exhibition Camp, Toronto.


1917
Christine M. Farmer
Harry A. Wilson
J. M. Dawicke Jr.
Marion L. Grimshaw.
Wm. S. Way
Ruth Baker
Winnifred M. Grindell
Geo. W. Robb
Liby McLarty
John F. Twiss
Stuart Mc Lean
Grace Kenyon
Fred W. Rayfield
Margaret Edgar
Kate E. Hammond
E. A. Massé
Harry Wilson
Olive L. Clark.
Elsie Wilkins
O. D. Priddle.
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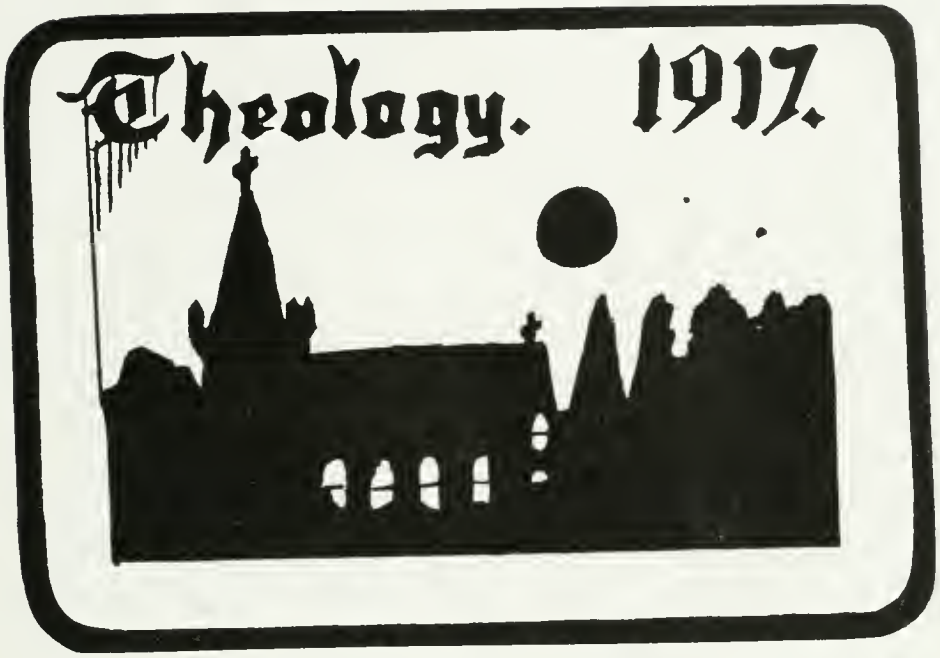
A. D. Campbell
S. Lepofsky
Clarion Baker.
Bessie L. Cook



Arthur Hardy Metcalf

"When we were first acquaint
His locks were like the raven's."

Burford, Ontario, was the scene of Arthur's boyhood. Before coming to McMaster his life was a blend of teaching and farming. He taught school in Breslau and Weteskawin, and homesteaded and batched in Central Alberta for three years. Tired alike of poking the soil and the juvenile mind, he entered McMaster in 1914, since when he has poked questions innumerable: "Why?" "How?" "Whence?" "Where?" He, nevertheless, affirms that he is not of Greek origin. He is a good student. Hardy is his name and hard has he wrought; in his second year he won the prize in Introductory Greek, and in his third won distinction by graduating into the ranks of the benedicts. He is thus "fully furnished for the work of the ministry." Useful experience has been gained by his having had the pastorate of Lorne Park for a year. He is looking forward to a life of service in the "regions beyond."

Favorite Expression.—"I claim."
Pastime.—Stretching himself during lectures.

Henry Cecil Packham

"I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion."

Henry's histrionic ability was first noticed when, in the early eighties at Brighton, England, he first peeped over the edge of the cradle and made his parents laugh by his funny faces and funnier antics. From that time on his wanderings have been far and his occupations many. Yet, amid his newspaper work, farming in Canada and preparation at Woodstock and Okanagan, he has never forgotten that he comes from the city of one of England's greatest preachers. And we venture to say that the fringe at least of Elijah's mantle has fallen upon his shoulders. He has already served successfully as pastor in Alberta, British Columbia, at First Houghton and Reaboro.

At "Mac" his face has been a familiar one about the halls. His lightheartedness, real wit and laughable mimicry have brightened many a gathering and added greatly to the programs at "Lit."

Favorite Author.—Encyclopædia Britannica.
Ambition.—To write a revised church history.
Disappointment.—His physical unfitness for the army.

Isaac Stanley Reeds

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike."

Stan. first peeped into the world near Lindsay. After spending a rather lively time at Reaboro Public School and Omemee High School, he attended Lindsay Model. Three years' teaching not quenching his thirst for knowledge, Stan. steered for McMaster to join year '15 as a Freshman. Upon completing his Arts course he entered Theology and now graduates with the degree of B. Th.

Although firsts came his way in every direction during his college course, he still found time to show his interest in all college activities. Representing his year in many positions as well as on the athletic fields, ever willing to put forth his best efforts, he showed a true class spirit. During this year he has ably filled the office of President of the McMaster Y.M.C.A. His warmest friends are those who know him best, and as he leaves McMaster his comrades one and all realize that his sterling Christian character, unselfish, cheerful and manly disposition will bring success to him as he pursues his life work.

Song (in the morning).—"Those Evening Bells."
Favorite Expression.—"Ah, Pshaw!"
Failing.—Getting excited.

Arthur Charles Riley

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

Since the days of Aristotle none greater than the subject of this sketch has appeared upon the far-reaching horizon of the philosophical world.

Not only as a philosopher stands he in the vanguard of Professor Ten Broeke's students, but as a theologian there are few to equal his zeal in following the mandate —"follow the truth whithersoever it leadeth thee." In all things he is intensely sincere, and his keen, critical, intellectual perception, tends to make him hostile to anything that savors of a comfortable orthodox theology. "He thinks too much" to be satisfied with the churchly doctrine of "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." In his philosophical ramblings "Art" met the following statement, "Man by nature is a social animal." In his theological excursions, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." The truth of these two statements he has undertaken to prove.

Favorite Author.—Kant.
Ambition.—Ph.D. in Philosophy.

Robert Jamieson Smithson

"R. J." was born at Maybole near the town of Ayr, Scotland.

He started life as a "printer's devil," but such a sulphur-smelling occupation was not intended for the "likes o' him." He later found his way into engineering, subsequently going into business, but he did not reach the place of fullest scope for his talent and aspiration until he entered the ministry. He has been preaching now for twelve years. In 1914 he came to Canada, not forgetting, of course, to bring a Scottish "lassie" with him. He spent the first summer with the church at North Hatley, Que., and since then has given efficient service at Ebenezer and Swansea. Robert's head is set on his shoulders right; he is a homilist of no mean order and one of these days will surely "set the lake on fire." Just to show that he can do this when he really gets started he "took" the prize in History of New Testament Times in his first year.

Favorite Pastime.—Plugging.
Ambition.—To "pluck firsts."
Usual Occupation.—"Plucking them."

Edgar Watson

"Square-shouldered, firm-jawed and resolute."

Edgar first saw the light of day in Bradford, England. At the early age of two, to escape the smoky atmosphere and to gain room for his expanding energies, he made up his mind to "step westward." In Bradford, Ontario, commercial life claimed his attention for a number of years. He entered McMaster in 1909. The following year found him back in business, "buying and selling and getting gain." In obedience, however, to a true instinct, he re-entered the University in 1915. Besides winning golden opinions as President of the Theological Society, he has distinguished himself in debate. In the year 1915-16 he helped to capture the Inter-Year Cup for the Theologues. At Minessing he has "got his hand in" at preaching. We feel sure that Fenelon Falls Church, to which he has been called, will also profit by his ambition to "do things."

Favorite Expression.—"Get Busy."
Weakness.—Sociological interpretations.

Editorial Notes

The following committee, representing the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology and THE MONTHLY Board is responsible for the issuing of this number:

ARTS.—Miss Edgar, Miss Kenyon, W. A. Robertson, W. S. Way, H. H. Wilson (Convenor).

THEOLOGY.—J. E. Watson.

THE MONTHLY.—A. H. Richardson, M.A., V. S. Stevens, B.A.

Year '17 Yell

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NINETEEN SEVENTEEN! MAC-MAS-TAR!
BOOM-A-LACKA BAH! CHIC-A-LACKA CHAH!
1—9—1—7! RAH! RAH! RAH!

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